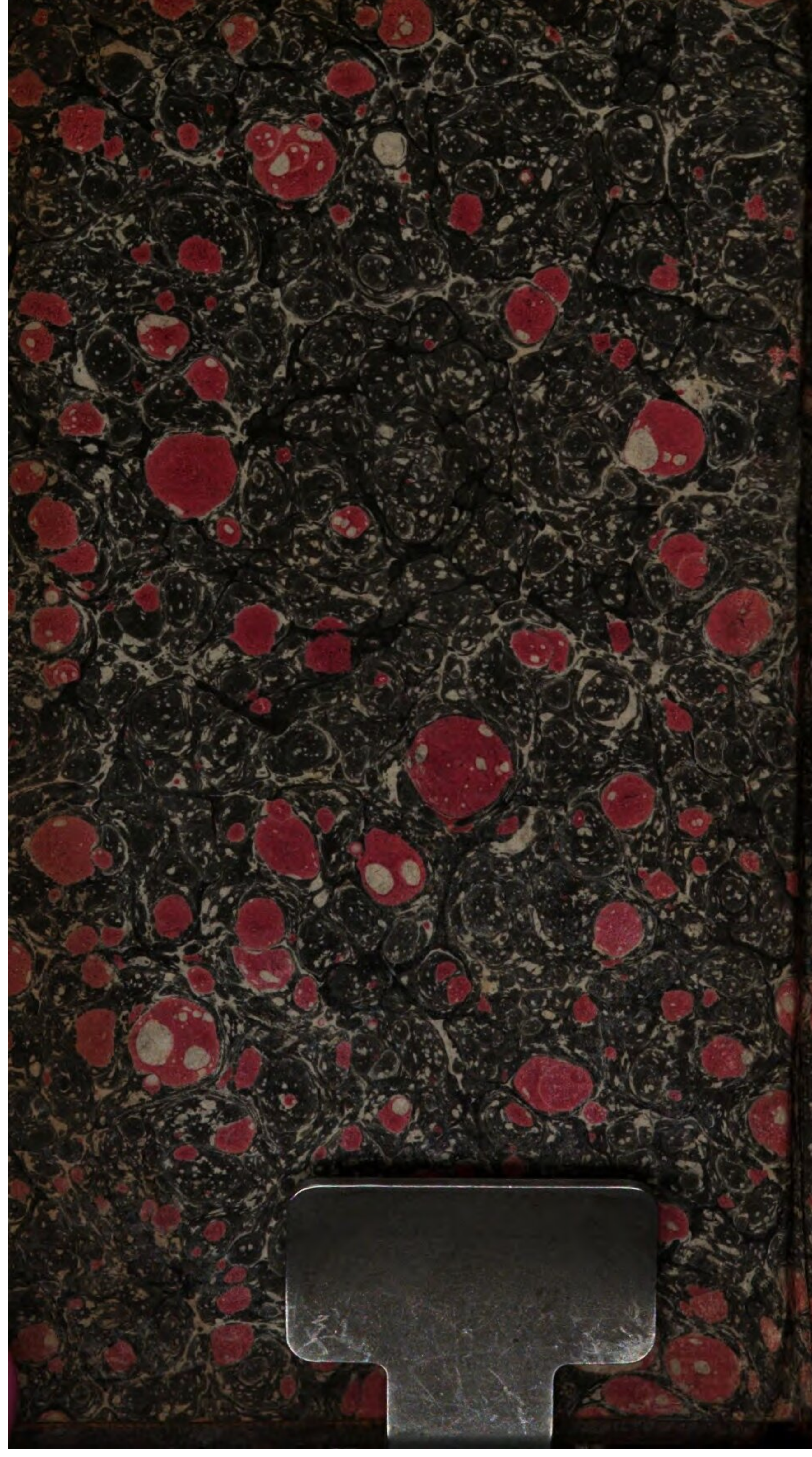
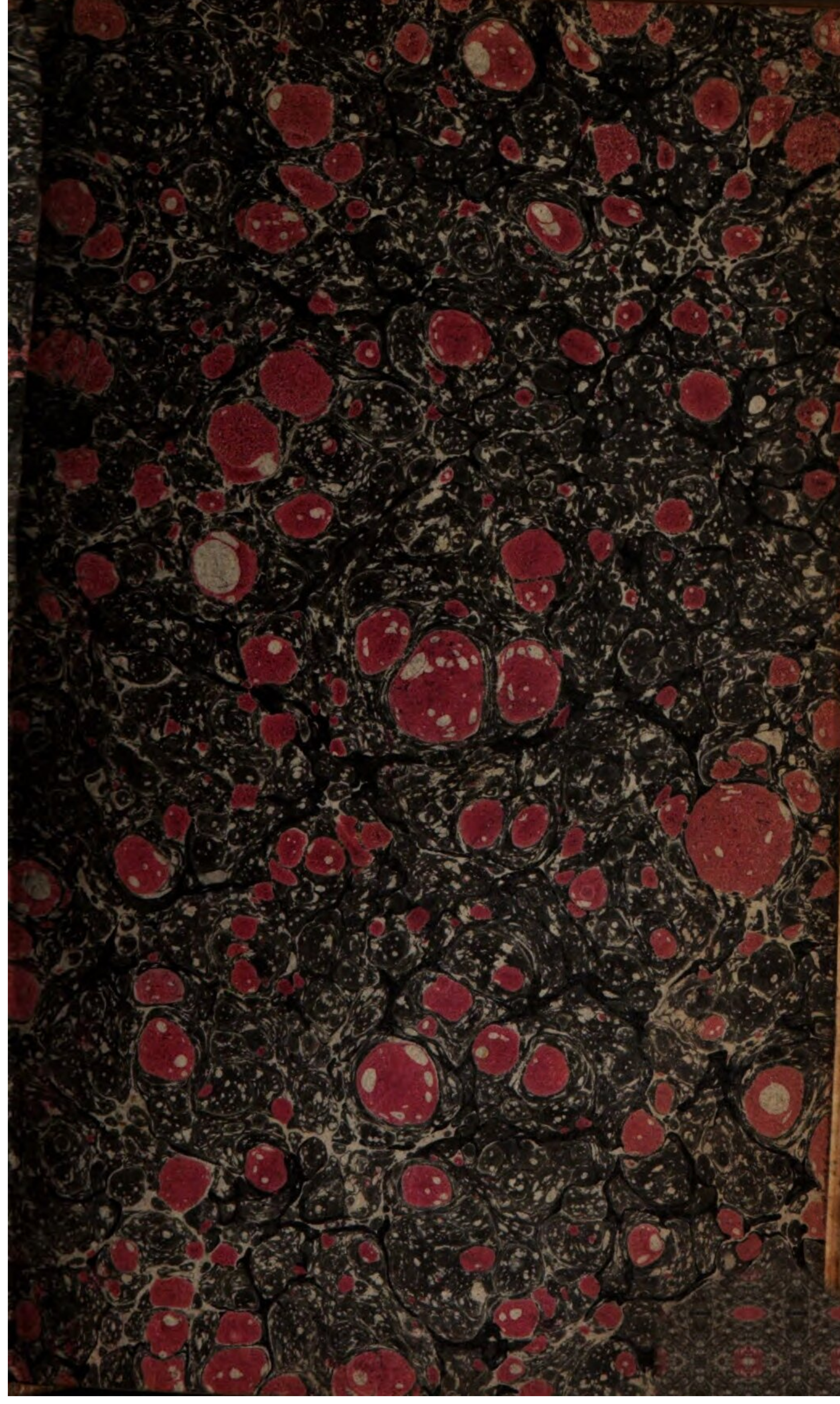








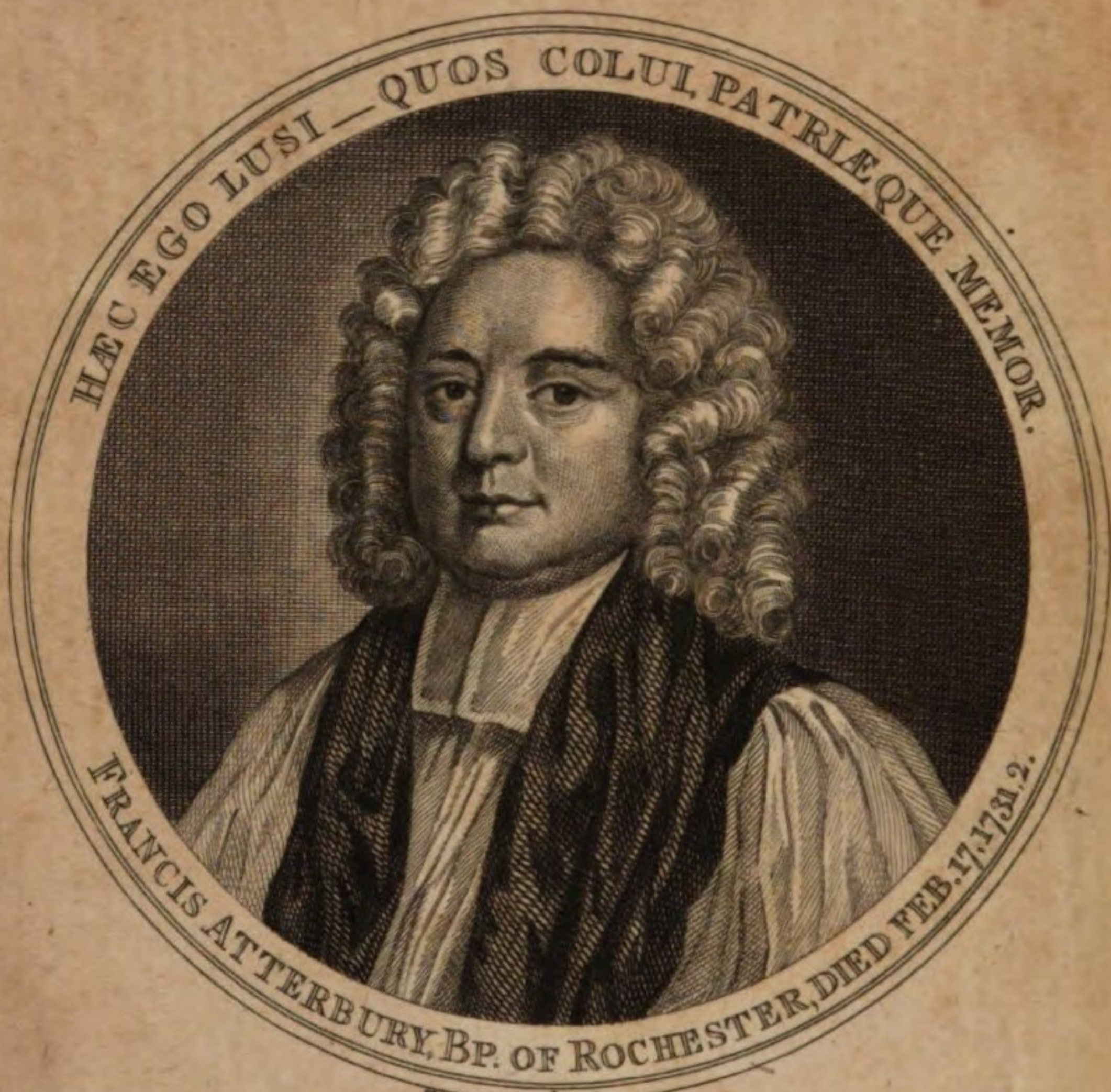
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T. Cook, del. et sculp.

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:

WITH

NOTES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

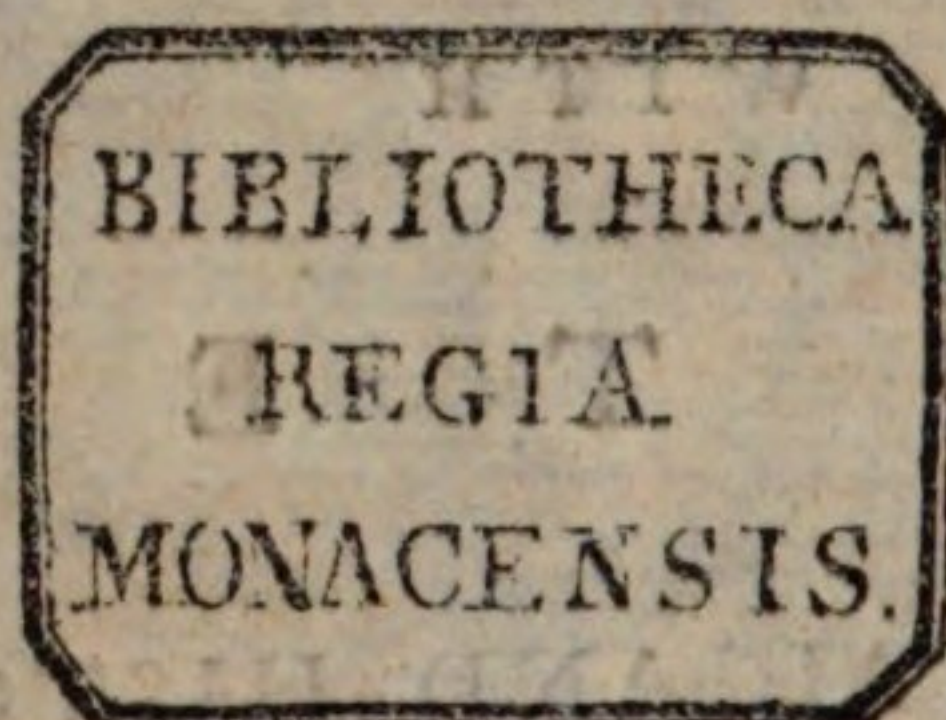
MDCCLXXXII.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S



THE FIFTH VOLUME

L O N D O N

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS

RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXII.

[iii]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE plan of this Collection having been already submitted to the reader, little remains but to apologize for delay, which, it is hoped, has produced improvement. The fifth and sixth volumes might have appeared in 1780; but it was thought more adviseable to wait till the work was entirely completed.

It cannot but be a pleasing satisfaction to the Editor to find that what he has laid before the publick has attracted the notice of many gentlemen, whose praise is real fame, and who have shewn their approbation by communications which in no small degree adorn the present volumes.

That the biographical notes * have been acceptable, is evident from their having occasioned a new edition of Mr. DODSLEY's Poems on a similar plan.

Among

* The extract in the former Advertisement, from a Dialogue of PRIOR, will be illustrated by the following quotation from a Writer as amiable as he is learned, and by whose kind hints the present Collection has been considerably benefited: "I have lately been permitted to read a curious manuscript, now in the hands of her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Portland, containing Essays and Dialogues of the Dead, on the following subjects, by Prior. 1. Heads for a Treatise on Learning. 2. Essay on Opinion. 3. A Dialogue

Among the poems now exhibited are some valuable originals, and a number of academical verses by some of the most distinguished scholars of this kingdom.—If to these the Editor has added a few of his own juvenile attempts at versification, he hopes to stand excused for the presumption. They are not numerous, and will at least serve as a foil to the beauties with which they are surrounded.

A variety of avocations having prevented the Editor from attending to the Index, that laborious office has been kindly undertaken by Mr. MACBEAN, whose abilities in that line had been before exerted in Dr. JOHNSON'S edition of the English Poets.

A short Index to the Notes preceded the former publication; another is here annexed.

March 9, 1782.

J. NICHOLS.

betwixt Charles the Fifth and Clenard the Grammarian.

4. Betwixt Locke and Montagne. 5. The Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas More. 6. Oliver Cromwell and his Porter. If these pieces were published, Prior would appear to be as good a prose writer as poet.—Some valuable memoirs of his life, written by the Hon. Mr. Montagu, his friend, are also in possession of the Duchess Dowager of Portland."

Dr. WARTON, *Essay on Pope*, vol. II. p. 482.

The anonymous Imitation of Anacreon, which is printed in p. 155. of this volume, I since perceive, is attributed to Prior, in the late Collection of the English Poets, vol. XXXI. p. 250.

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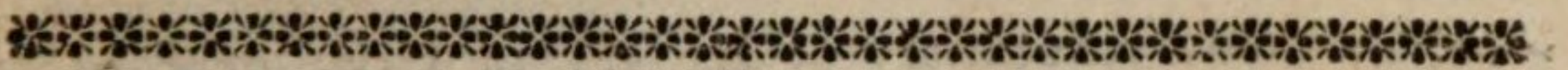
— — — — DUNCOMBE, by COOK, VI.

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* * * Place the sheets Z. and A. a. after the Contents of Vol. VI.

A SELECT COLLECTION OF POEMS.



EPIGRAM, BY BP. ATTERBURY*;

WRITTEN ON A WHITE FAN BORROWED FROM

MISS OSBORNE, AFTERWARDS HIS WIFE.

FLAVIA the least and flightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;

Yet

* Francis Atterbury, born March 6, 1662, was educated at Westminster; and in 1680 was elected a student of Christ-Church. In 1693 he applied to the earl of Nottingham, to succeed to his father's rectory of Milton in Bucks; but, being unsuccessful, came to London: where he was soon distinguished, appointed chaplain to king William, and elected preacher at Bridewell, and lecturer of St. Bride's; which last office he resigned in December 1698. In 1700 he was made arch-deacon of Totness, by Sir Jonathan Trelawney bishop of Exeter; and, entering deeply into the famous controversy concerning the convocation against Dr. Wake dean of Exeter, was created doctor in divinity in a manner which did him singular honour. On the accession of queen Anne, he was made one of her chaplains; and in October 1704, dean of Carlisle; in

MISCELLANY POEMS.

Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;

Gives

1707, canon residentiary of Exeter; in 1709, preacher at The Rolls. In 1710 he was unanimously chosen prolocutor of the lower house of convocation; in 1711 made dean of Christ-Church, Oxford; in the beginning of June 1713, advanced to the bishoprick of Rochester and deanry of Westminster. He officiated, as dean, at the coronation of king George the First; when he received from his majesty some marks of personal dislike, owing probably to his having warmly espoused the cause of Sacheverell, whose defence he penned (in concert with Dr. Smalridge), and from whom he afterwards received a legacy of five hundred pounds. In 1715 he refused to sign the declaration published by the Bishops against the rebellion, and was ever afterward in opposition to the court. He was apprehended on suspicion of treason, and committed to The Tower, August 22, 1722; but was never brought to trial, which he repeatedly desired. At length a bill was brought into parliament, and passed, by which he was sentenced to deprivation and banishment, and which received the royal assent May 27, 1723. It is said the king gave his assent to the bill with regret. None of his relations, not even his own children, were permitted to visit him in his banishment, without first obtaining leave under the king's sign manual. On the 18th of June he left this kingdom; and died at Paris, Feb. 17, 1731-2. His body was brought to England, and interred on the 12th of May following in Westminster Abbey. His bowels were in an urn, thus inscribed,

“ In

ON MISS OSBORNE'S FAN. 3

Gives coolness to the matchless dame;
To every other breast—a flame.

SONG,

“In hâc urnâ depositi sunt cineres
Francisci Atterbury, Episcopi Roffensis.”

Mr. Pope's very beautiful epitaph on him is printed in the English Poets, vol. XXXIII. p. 364. and the following inedited inscription has lately been communicated to me:

“Natus Martii VI, MDCLXII.
In carcerem conjectus Aug. XXIV, MDCCXXII.
Nono post mense in Judicium adductus,
Novoque Criminum & Testium genere impetitus,
Actâ dein per Septiduum Causâ,
Et everfis,
Tum viventium, tum mortuorum Testimoniis;
Ne deesset Lex, quâ plecti posset,
Lata est tandem Maii XXII, MDCCXXIII.
Cavete Poster!i!
Hoc Facinoris
Conscivit, aggressus est, perpetravit,
(Episcoporum præcipuè suffragiis adjutus,)
Robertus iste Walpole
Quem nulla nesciet Posteritas!”

Dr. Atterbury and Dr. Smalridge married two sisters, the daughters of the Rev. Mr. Osborne, a relation to the duke of Leeds, who had a benefice in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and taught the French language to the young gentlemen at the university. By his lady Dr. Atterbury had issue one son, Osborne Atterbury, and two daughters. The son, who was educated at Christ Church

in

MISCELLANY POEMS.

S O N G,

TAKEN FROM BP. ATTERBURY'S OWN HAND-WRITING*.

FAIR Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, till they have learn'd the truth,
Strange deities adore.

in Oxford, went to The East Indies, whence he returned in 1732, and succeeded to the estate of his uncle, Dr. Lewis Atterbury, at Great Houghton in Northamptonshire, then worth about 400l. a year. After some time, he was ordained by his father's great rival, Bishop Hoadly; and obtained the living of Oxhill in Warwickshire, in June 1746. A letter from the Bishop to this son will appear in his Epistolary Correspondence. One of the Bishop's daughters died single; the other, his favourite, was married to William Morice, Esq. the high-bailiff of Westminster. I hope speedily to lay before the publick some farther particulars of this truly elegant Writer, with two volumes of his Epistolary Correspondence.

* On the same authority I ascribe the elegant little song in vol. II. p. 191. to this accomplished Prelate; and also the Imitation of Theocritus, which is printed anonymously vol. I. p. 99. under the title of "The Honey Stealer." In the Bishop's copy it is called "The Bee;" and the four first lines are here copied, as containing some slight variations:

"Cupid, the archest rogue alive,
One day was plundering of a hive,
But as with too, too eager haste
He went the liquid sweets to taste," &c.

In l. 9, the Bishop has altered "spurn'd" to "beat," l. 10, "chaff'd" to "chaf'd;" and l. 22, "angry" to "waspish."

My

SONG BY BP. ATTERBURY.

*5

My heart, 'tis true, hath often rang'd
Like bees on gaudy flowers,
And many a thousand loves hath chang'd
Till it was fix'd on yours.

But, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon determin'd there,
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air.

When I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to adore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never settle more!

EPIGRAM, BY BISHOP ATTERBURY.

“VIVITE, AIT, FUGIO.”

L Abentem tacito quisquis pede conspicias umbram,
Si sapias, hæc audis: Vivite, nam fugio.
Utilis est oculis, nec inutilis auribus umbra;
Dum tacet, exclamat, Vivite, nam fugio.

EPI T A P H*, BY THE SAME.

IN ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BISHOPSGATE.

HIC conjuncta suo recubat Francisca marito,
Et cinis est unus quæ fuit una caro.
Huc cineres concire suos soror Anna jubebat,
Corpora sic uno pulvere trina jacent.
Ille opifex rerum Omnipotens, qui trinus & unus,
Pulvere ab hoc uno, corpora trina dabit.

* I give this epitaph conjecturally to the Bishop, having been found among his papers. Two translations of it may be seen in Gent. Mag. 1754, p. 180.

6 MISCELLANY POEMS.

HORACE, BOOK I. PART OF EPIST. X.

Cervus equum, pugnâ melior, communibus herbis
 Pellebat ; donec minor in certamine longo
 Imploravit opes hominis frænumque recepit.
 Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
 Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.

THUS IMITATED* BY BISHOP ATTERBURY.

THE horse and stag, in common pasture bred,
 Disputed for the spot on which they fed:
 With heels and head, long was the strife pursued,
 And combat after combat still renew'd,
 Till, worsted in the fray, the horse began
 To quit the field, and crav'd the aid of man,
 Who mounted on his back — — —

And now, obedient to the whip and spur,
 The Vanquish'd triumph'd o'er the Vanquisher,
 But lost his freedom, while the prize he gain'd,
 And was, for ever after, rode and rein'd.
 Britain beware, the tale is told to thee ;
 Free, as thou art, so still continue free !

* See other imitations of this Epistle in vol. III. p. 179.
 and vol. II. p. 131. Another imitation of Horace by Bp.
 Atterbury is printed (though without his name) in vol. I.
 p. 227.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TRANSLATED BY BR. ATTERBURY*.

HORACE.

WHILST I was fond, and you were kind,
 Nor any dearer youth, reclin'd
 On your soft bosom, sought to rest,
 Phraätes was not half so blest.

LYDIA.

Whilst you ador'd no other face,
 Nor lov'd me in the second place,
 My happy celebrated fame
 Outshone ev'n Ilia's envy'd flame.

* "Perhaps no Ode of Horace hath so frequently been translated, as the Dialogue between him and Lydia. This we have often been surprized at, as certainly there is nothing extraordinary in the Ode itself. The chief thing that recommends it, is the easy elegance and gracefulness of its expression, which is probably the reason why it hath been so popular, and hath produced such a number of imitators; of whom, however, few have succeeded. Of all the versions of it that we recollect at present, Atterbury's is by far the best. Were we not afraid of offending our classical readers, we should almost be tempted to say, that it is equal to the original; a thing which can scarcely ever be said of the translations of Horace." Dr. KIPPIS, in Biog. Brit.

HORACE.

H O R A C E.

Me Chloe now possesses whole,
 Her voice and lyre command my soul:
 Nor would I death itself decline,
 Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

L Y D I A.

For me young lovely Calais burns,
 And warmth for warmth my heart returns.
 Twice would I life with ease resign,
 Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

H O R A C E.

What if sweet Love, whose bands we broke,
 Again should tame us to the yoke;
 Should banish'd Chloe cease to reign,
 And Lydia her lost power regain?

L Y D I A.

Though Hesperus be less fair than he,
 Thou wilder than the raging sea,
 Lighter than down; yet gladly I
 With thee would live, with thee would die*.

* The variations in this and the following Ode are pointed out in vol. VIII. p. 301. Some specimens of Bishop Atterbury's excellence in Latin poetry are exhibited in the present volume, p. 7—10. He was also author of an excellent poem, under the title of "Festum Lustrale, seu Baptizatio rustica;" which, being too long for insertion here, will be printed with his Epistolary Correspondence.

H O R A C E,

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE III.

IMITATED BY DR. ATTERBURY*.

TO HIS MUSE, BY WHOSE FAVOUR HE ACQUIRES
IMMORTAL FAME.

HE, on whose birth the Lyric Queen
Of numbers smil'd, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, nor be seen
First in the fam'd Olympic race.

* “Any one who hath a genius for poetry, says a learned correspondent, will agree with me in wishing that Atterbury had never had any other occupation but poetry. His fame as a politician or a divine is not equal to what he deserves for this translation, which is, without exception, the best in any language that I have met with.” This, undoubtedly, is carrying the encomium on Dr. Atterbury’s poetical talent very far; and yet we can scarcely venture to say that it is carried too far. There is something so exceedingly beautiful in the specimens which are given of his early turn for poetry, that it is greatly to be regretted that he did not more direct his thoughts that way. The translation of this Ode is in the highest degree beautiful. The Ode itself, in the original, is peculiarly excellent and delightful; and Dr. Atterbury hath most happily succeeded in clothing it in an English dress. It was judicious in Dr. Francis not to attempt a new version of this Ode, after so admirable a one was furnished to his hands. And he justly observes, that by Bishop Atterbury’s success we may be convinced that it is not impossible to render Horace into English without any great loss of his original beauties.” KIPPIS.

He shall not, after toils of war,
 And taming haughty monarchs pride,
 With laurel'd brows conspicuous far,
 To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.
 But him the streams, that warbling flow
 Rich Tyber's flowery meads along,
 And shady groves (his haunts) shall know
 The master of the Æolian song.
 The sons of Rome, majestic Rome!
 Have fix'd me in the Poets choir,
 And Envy now, or dead or dumb,
 Forbear to blame what they admire.
 Goddesses of the sweet-sounding lute,
 Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
 Who canst the finny race, though mute,
 To cygnets dying accents raise;
 Thy gift it is, that all with ease
 My new unrival'd honours own;
 That I still live, and living please,
 O Goddess, is thy gift alone.

SOLILOQUY OF CATO*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

BY DR. ATTERBURY.

SIC, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
 Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato..
 Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit frustra nihil..

Æter-

* Foreign nations have done this tragedy as much honour
 as our own; and indeed it is one of those few performances
 which

SOLILOQUY OF CATO.

7

Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
 Natura ? Quorsum hæc dulcis expectatio ;
 Vitæque non explenda melioris fitis ?
 Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
 Horror, sub imis quemque agens præcordiis ?
 Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
 Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet ?
 Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
 Divinior ; quæ corpus incolens agit ;
 Hominique succinit, tua est æternitas.
 Æternitas ! O lubricum nimis aspici,
 Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine ?
 Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora ?
 Quæ terra mox incognita ? Quis orbis novus,
 Manet incolendus ? Quanta erit mutatio ?
 Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaquâ patent
 Immensa : sed caliginosa nox premit ;
 Nec luce clarâ vult videri singula.

which cannot receive more honour than it deserves. It was translated more than once into French, obtained two Italian versions, and has been either translated or imitated in the German language. But the greatest honour that was ever done to it, was the putting the Soliloquy of Cato, which is perhaps the noblest thing in our language, into a Latin dress, which might have been read with admiration, even by the criticks in the court of Augustus. Fame has attributed this to Bishop Atterbury ; and, as it was superlatively fine, the world thought Fame in the right, and so it proved. Biog. Brit. 1778, vol. I. p. 30.

Figendus hîc pes ; certa sunt hæc hæctenus ;
 Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,
 (At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)
 Virtute non gaudere certè non potest :
 Nec esse non beata, quâ gaudet, potest,
 Sed quâ beata sede ? Quove in tempore ?
 Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
 Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeò ? Brevi
 Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor,
 [*Ensi manum admovent.*

In utramque partem facta ; quæque vim inferant,
 Et quæ propulsent ! Dextera intentant necem
 Vitam sinistra : Vulnus hæc dabit manus ;
 Altera medelam vulneris : Hic ad exitum
 Deducet, ictu simplici ; hæc vetant mori.
 Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
 Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
 Extinguet ætas fidera diuturnior :
 Ætate languens ipse sol obscurius
 Emitteret orbi confescenti jubar :
 Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
 Ætatis ; annis ipsa deficiet gravis :
 At tibi juvenus, at tibi immortalitas :
 Tibi parta divûm est vita. Periment mutui
 Elementa sese et interibunt ictibus :
 Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
 Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
 Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
 Compagne ruptâ, corruent in se invicem,
 Orbefque fractis ingerentur orbibus ;
 Illæsa tu sedebis extra fragmina.

IN OBITUM ***** SHIRLEY.

BY DR. ATTERBURY*.

DUM te canoræ turba sciens lyræ,
Urgent adeptum flebilibus modis,
Hoc, dulcis Umbra, ne recuses
Officium tenuis Camænæ.

* This author's skill in Latin verse is evident from the version of "Absalom and Achitophel," whilst student of Christ Church. In "The General Dictionary" it is supposed that he translated Virgil's Georgicks into English. If such a work exists, there is not a man of taste but would wish to see it. How closely the Bishop had studied Virgil, is apparent from the elegant dissertation on the Japyx of that divine poet; in which he endeavours to prove, that under the character of Japyx, Antonius Musa, an eminent physician and a polite scholar at Rome in the reign of Augustus, was intended to be described. The Bishop is said to have sent his version of the Georgicks to a friend with the following verses, viz.

"——— Hæc ego lusi

"Ad Sequanæ ripas, Thamesino à flumine longè,

"Jam senior, fractusque sed ipsâ morte, meorum,

"Quos colui, patriæque memor, neque degener usquam."

Which have been thus paraphrased:

"Thus where the Seine through realms of slavery strays,

With sportive verse I wing my tedious days;

Far from Britannia's happy climate torn,

Bow'd down with age, and with diseases worn;

Yet ev'n in death I act a steady part,

And still my friends and country share my heart."

N.
Cui

Cui si favebit Phœbus amicior,
 Tot illa Famæ, chare Puer, tuæ
 Apponet annos, quot caducæ
 Mors adimit properata vitæ.

Non hic fideles quod bene feceris,
 Chartæ filebunt, te Pudor & Fides,
 Commendat, integrique mores,
 Et decorans benè nata virtus.

Præfens fugacem sistere spiritum
 Heu ! nulla Virtus, nec Pietas moram,
 Pudorve, febri luctuosæ
 Attulit indomitæque morti.

Quid illa velox profuit indoles
 Aut mens virilis ? Omnium breve,
 Virtutis ævum ! præcocique
 Ingenii fragiles honores.

Sic mille flores inter amabiles
 Narcissus horti gloria, verticem,
 Attollit altè, mox reclinem
 Sternit humi pluvialis Auster.

TO CUPID. BY LUCY LADY WHARTON*.

SPITE of thy Godhead, powerful Love,
 I will my torments hide ;
 For what avails, if life must prove
 A sacrifice to pride ?

* Second wife to the marquis, and mother to the duke of Wharton. She was daughter to Adam Lesley baron Lisburne in the kingdom of Ireland. N.

Pride,

Pride, thou 'rt become my Goddes now,

To thee I'll altars rear;

To thee each morning pay my vow,

And offer every tear.

But oh! should my Philander frown,

Once take your injur'd part;

I soon should cast that idol down,

And offer him my heart.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH:

PARAPHRASED BY MRS. WHARTON*.

ARGUMENT OF CHAP. I.

Ver. 1. The miserable estate of Jerusale'm by reason of her sin. 12. She complaineth of her grief. 18. And confesseth God's judgements to be righteous.

[See the whole chapter, vol. I. p. 53.]

ARGUMENT OF CHAP. II.

Ver. 1. Jeremiah lamenteth the miseries of Jerusale'm. 20. He complaineth thereof to God.

1 **H**OW hath the Lord with gloomy clouds o'er-
spread

The face of Zion, and her glories hid!

How is she now cast down! her beauties fled!

Her crimes do all her former brightness blot,

And his past favours now are quite forgot.

* Anne, first wife of the marquis.—This Paraphrase was written before she was married. See vol. I. p. 53. II. p. 329. III. 44. IV. 356. N.

2 The Lord hath brought her habitations low,
Ev'n to the ground, and made her princes bow;
Her angry Lord would now no pity shew.

3 The pride of Israel is now no more!
Who is it can her glories past restore?
The mighty Lord, who did her foes subdue,
Is now her foe, and doth her fall pursue.
His kindled wrath destroys like flaming fire,
And in that flame her comforts all expire.

4 Her pleasantness is by the Lord defac'd,
Who, like an enemy, her ruin hastes;
Her former glories desolate and waste,
His fiery wrath doth all her beauties blast.

5 Her mighty enemy hath now o'erthrown
Her strength, and all her palaces cast down.
That strength he gave her, he hath ta'en away,
And with that strength her comforts all decay.

6 His tabernacle, both her pride and joy,
He'll violently in his wrath destroy;
Her bright assemblies are by him disgrac'd,
Forgotten are her sabbaths and her feasts,
Despis'd and sham'd her princes and her priests.

7 Even his altar is by him forlorn,
His sanctuary is become their scorn;
Her palaces the scornful foe betrays,
Ev'n in thy house, so us'd to prayer and praise,
The wanton foe tunes his ungodly lays.

8 Her swift destruction is from Heaven sent,
The Lord hath purpos'd, and will not relent;
Her people languish round her sinking walls,
Her strength decays, and all her glory falls.

9 Her bars are broke whereon her strength depends,
 So sure his ruin which the Lord intends.
 Her gates are sunk, e'vn to the ground bow'd down,
 Her kings and princes are to bondage gone.
 Her laws are perish'd, and her Prophets now
 (Once powerful and pleas'd) no wonders show,
 Blinded in ignorance, no visions know.

10 See, Zion, how thy wretched elders mourn,
 The pride of nations is become their scorn,
 O'erprest with grief, they languish on the ground,
 Whilst dismal silence mournfully goes round,
 And no words heard, where can no joys be found.
 Their ornaments are with their comforts fled,
 Sackcloth they wear, and ashes on their head,
 Because thy comforts, Zion, all are dead.
 Daughter of Zion, now with shame cast down,
 See, how with care thy virgins are o'ercome.
 Their mournful heads with grief prest to the ground,
 Whilst showers of tears do all their beauties drown.

11 My spirits fail, my eyes are blind with tears,
 My strength decays, and my heart sinks with cares,
 To see the fall of this unhappy land,
 That swift destruction which none can withstand.
 The weeping children perish at the breast,
 Th' unhappy mother's captiv'd and oppress'd.

12 In streets they cry for food from day to day,
 Till, wearied out, at length their strengths decay.
 Thus the tir'd mournful infants pine away,
 And to fierce hunger fall th' inglorious prey;
 Whilst the kind mother, with just grief distress'd,
 Receives their souls into her trembling breast.

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 Thus the tir'd mournful infants pine away,
 And to fierce hunger fall th' inglorious prey;
 Whilst the kind mother, with just grief distress'd,
 Receives their souls into her trembling breast.

13 What shall I say, what may allay thy grief?
By what comparisons thy cares relieve?

Were any griev'd like thee, thine would be less,
But they can ne'er be liken'd or express'd.

Whilst seas of sorrow drown th' unhappy city,
She's robb'd of peace, and destitute of pity.

14 Ev'n those in whom thou trust'st to be reliev'd,
Thy Prophets are deceiving and deceiv'd, griev'd;
And ne'er have known the cause for which thou'rt
False faults they invented, and the true ones hid,
Alas! their knowledge with their freedom 's fled.

15 All that pass-by rejoice to see her shame,
And scornfully applaud her ruin'd fame.

"Is this, say they, the joy of the whole earth,
From whence all beauty hath deriv'd its birth?

Unhappy land! if this perfection be,
None would be perfect, to become like thee!"

16 Her enemies, who long her ruin sought,
Rejoice to see her to destruction brought.

They triumph, whilst they carelessly invade,
And her past glories wantonly upbraid.

17 The Lord hath said, his mercies he would sever
From this vile land; his word endures for ever.

He said her foes should triumph whilst she'd mourn:
Behold her now, by God and man forlorn,
To each insulting enemy a scorn!

18 Call to the Lord, oh Zion; let thy tears
If possible, express thy mighty cares.

Give way to sorrow, and admit no ease,
Till thou the anger of the Lord appease.

Then may'st thou triumph, as thy foes decrease,
Then shall thy torments fly, and sorrows cease,
And once again Jerusalem have peace.

19 Call to the Lord ; and he may pity show,
Let deluges of tears the land o'erflow ;
Soon as the morning glads the world with light,
Cry to the Lord, from noon to gloomy night ;
Cry for the infants with wild hunger pin'd,
The tender infants with their tears grown blind :
Cry to the Lord, perhaps he'll yet be kind,
And Zion, yet, perhaps may mercy find.

20 Consider, Lord, to whom this dismal end
Thy anger hath impartially ordain'd.
Not only infants with the mothers pine,
And all the glories of the land decline ;
That blessed land, which thou once calledst thine,
That land, which all the world did once outshine !
But upon thee in vain the prophets call,
The mournful priest no pity finds at all ;
Within thy gates both priest and prophet fall.

21 Both young and old lie gasping on the ground,
No help, no ease, no comfort, can be found :
Whilst none deplores, and none can help afford,
The youth and virgins perish by the sword.
This, mighty Lord, is in thine anger done ;
Thy fiery wrath thy mercy hath o'ercome.

22 Thou hast call'd terrors round about my head,
And none escap'd, none from thy anger fled.
All that was mine, alas ! the foe destroys,
My strength, my help, my hope, and all my joys.

ARGUMENT OF CHAP. III.

Ver. 1. The faithful bewail their calamities. 22. By the mercy of God they nourish their hope. 37. They acknowledge God's Justice. 55. They pray for deliverance. 64. And vengeance on their enemies.

I AM the man so us'd to grief and pain,
 My weary eyes can now no light sustain. }
 2 The Lord hath done it; why should I complain? }
 3 He rais'd himself against me all the day. }
 4 My heart is tired, and my strengths decay, }
 My gladness and my youth are fled away. }
 5 He fortifies himself against his slave;
 6 And makes my habitation like the grave,
 Dark, and in solitude, yet still in pains: }
 7 The only proof of life that yet remains, }
 My load of grief is weightier than my chains. }
 8 He hides himself from me when I complain,
 Yet I renew the miserable strain; }
 And love to sue to him though 'tis in vain. }
 9 Within I am inclos'd on every side,
 Abroad my paths are desolate and wide.
 10 His terrors fright my soul where'er I go;
 I shun my Lord, as I would shun a foe.
 11 He's now my foe, and hath my strength cast
 And left me desolate, my hopes o'erthrown; [down, }
 My angry Lord hath left me all alone. }
 12 I dread the shafts which from his anger fly,
 They cleave my heart, and make me wish to die. }
 13 But death, when it is fought, is never nigh. }

14 To

14 To my own people I become a scorn,
Because by God afflicted and forlorn.

15 My sorrows are my food and drink each day.

16 My health, my strength, and all my hopes decay.

17 Peace and prosperity are fled away.

18 No health, no help, no pity, he'll afford ;

My hope and strength are perish'd from the Lord.

19 Thus said I, when I thought upon my pains,

Those bitter torments which my soul sustains.

20 That grief which ever in my thought remains,

Whose weight hath humbled me beyond my chains.

21 These thoughts do oft return into my mind,

And in these thoughts alone I comfort find.

22 The Lord hath pity yet, as well as power ;

Had he not mercy, we were now no more.

23 Who can the wonders of his truth repeat ?

His mercies still are new, and ever great.

24 The Lord is good, from him my hope I'll take.

25 For them that seek him he will not forsake.

26 'Tis good to hope and patiently attend

That quiet which the Lord at last may send ;

'Tis patience far o'erpaid when God's thy friend.

27 'Tis good at first to bear th' afflicting rod,

For youth, when prosperous, is vain and proud.

And what is best is still ordain'd by God.

28 Yet dismal silence does my spirits wound,

When neither peace nor comfort can be found,

29 I bow my humble head ev'n to the ground,

To seek for hope ; and am so low become,

30 That ev'n reproaches are with patience borne,

And to the insulting foe I'm made a scorn.

31 But yet the Lord will not forsake me ever ;
And though a while his mercies he doth sever,

32 At length he will my weary soul deliver.

33 Unwillingly he punisheth, and slow ;
But all his works do his compassion show,
His unexhausted mercies ever flow.

34 All, who injustice do, his soul disdains,
Such as add weight to weary captives' chains.

35 That hardy fool, who, fearless of his powers,

36 Dares turn aside from right, the Lord abhors.

37 Whose strength 's like his ? whose word like his is
The Lord's commands for ever will endure. [sure ?

38 Hath not God power ? Whate'er he wills is best.

39 Then why complain we when for sins oppress'd ?

40 Ah ! let us rather seek to find our fault,

41 And cry to him ere to destruction brought.

42 We have transgress'd, we have rebell'd ; and thou
Dost neither pardon yet nor pity show.

43 Thy fiery wraths against us yet remain,

44 Thou hast not pitied, though we still complain,

45 But hid'st thyself, and dost our prayers disdain.

46 From conquering foes ev'n scorn is calmly borne ;
But we are now to every one a scorn.

47 Fear and destruction now is ever near ;

Yet our swift men do antedate our fear,

And hardly give us leisure to despair.

48 For this each night I drown myself in tears,

49 For this I waste myself with weary cares,

Because ev'n thought's less active than our snares.

50 And till the Lord look down and pity send,

51 My soul will droop, my sorrows know no end,

To

LAMENTATIONS PARAPHRASED.

To see that swift destruction which depends

Thy daughters, Zion, destitute of friends :

Alas ! what ruin 's this the Lord intends ?

52 Mine enemies o'ertake ; I vainly fly :

53 Wearied with chains, as vainly wish to die.

54 For neither help, nor hope, nor death, is nigh.

55 With griefs o'erwhelm'd : griefs crueller than
I call'd upon thy name with fervent breath. [death,

56 Thou heard'st my cry ; at last then, Lord, return ;
Let not thy afflicted servant ever mourn.

57 I know thy mercies, Lord : thou wilt draw near.
Thy gracious pardon I already hear,
Which bids my afflicted soul forget her fear.

58 Thou plead'st my cause, and dost excuse my fault,
And sav'st my soul when near destruction brought.

59 Be thou my judge, Almighty Lord ! for thou
Art gracious still, and wilt thy mercy show.

60 Thou hast seen all their wrong, and know'st my
And 'tis from thee alone I seek relief. [grief,

61 Thou know'st their secret thoughts, and heard'st
their scorn.

62, 63 All those reproaches which by me were borne.

64 Give them, O Lord, what they deserve from thee,

65 Thy curse, and everlasting misery.

66 Let sorrows, such as ours, to them be given ;
Destroy them, Lord, from underneath thy Heaven,
And from all comfort let their souls be driven.

ARGUMENT OF CHAP. IV.

Ver. 1. Zion bewaileth her pitiful estate. She confesseth her sins. 21. Edom is threatened. 22. Zion is comforted.

HOW dim and faint thy glory is become,
And ev'n the pride o' th' sanctuary o'erthrown.

2 Thy gold is dross become, its lights decay;
Thy shining ornaments are fled away,
And thou t' ignoble scorn art made a prey.

3 Even the monsters which the oceans yield,
By custom rough, by nature stern and wild,
To their own young are affable and mild.

The daughter of my people is not so,
To her own children she becomes a foe.

Cruel and wild, of pity void and shame,
Ev'n savage beasts, compar'd to her, are tame.

4 Here, with wild hunger pin'd, an infant grieves,
There, parch'd with thirst, whilst none his thirst relieves.

5 The wanton Epicure, by hunger taught
That was not real good which once he sought,
To better judgements by his sorrows brought,
For bread now pines in streets, as if he thought,
Such public penance expiated his fault;

Whilst those, once cloath'd in scarlet, now are found
Bow'd with their weight of sorrows on the ground.

6 Thy punishment is worse than Sodom's was ;
She in a moment perish'd ; thou, alas !
In lingering torments dost each day decrease.

Her mighty ruin in a moment pass'd,
And ev'n prevented all her fears with haste.

7 That perfect pureness which surpass'd the snow,

8 All that delightful white is sullied now.

Who is it now their brightness can restore?

Alas ! their shining beauty is no more.

9 Better from swords have ta'en a nobler death,
Than to fierce hunger thus resign our breath.

10 Their hunger must be sharp, their wants be great,
When mournful mothers their own children eat
(Unnatural and unbecoming meat).

11 The mighty Lord hath rais'd his anger high ;
Desolate, waste, and wild, the nations lie.

We know his strength, and feel his mighty power,
His kindled anger doth like flames devour.

12 The wise and great in this were all deceiv'd :
Jerusalem is lost, which none believ'd.

Yet they amaz'd behold her mighty fall,
And see the enemy within her wall.

13 'Tis for her sins ; the Lord is righteous still.

14 Her priests and prophets have deserv'd this ill.
The blood o' th' just, which they have blindly slain,
For vengeance cries, and all their glories stain.

15 They made themselves a terror to mankind,
And in their crimes could no where shelter find.

All cried, " Depart from us, approach not near."
Even the Heathen blush'd 'twixt shame and fear,
And cried, " These sinners shall not sojourn here."

16 Now they 're divided, none his anger spar'd,
The Lord to priest nor prophet had regard.

The counsels of the elders all reject,
And mock that awful power which drew respect
From all beholders once, now cold neglect.

17 For us: we watch and waste ourselves all day,
For a lost land whose help is fled away.

18 The enemy still watches to destroy;
We cry, "Our end is near!" and wish to die,
Since we have seen the end of all our joy.

19 Swifter than eagles our pursuers are,
They persecute and take us every where,
No wilderness can shelter from their snare.

20 The Lord's Anointed, him in whom we live,
In whom we hope for help, for whom we grieve,
Is violently from us ta'en away;
In him our health, our help, our hopes decay.
We thought under his shadow we might live,
Ev'n amongst Heathens, and forget to grieve.

21 Rejoice not, Edom, for thy fall is nigh,
The bitter draught we drank thou canst not fly.

22 Our griefs now pass away, thy shame comes on,
Like this despised land thou shalt become.

23 Insulting Edom, spight of all thy scorn,
Thou 'lt feel what weight of crimes by thee is borne,
When like afflicted Zion thou shalt mourn.

ARGUMENT OF CHAP. V.

A pitiful complaint of Zion, in prayer, unto God.

Remember, Lord, our sorrows, and draw near;
Look on their scorn, our ruin, and our fear.

2 Whilst our possessions all are given away,
And to insulting strangers made a prey,
With our inheritance our hopes decay.

3 Orphans and widows we are all become,
A heartless people, wearied, and undone.

4 Those

4 Those common elements which bounteous Heaven
To the whole universe hath freely given,

5 By us are dearly bought ; we know no rest,
But are by every one scorn'd and oppress'd.

6 To strangers and to enemies we bow,

7 Ev'n those we ruled once, we sue-to now.

Our fathers sinn'd, and we have borne the blame.

8 Better, like them, we 'ad not out-liv'd our fame.
Death is a milder fate than living shame.

9 In peril of our lives our bread we fought;
All we obtain must be with danger bought.

10 Our wants are great, and none those wants supply;
Our skin, with famine shrunk, is parch'd, and dry.

11 The rape of women, and their tender cries,
Echo each day to the unmindful skies.

12 They slay the princes, and the elders scorn ;

13 Whilst painful burdens by our youth are borne.

14 The infants perish helpless and forlorn,
The elders cease to judge, but not to mourn.

15 Th' afflicted youth their dance and music cease ;
Their help is gone, their joy, and all their peace.

16 Alas ! we 'ave sinn'd, the crown from off our
head

17 Is fallen now ; our hearts are faint and dead,
Our eyes are dimm'd, and all our glory fled.

18 Thou, Zion, now art desolate become,
Thy angry Lord hath left thee all alone.

19 Thy throne, O Lord, for ever will endure ;

20 Thy power and glory is for ever sure.

But why dost thou so long thy servants leave?

21 'Turn us to thee, and bid us cease to grieve,
Renew our days, that we again may live.

22 But thou art angry still, and we o'ercome,
With loads of griefs and cares are quite o'erthrown,
Griev'd and despis'd, distracted and undone.

MENALCAS AND ENOSIA,

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON*,

OCCASIONED BY AN AMOUR HE HAD, WHEN A
YOUTH, WITH A MARRIED LADY.

MENALCAS.

WHY stays my Fair?—See the thick shades descend,
Night hurries on—I cannot bear delay—
My flocks, with eager fondness, swift, I penn'd,
To steal one moment from the joyless day.

One

* This unprincipled and unthinking genius, only son of the marquis of Wharton by Lucy his second lady, was born in December 1698, and educated under the immediate inspection of his father, who anxiously endeavoured to qualify him for the high station his birth gave him reason to expect. The first source of his unhappiness was a precipitate marriage with the daughter of major general Holmes, an amiable lady, but so infinitely his inferior in rank and fortune that their union hastened the marquis's death, which happened April 12, 1715, when the young lord had little more than entered into his 17th year. Early in 1716 he indulged his desire of travelling, and visited several courts of Germany, parti-

One blissful moment!—but 'twas hop'd in vain,
 Each, cruel, rises darker than the last :
 Darker my soul than all—there grief and pain
 Wound deep, and far more gloomy horrors cast.
 She comes ! Night turns to day before her eyes ;
 So perish all my griefs, so rise my joys.

ENOSIA.

particularly that of Hanover. When at Lyons, he presented]
 a very fine horse to the chevalier de St. George, who in-
 vited him to Avignon, and flattered him with the visionary
 title of Duke of Northumberland. Continuing there but
 one day, he made a visit at St. Germain's to the dowager of
 king James the Second. A friend expostulating with him on
 this conduct, he answered, " that he had pawned his principles
 to Gordon, the Pretender's banker, for a considerable sum ;
 and till he could repay him, he must be a Jacobite ; but
 when that was done, he would again return to the Whigs."]
 He came back to England in December 1716 ; and soon set out
 for Ireland, where, on account of his extraordinary qualities,
 he was admitted, though under age, to take his seat in the
 house of peers ; where, having distinguished himself as a
 violent partizan for the ministry, he was taken notice of by
 king George I. who created him a duke, Jan. 20, 1717.
 When he came of age, he was introduced into the house of
 lords in England with the greatest blaze of reputation ; but
 soon changed sides again, and heartily opposed the court.
 His speech against the ministry, Feb. 4, 1720-21, had a
 fatal effect ; earl Stanhope answering it with so much
 warmth that he burst a blood-vessel and died. He was one
 of the most forward in defence of Bp. Atterbury in 1723 ;
 and professedly commenced author, by publishing his thoughts
 twice a week in a paper called " The True Briton." His
 boundless

ENOSIA.

And art thou here?—O welcome to my arms!

Welcome as kindly showers to thirsty earth!

Welcome as summer to the fields it warms!

Or plenteous harvests after years of dearth!

Welcome!

Boundless profusion had in the mean time so incumbered his estate that he resolved to go abroad in order to clear it. He visited Vienna and Madrid; and, after shewing by his conduct at both these courts his dislike to the illustrious family on the British throne, entered openly into the service of the Pretender. Whilst thus employed abroad, his dutchess, who had been neglected by him, died in England, April 14, 1726, without issue; and he soon after married Madam Oberne, one of the maids of honour to the queen of Spain. After this marriage, he passed some time at Rome, under the title of Duke of Northumberland, and accepted a blue ribbon from the Pretender, whose confidence he enjoyed as long as his natural volubility would permit. To prevent his falling into actual disgrace, he quitted Rome, and offered himself to the King of Spain as a volunteer at the siege of Gibraltar. His services were accepted: but he soon grew weary, and wished to return again to the court of the Chevalier; who found means to dissuade him from this intention. He took up his residence at Rouen in May, 1728; about which time a bill of indictment was preferred against him in England for high treason. The Chevalier supplied him with 2000*l.* for his support; which was soon very profusely squandered away. After this period he removed to Orleans, to Nantz, and to Bilboa. In the beginning of 1731, the Duke declined so fast, being in his quarters at Lerida, that he had

not

Welcome! as Love can make thee!—O my heart!

See how the little flutterer tells its joy:

A thousand things it struggles to impart;

Too soft for words, for eloquence too high:

Yet this its every motion bids thee see,

'Tis full—Menalcas! O! 'tis full of thee!

MENAL-

not the use of his limbs so as to move without assistance. He received some benefit from mineral waters; but relapsed in May at Terragona, and fell into one of the fainting fits to which he had been for some time subject, at a small village, and was utterly destitute of the necessaries of life, till some charitable fathers of a Bernardine convent offered him the assistance their house afforded. The duke accepted the proposal; was removed to their convent; and under their hospitable roof, after languishing a week, died without one friend or acquaintance to close his eyes. He was buried in the same manner in which the fathers inter those of their own fraternity. His character, which was admirably drawn by Mr. Pope, in one of his Moral Essays (Epistle I. ver. 180.) is thus elegantly enlarged on by an ingenious writer who had every opportunity of being well-informed: “Like Buckingham and Rochester he comforted all the grave and dull
“by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty
“fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes, which may mix graces
“with a great character, but never can compose one. If
“Julius Cæsar had only *rioted* with Catiline, he had never
“been Emperor of the World. Indeed the Duke of Wharton
“was not made for conquest: he was not equally formed
“for a Roundhouse and Pharsalia. In one of his ballads he
“has bantered his own want of heroism; it was in a song
“he

M E N A L C A S.

O my soul's joy! may I be never blest'd,
 If I not love thee—more than heroes fame,
 More than the weary traveller his rest,
 Than bees the flowers, or ewes the tender lamb.

“ he made on being seized by the guard in St. James's Park,
 “ for singing the Jacobite air, *The King shall have [enjoy] his*
 “ *own again,*

“ The Duke he drew out half his sword,

“ ——— The Guard drew out the rest.

“ His levities, wit, and want of principles, his eloquence, and
 “ adventures, are too well known to be recapitulated. With
 “ attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any
 “ party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster
 “ for the gloom of the Escorial, the prospect of King
 “ George's Garter for the Pretender's; and, with indifference
 “ to all religion, the frolic Lord, who had writ the ballad on
 “ the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in the hand of a Ca-
 “ puchin. It is difficult to give an account of the works of so
 “ mercurial a man, whose library was a tavern, and women
 “ of pleasure his Muses. A thousand fallies of his imagi-
 “ nation have been lost; he no more wrote for fame than
 “ he acted for it.” Noble Authors, vol. II. p. 130.—My
 intention was to have printed all the duke of Wharton's poe-
 tical productions in this volume; but having been informed,
 whilst this sheet was actually in the press, that a complete
 collection of them was preparing by an ingenious gentleman
 who has been long collecting materials expressly for that
 purpose, I readily relinquish my first design; and submit
 two only of this nobleman's poems to the publick, as a spe-
 cimen of his uncommon talents. N.

Thcu

MENALCAS AND ENOSIA. 29

Thou art my joy, my comfort, my support,
Thy smiles my heaven, thy love my only care,
My all of pleasure this—alas! how short
To ease the sufferings of the toilsome year!
O Fate! O Heaven! how justly I complain!
A moment's pleasure, for an age of pain.

ENOSIA.

More than thyself I bear in all thy ills;
But at thy presence all my griefs depart:
That wears a charm, which every care dispels;
And fills with transport thy Enosia's heart.
But see! the rising moon, the paler day,
Has silver'd o'er yon mountain's grassy head:
Thanks for her friendly beams, they'll light thy way,
And safe direct thee o'er the watery mead.
O stay then! bless me, while Fate gives thee leave;
Too, too much time she gives us both to grieve.

MENALCAS.

Witness, ye powers, who guard the innocent,
How much my longing soul desires to stay:
Nor should the dangerous moor our joys prevent,
O! tis th' hard-hearted man I'm forc'd t' obey.
He knows not Love, nor Pity; cruel mind!
Nor can I gain a moment's time for thee;
But stol'n as this, or when I'm sent to find
Some straggler from our folded company.
O stray they ever! the dear wanderers prove
My certain guides to joy, and peace, and love.

E N O S I A.

Menalcas, O! thy sorrows wound my soul.

Believe me, generous, dear, unhappy swain,
 Could tears, or hourly prayers to Heaven, control
 The fate that dooms the guiltless to such pain,
 Long since hadst thou been happy! I have cause
 Doubly to mourn those griefs I doubly bear:
 Tears my own sorrow for thy absence draws,
 But thine demands a flood for every tear:
 Distracting thought! it will, 'twill fill my eye
 With grief that will be seen, though thou art by.

M E N A L C A S.

Tears! my Enosia! O thou sweetest Maid,
 Forbear, forbear the cruel tendernefs:
 'Tis death!—alas! thy hate could scarce have laid
 A surer ruin on my sinking peace!
 O, must I leave thee thus? Alexis there
 Runs from his blest'd Eliza trembling home:
 That happy Maid! how is it she can bear
 Unpain'd those ills, that all thy peace consume!
 But absence is unjustly cruel still,
 And those who truest love, its tortures sharpest feel.

E N O S I A.

Pines not the constant turtle for her mate,
 With mournful cooings all the tedious day;
 While chirping sparrows bear with ease the fate
 That snatches th' object of their love away?
 Eliza's flame no more can equal mine,
 Than can Alexis be compar'd to thee:
 Beauty alone their Love esteems divine,
 And smiles from thousand, thousand torments free.

But

MENALCAS AND ENOSTA. 31

But where exalted merit charms the soul,
There can the stings of absence all our joys control.

MENALCAS.

O, justly said! my sad example proves
This fatal truth, whene'er I part from thee:
The mighty joy, that 's past, my soul but moves
The more to curse its lasting misery.
So the tir'd pilgrim, while a short repose
Has eas'd his toil, and clos'd his aching eyes,
Sees the wide Heaven a glorious scene disclose,
And, opening, crown him with immortal joys.
But when with sleep his Heaven is fled away,
More sad, pursues the labours of the painful day.

ON THE BANISHMENT OF CICERO.

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

WHEN BP. ATTERBURY WAS BANISHED.

AS o'er the swelling ocean's tide
An exile Tully rode,
The bulwark of the Roman state,
In act, in thought, a god;
The sacred genius of majestic Rome
Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom.
"Farewell! renown'd in arts, farewell!
Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
Of honours and of friends depriv'd,
In exile thou must go:
Yet go content; thy look, thy will, sedate,
Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

Thy

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
Thy virtue, thy offence,
With god-like zeal thou didst espouse
Thy country's just defence :
No sordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,
Nor fears, nor guilty numbers, could control.
What though the noblest patriots stood
Firm to thy sacred cause,
What though thou could'st display the force
Of rhetoric and of laws ;
No eloquence, no reason, could repel
The united strength of Clodius and of Hell.
Thy mighty ruin to effect
What plots have been devis'd !
What arts, what perjuries, been us'd !
What laws and rites despis'd !
How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,
And witnesses by hopes and threats secur'd !
And yet they act their dark deceit
Veil'd with a nice disguise,
And form a specious shew of right
From treachery and lyes ;
With arbitrary power the people awe,
And coin unjust oppression into law.
Let Clodius now in grandeur reign,
Let him exert his power,
A short-liv'd monster in the land,
The monarch of an hour ;
Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,
And act against their senses at his nod.

Pierc'd by an untimely hand
 To earth shall he descend,
 Though now with gaudy honours cloath'd,
 Inglorious in his end.
 Blest be the man who does his power defy,
 And dares or truly speak, or bravely die.

O X F O R D. A P O E M.

BY MR. TICKELL, 1707.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD LONSDALE*.

“Unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem

“Carminè perpetuo celebrare”—

Hor. 1 Od. vii.

WHILST you, my Lord, adorn that stately seat,
 Where shining Beauty makes her soft retreat,
 Enjoying all those graces, uncontrol'd,
 Which noblest youths would die but to behold;
 Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
 A structure worthy of the founder's toil;
 Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale † shine
 In each descendent of his noble line:

* Richard, second lord viscount Lonsdale. He died of the small pox, Dec. 1, 1713.

† Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was constituted vice-chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary on their advancement to the throne; created baron Lowther and viscount Lonsdale May 28, 1696; and appointed lord privy seal in 1699. He died July 10, 1700. N.

But most transported and surpriz'd we view
 His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
 Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,
 Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.

Me Fortune, and kind Heaven's indulgent care,
 To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,
 Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine
 To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
 And snatch, with smiling joy, the laurel crown,
 Due to the learned honours of the gown.
 Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
 Delude the time with an unhallow'd song,
 Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
 In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
 And all the gay variety expose ?
 For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,
 Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise,
 Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
 And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,
 And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,
 Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
 Though pomp and state the costly feat display,
 Where Art so nicely has adorn'd the place,
 That Nature's aid might seem an useless grace ;
 Yet Nature's smiles such various charms impart,
 That vain and needless are the strokes of Art.
 In equal state our rising structures shine,
 Fram'd by such rules, and form'd by such design,

That

That here, at once surpriz'd and pleas'd, we view
 Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new,
 More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
 For warbling Muses, and inspiring Gods.

Great Vanbrook's * self might own each artful draught
 Equal to models in his curious thought,
 Nor scorn a fabrick by our plans to frame,
 Or in immortal labours sing their fame;
 Both ways he saves them from destroying fate,
 If he but praise them, or but imitate.

See, where the sacred Sheldon's † haughty dome
 Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome,
 Whose form, so great and noble, seems design'd
 T' express the grandeur of its Founder's mind.
 Here, in one lofty building, we behold
 Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old.
 True, no dire combats feed the savage eye,
 And strow the sand with sportive cruelty;
 But, more adorn'd with what the Muse inspires,
 It far outshines their bloody theatres.
 Delightful scene! when here, in equal verse,
 The youthful Bards their godlike Queen rehearse,
 To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
 And sing the plains of Hockstet and Judoign.

Next let the Muse record our Bodley's feat ‡,
 And aim at numbers, like the subject, great:
 All hail, thou fabrick, sacred to the Nine,
 Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine!

* Sir John Vanbrugh. See III. 143. IV. 337. N.

† The Theatre. T. ‡ The Bodleian Library. T.

Who to thy praise attempts the dangerous flight,
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verse, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame, which first thyself didst give.
So fountains, which through secret channels flow,
And pour above the floods they take below,
Back to their Father Ocean urge their way,
And to the sea, the streams it gave, repay.

No more we fear the military rage,
Nurs'd-up in some obscure barbarian age,
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,
From thick-scuil'd heroes of the Gothic line,
Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance,
And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors spread,
The living murder, and consume the dead,
In impious fires let noblest writings burn,
And with their authors share a common urn;
Only, ye Fates, our lov'd Bodleian spare,
Be IT, and Learning's self shall be your care,
Here every art and every grace shall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,
Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow destruction to the Dardan line,
Whilst good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
And, with his guardian Gods, Iulus bears,

Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.

Here still presides each Sage's reverend shade,
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid;
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living gallery *.
What greater gift could bounteous Heaven bestow,
Than to be seen above, and read below?

With deep respect I bend my duteous head,
To see the faithful likenesses of the dead;
But O! what Muse can equal warmth impart?
The Painter's skill transcends the Poet's art.

When round the pictur'd Founders I descry,
With goodness soft, and great with majesty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their Colleges they live.
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleasing tumults combat in my soul;
An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,
And only less than adoration pay.

Such were the Roman Fathers, when, o'ercome,
They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome;
Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.

Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
Where feasting Gods carouse upon the wall;
The nectar, which creating paint supplies,
Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes;

* The Picture-gallery. T.

Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elysian air.
With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
The Gods in dwellings brighter than their own.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each Bard of old ;
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
In such an air as this the Poet sung ;
Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
Quite ravish'd, I pursue each image o'er,
And scarce admire their deathless labours more.
See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each shade is critick, and each feature sneers ;
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
I more than see a fancy'd comedy ;
The muddy Scotus crowns the motley shew,
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow.
But distant awe invades my beating breast,
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest ;
With fear I view the figure from afar,
Which burns with noble ardour for the war ;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetnesss with such grandeur join'd.

Here studious heads the graver tablet shews,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows ;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.

Hail, Colours, which with Nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life !

The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band;
Within each frame a real Fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives;
Till, undeceiv'd, he quits th' enchanting shew,
Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.

So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a God,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
Fit to invite, though not indulge his love;
The mortal thought he saw his Goddess shine,
And all the lying Graces look'd divine;
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,
The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.

Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting scene,
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again;
But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects bless the wandering sight.

Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies;
Lo! to what height the Schools ascending reach,
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate,
Where all the decent Graces jointly wait;
In every shape the God of Art resorts,
And crouds of Sages fill th' extended courts.

With wonders fraught the bright Museum see,
Itself the greatest curiosity!
Where Nature's choicest treasure, all combin'd,
Delight at once, and quite confound the mind;

Ten thousand splendors strike the dazzled eye,
And form on earth another galaxy.

Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies;
Spires, towers, and groves, compose the various shew,
And mingled prospects charm the doubting view;
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within?
But, since above my weak and artless lays,
Let their own Poets sing their equal praise.

One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-descending Muse;
The building *, parent of my young essays,
Asks in return a tributary praise.
Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique Sages tread the pompous height;
Whilst guardian Muses shade the happy piles,
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.
Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once, and patron of our song.
Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen's preside,
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide;
Till after-ages, fill'd with glad surprize,
Behold his image all majestic rise,
Where now in pomp a venerable band,
Princes and Queens, and holy Fathers, stand.

* Queen's College Library. T.—See Tickell's poem on the new buildings at this college, vol. IV. p. 316. N.

Good Egglesfield * claims homage from the eye,
And the hard stone seems soft with piety ;
The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war ;
Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A fight less noble did the warriors yield,
Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield ;
Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast ;
The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the soul was in the stone display'd.

Too high, my verse, has been thy daring flight,
Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
And chearful objects happy songs inspire,
At once bestow rewards, and thoughts infuse,
Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.

Behold around, and see the living green
In native colours paints a blooming scene ;
Th' eternal buds no deadly Winter fear,
But scorn the coldest season of the year ;
Apollo sure will bless the happy place,
Which his own Daphne condescends to grace ;
For here the everlasting laurels grow,
In every grotto, and on every brow.
Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains,
To call the Gods and Nymphs upon the plains ;
Pan yields his empire o'er the sylvan throng,
Pleas'd to submit to his superior song ;

* Robert Egglesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340. N.

Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
And Spenser's shade resigns the rural crown.

Fill'd with great thoughts, a thousand Sages rove
Through every field, and solitary grove;
Whose souls, ascending an exalted height,
Out-soar the drooping Muse's vulgar flight,
That longs to see her darling votaries laid
Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,
Where purling streams and warbling birds conspire
To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.

Bear me, some God, to Christ-Church, royal seat,
And lay me softly in the green retreat,
Where Aldrich holds o'er Wit the sovereign power,
And crowns the Poets which he taught before.
To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle;
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought,
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilst his hero fights;
Pursues the Bard, whilst he with honour can,
Equals the Poet, and excels the man.

O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods around,
The pleasing lays of sweetest Bards resound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And listening River-Gods neglect their urns.
When Codrington * and Steele their verse unrein,
And form an easy, unaffected strain,

* The great benefactor to All Souls College. N.

A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harrison *, with tuneful skill,
Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's Hill;
Old Chaucer from th' Elyfian fields looks down,
And sees at length a genius like his own;
Charm'd with his lays, which reach the shades below,
Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,
The fatal poignard, and invenom'd bowl.

Apollo smiles on Magd'len's peaceful bowers,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every Muse was fond of Addison.
Applauded man! for weightier trusts design'd,
For once disdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,
A subject not unworthy of thy verse;
So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays:
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'st shall give to thee,
Isis, immortal by the Poet's skill,
" Shall, in the smooth description, murmur still † ;"
New beauties shall adorn our sylvan scene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.

* Of whom, see vol. IV. p. 180. N.

† Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addison. T.

Danby's fam'd gift * such verse as thine requires,
 Exalted raptures, and celestial fires;
 Apollo here should plenteously impart,
 As well his singing, as his curing art;
 Nature herself the healing garden loves,
 Which kindly her declining strength improves,
 Baffles the strokes of unrelenting Death,
 Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
 How sweet the landkip! where, in living trees,
 Here frowns a vegetable Hercules!
 There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
 And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;
 Here artful birds, which blooming arbours shew,
 Seem to fly higher, whilst they upwards grow,
 From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,
 And every bough a different charm supplies.

So when our world the great Creator made,
 And, unadorn'd, the sluggish chaos laid,
 Horror and Beauty own'd their fire the same,
 And Form itself from Parent Matter came,
 That lumpish mass alone was source of all,
 And Bards and Themes had one original.

In vain the groves demand my longer stay,
 The gentle Isis wafts the Muse away;
 With ease the river guides her wandering stream,
 And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame,
 Attempting Poets on her banks lie down,
 And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon,

* The Physic-garden at Oxford. This hint was happily
 taken-up in 1713 by Dr. Evans. See vol. III. p. 145. N.
 Har-

Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the streams.

Bless'd we, whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various blessings all our own !
Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of state,
Upon our humble, easy slumbers wait,
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the state,
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
And learn from Fame the rough events of war,
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.

See how the matchless youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move !
Eager for fame, prevent the rising sun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain,
Who leave dull Time, and hasten into man,
Pure to the soul, and pleasing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wife.

Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And, by the lives of heroes, form their own,
Now view the Granique choak'd with heaps of slain,
And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain;
Now hear the trumpets clangour from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
And search the fine-spun arts that made it great,

Correct

Correct those errors that its ruin bred,
And bid some long-lost empire rear its ancient head.

Others, to whom persuasive arts belong,
(Words in their looks, and music on their tongue)
Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilst listening crowds confess the sweet surprize,
With pleasure in their breasts, and wonder in their eyes.

Here curious minds the latent seeds disclose,
And Nature's darkest labyrinths expose;
Whilst greater souls the distant worlds descry,
Pierce to the out-stretch'd borders of the sky,
Enlarge the searching mind, and broad expand the eye. }

O you, whose rising years so great began,
In whose bright youth I read the shining man;
O Lonsdale, know what noblest minds approve,
The thoughts they cherish, and the arts they love:
Let these examples your young bosom fire,
And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.
Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd,
Alike admiring, and by all admir'd:
Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
Which future senates shall transported hear,
Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,
Whilst on the paper fancy'd fields appear,
And prospects of imaginary war,
Your martial soul sees Hockstet's fatal plain,
Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.

But I in vain these lofty names rehearse,
Above the faint attempts of humble verse,

Which

Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
 Or Addison exalt with warmth divine;
 A meaner song my tender voice requires,
 And fainter lays confess the fainter fires,
 By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
 A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream,
 To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
 Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays,
 Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprize,
 Paint roses on her cheeks, and suns within her eyes,

O did proportion'd height to me belong,
 Great Anna's name should grace th' ambitious song,
 Illustrious dames should round their Queen resort,
 And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court,
 Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
 But share the ancient honours of his race,
 Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
 To Venus only should submit the prize.
 O matchless beauties! more than heavenly fair,
 Your looks resistless, and divine your air,
 Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
 And no fond Bard shall ask an useless Muse;
 Their kindling rays excite a nobler fire,
 Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.

This charming theme I ever could pursue,
 And think the inspiration ever new,
 Did not the God my wandering pen restrain,
 And bring me to his Oxford back again.

Oxford, the Goddess Muse's native home,
 Inspir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome!

Hadst

48 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Hadst thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
 And Pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,
 O, how unbounded had their fiction been!
 What fancy'd visions had adorn'd the scene!
 Upon each hill a Sylvan Pan had stood,
 And every thicket boasted of a God,
 Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
 And not a stream without its nymphs could move,
 Each summit had the train of Muses shew'd,
 And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd,
 The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
 Had look'd almost as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
 Those fictions by more wondrous truths outdone;
 Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
 And Themis smiles from Heaven on this retreat,
 Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,
 And all our Muses burn with Vestal fires;
 Whilst guardian angels our Apollo's stand,
 Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,
 To bless the happy air, and sanctify the land.

O pleasing shades! O ever-green retreats!
 Ye learned grottoes! and ye sacred seats!
 Never may you politer arts refuse,
 But entertain in peace the bashful Muse!
 So may you be kind Heaven's distinguish'd care,
 And may your fame be lasting, as 'tis fair!
 Let greater Bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
 Or taste th' inspiring Heliconian stream,
 Yet, whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode
 Of every Muse, and every tuneful God,

Parnassus owns its honours far out-done,
And Isis boasts more Bards than Helicon.

A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my Lord, th' inspiring Muse bestow,
Grac'd with your name th' unpolish'd poem shines,
You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines.
O might you here meet my desiring eyes,
My drooping song to nobler heights would rise:
Or might I come to breathe your Northern air,
Yet should I find an equal pleasure there;
Your presence would the harsher climate sooth,
Hush every wind, and every mountain smooth,
Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,
And open charming vista's to the eyes,
Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
And sportive Echo play the empty sound:
With you I should a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

THE BEAU, A DIALOGUE;

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

FIRST PRINTED BY PEMBERTON, 1713.

SURLY.

PR'YTHEE tell me what a Beau is,
Thou who art so fam'd for one?

BEAU.

He's a person of great prowess;
By these marks he may be known:

VOL. V.

E

Though

Though his eyebrows black as jet are,
 Yet his wig is white as snow;
 Every hour he writes some letter,
 Or receives some billet-doux.

Well or ill, he briskly dances,
 And his arms are never still;
 Casting round him amorous glances,
 Such as seldom fail to kill.

Sits all day among the ladies,
 Sees them paint, and sees them patch;
 In their eyes still looking babies,
 Some rich heir in hope to catch.

Some French tune he's ever humming,
 Though he cannot sing one note;
 Or, with air and grace becoming,
 Gives ill-scented snuff about.

Under his left arm a bamboo,
 Ribbon dangling at his sword;
 Tells you all he has, or can do,
 And whom last he laid on board.

Well he knows th' intrigues of London,
 Which he whispers round the room;
 What believing maids are undone,
 Where they lay-in, and by whom.

S U R L Y.

If this be your accomplish'd Beau,
 He is the oddest Fool I know!

T H E

THE SALISBURY BALLAD*.

BY DR. WALTER POPE†.

WITH THE LEARNED COMMENTARIES OF A FRIEND
TO THE AUTHOR'S MEMORY.

THE FIRST PART.

I.

O Salisbury people, give ear to my Song,
And attention unto my new Ditty;
For it is in the praise of your River Avon,
Of your Bishop, your Church, and your City.

II. And

* This Poem was given me in MS. by my worthy friend Anthony Henley, esq; who used to call it his favourite, for the humour and simplicity of it, and its delicate raillery on the Dutch commentators. I think, indeed, his judgement was as right in that, as it was in every thing else relating to poetry and criticism. This ballad was written by the famous Dr. Walter Pope, author of the Old Man's With, who lived with Dr. Ward, then bishop of Salisbury, and had a pension from him of 100l. a year. Mr. Henley told me, there was but one copy of it taken from his MS. and it never was made public till now. PEMBERTON.

† Of Dr. Pope, some account has been already given, vol. I. p. 170. This ballad, it is said in the Athenæ, was a satire on the bishop of Salisbury for depriving the Doctor of his mistress, which caused a difference between them for a time. See Ward's Gresham Professors, p. 115. Lord chan-

II.

And your Mayor and Aldermen all on a row,
 Who govern that * watered mead,
 First † listen a while upon your ‡ tiptoe,
 Then carry this home, and || read.

III.

Therein you may find many an excellent § Lore,
 That unto your Wives you may teach;
 Though ** perhaps once and more our Poet may soar
 Clear out of your Worships reach.

cellor Cowper's opinion of it is thus given in a letter to Mr. Hughes: "I must confess, I taste Dr. Pope's ballad, as my acquaintance Mr. Henley did." Letters of Eminent Persons, vol. I. p. 208. The "learned Commentary" was probably the production of Mr. Henley. N.

* The City of New Sarum, built in the Bishop's Meadow.

† To the Ballad-singers.

‡ In a posture of attention.

|| Here the Poet is in a good humour, and supposes that all of them can read.

§ An old word frequent in Spenser, and (if we may join the best English Poet with the worst Rhymers in the world) in Sternhold and Hopkins, "Thy Law and eke thy Lore:" And I should cite the places, but that such Quotations would look strange in the margin of a Ballad. It signifies Lesson, or Doctrine. Vid. Skinner's Lexicon.

** I find now I praised the Poet too soon; for this is an impudent and unmannerly supposition, and I approve it not; though it is something mollified by those words, "Perhaps," and "Your Worships."

O Cla-

IV.

O Clarendon Park *, and O Cherbury Hill,
 Join with your old friend the River,
 To inspire my Muse, and assist my quill
 In the great things I have to deliver.

V.

School-Mistresses fine, to the number of † Nine,
 I'll call on no Muses but you ;
 Nor no other help, to enter my ‡ whelp,
 Unless it be || bouncing § Pru.

* This seems Heathenish, to pray to Hills, Parks, and Rivers; but it is no more than other Poets invoking Parnassus and Helicon. Nevertheless, I believe the Poet was a good Christian; for, if you read to the end of this Part, you will find the Bishop was very much in his favour.

† Not but that there are a greater number of School-mistresses in the Close; but the Poet hath need of no more of them than there were Muses.

‡ My young barking Muse, “ Ma Musa nourrie en Satire Boi.”

|| That word signifies *fat*, or *dancing*.

§ A Diminutive from Prudence; and seems to be put here for any woman at large, only to compleat the rhyme, it being a name suitable enough; for most women are wise, if not cunning. I confess, some who pretend to have been intimately acquainted with the Poet in his life-time, are very positive that this name did not only point out a particular woman, but even the Poet's Mistress. But I cannot agree to this; for had it been so, he would have given her a more honourable epithet.

VI.

Encourage you * Ten the most timorous pen
 That e'er such a task did begin;
 When you find any wit, then in my mouth spit,
 And chuck me under the chin.

VII.

I will not forget those † Stones that are set
 In a Round upon Salisbury Plains;
 Though who brought them there 'tis hard to declare,
 The ‡ Romans, the Britons, or Danes.

VIII.

Nor those pretty Sheep, whom greater || Beasts keep,
 Nor you Bustards that stalk thereby;
 You Bustards that chuse to doze like my Muse,
 Who walks because she can't fly.

IX.

Nor § you that know all the diseases of eyes,
 And for all a sure remedy find;
 Who alone give light, after twenty years night,
 To those who are born ** stone-blind.

* The Nine School-mistresses, and this bouncing Pru.

† Stonehenge, the noblest piece of Antiquity in England.

‡ Here the Poet briefly sums the several opinions of Historians and Antiquarians concerning the Founders of Stonehenge.

|| Shepherds.

§ Dr. Peter Turberville, the best Oculist of this Age, or any before him.

** The Daughter of George Turberville, of Whitminster in Gloucestershire; and one Peverel of Salisbury, and divers others.

X. Nor

X.

Nor you, the good * Bishop, that came from the † West,
 And spar'd neither pains nor cost,
 To build up the ‡ House, pull'd down by || Prick-Louse,
 And fit for such an host.

XI.

'Twas you that let-in § St. Burien streams,
 To increase the small ** River †† Ex;
 'Twas you brought again the ‡‡ lost Badge and Chain,
 And did it to ||| Sarum annex.

XII. You

* If you can have patience till you come to the XIXth Stanza of the Second Part, you will know what this Bishop's name is.

† Exeter.

‡ The Bishop's Palace in Salisbury.

|| One Vanling, a London-Taylor, who bought it of the sacrilegious Rebels.

§ This, I suppose, is one of those places our Poet threatens the Aldermen with in the IIIrd Stanza; but I will not let him be obscure: He means the Deanry of St. Burien, near the Land's-end in Cornwall, procured to be annexed to the Bishoprick of Exeter (by this Bishop, before his Translation) upon the death of Dr. Wykes, which happened in the time of Dr. Sparrow, the present Bishop, who now enjoys it.

** A River for Sea, not without a conceit.

†† The name of the River upon which Exeter stands, put figuratively for the City to increase the small River Ex, he to augment the poor Bishoprick of Exeter.

‡‡ The ensigns of the Chancellorship of the Garter (a Me-

XII.

You first made the Salisbury men * understand,
 Their River might † easily be taught
 To bear ships up and down, and enrich the town,
 And you were the first at it ‡ wrought.

dal, and a Gold Chain). We are said to lose what we have been possessors of. The first Chancellor of the Garter was Beauchamp, A. D. 1450. And that honour was enjoyed by his successors, the Bishops of Salisbury, till the time of Cardinal Campegio; who, having incurred the displeasure of King Henry VIII. for differing from him about the match, retired to Rome, and there died, A. D. 1539, and lies buried in Santa Maria Trastevere; that office having continued in the Bishops of Salisbury 89 years.

||| Since which time it has been in Lay-hands; till it pleased King Charles II. (upon the humble petition and claim of the present Bishop of Salisbury) to restore it to him and his successors. The letters-patents bear date, Nov. 25, 1671; so that it was out of that See 132 years.

* Beat it into their heads.

† For a very few thousand pounds. So Horace, speaking of a river,

“Doctus Iter melius.”

And in another place,

“Multa mole docendus

“Aprico parcere Campo.”

‡ On the 20th of October 1675. By a good token, it was the very day and hour Northampton was burning.

XIII. 'Twas

XIII.

'Twas you that kept up the Citizens * hearts,
 Or the † Giants had over-born them;
 For them you did ‡ ride, for them you || replied;
 'Twas you brought their vessels to § Harnham.

XIV.

** But when will this paltry Poet begin,
 And shew us a touch of his art?
 †† With a cup of old sack he'll wind up his ‡‡ jack,
 And ||| twang it in the Second Part.

* At the meeting of the commissioners for making the River navigable, at Salisbury, March 22, 1675.

† Divers great gentlemen of Hampshire. The Poet alludes to Beavais and Afcabert, whose pictures are upon Hampton-Gate.

‡ To London, to the King and Council.

|| Answered the objections of the opposers.

§ Harnham-Bridge, where the Key is. i. e. They owe the making the River navigable to your management.

** This is supposed to be objected by the unattentive and irreverent Reader, as if the Poet had done nothing all this while.

†† The Poet's mild answer. It should have been a glass of claret, if the Rhyme would have permitted.

‡‡ His engine wherewith he makes verses. So Chaucer:

“As winding-up makes a jack go,

“So good wine makes good verses flow.”

||| Twang is a very emphatical word, but not easily translated: It signifies as much as *éclatter* in French, or *rim-bombar* in Italian.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE.

I.

OLD Sarum was built on a dry barren * hill,
 A great many years ago ;
 'Twas a Roman town of strength and renown,
 As its stately ruins show.

II.

Therein was a Castle for men of Arms,
 And a Cloyster for men of the Gown ;
 There were Friars and Monks, and † Liars and ‡ Punks,
 Though not any whose names are || come down.

III.

The Soldier and Church-men did not long agree ;
 For the furly men with the § hilt on
 Made ** sport at the Gate, with the Priests that came †† late
 From shriving ‡‡ the Nuns of Wilton.

* Vide infra Stanza XVII. From their hill, where there was neither well nor spring.

† Tradesmen.

‡ Harlots.

|| This refers to punks; none celebrated in History, as Thais, Messalina, and others since.

§ Hilt for Sword, by a known figure.

** By asking of them roguish questions.

†† After the watch was set.

‡‡ From doing their daily drudgery.

IV. Where-

IV.

Whereupon * Bishop Poor went to the † King,
 And told him his piteous tale,
 That, rather than abide such a thorn in his side,
 He 'd build a New Church in the Vale.

V.

“ † I 'll build a New Church in the Vale, said he,
 If your Highness will give me || scope.”
 “ Who, I, said the King? § I 'll not do such a thing
 Without our old Father the Pope.”

VI.

“ Then I 'll go to that ** Whore, replied Bishop Poor,
 With a purse full of old gold;
 For why should I beg and make a low leg,
 Where every thing is to be sold?”

VII. He

* This “Whereupon” is a very comprehensive word, and yet seems more than it is. One would think the Poet here makes a leap, from the foundation of Old Sarum by the Romans, to Bishop Poor's time. It is only from Hormar, the first Bishop of Salisbury, A. D. 1083. to Richard Poor, the seventh, 1217. This “Whereupon” therefore is as much as to say, After 134 years suffering the affronts of the garrison, their patience was worn out; flesh and blood could endure no longer; but Bishop Poor being a stout man went to the King.

† King Henry III.

‡ According to the style of those times. || Leave.

§ Where note, That King had no mind to incur the Pope's displeasure. In those days he was a terrible fellow in England.

** This is a very hard place; why Bishop Poor, being a Papist, should call the Pope Whore. Some think the Bishop spoke

VII.

He went, he prevail'd, he return'd in a trice,
 With ample authority feis'd,
 To remove * Sarum-stones and † St. Osmund's bones,
 And to build a New Church where he pleas'd.

VIII.

To the Abbess of Wilton he shewed his Bull,
 And how much he was in the Pope's grace;
 And they two consulted their † bellies full,
 Yet they could not agree of a place.

IX. One

spoke it prophetically; knowing that in the succeeding times of Calvin and the Presbyterians, he should be proved to be the Whore. Others more acutely, think this might be Pope Joan; but this ingenious solution is against chronology, for Pope Joan (if ever there was such a one) was in the year 853, 374 years before Bishop Poor. The best reason, in my opinion, is taken out of the context, the last verse of this Stanza, "Where every thing is to be sold:" Rome is a Whore, because it does kindnesses for money only, not for love; which is the very definition of a Whore.

* The walls of the City and Cathedral.

† This St. Osmund was the second Bishop of Old Sarum. He was also Earl of Dorset, and Lord Chancellor of England. He died 1099, and was removed with great pomp to New Sarum; where he lies buried in the middle of Our Lady Chapel under a black marble-stone, bearing only this inscription, "Anno MXCIX." He was fainted by Pope Calixtus, anno 1456. The process and charge thereof may be seen in Salisbury Monuments.

‡ A proverbial phrase used for rhyme sake: for I cannot believe

IX.

One time as the Prelate lay on his down bed,
 Recruiting his spirits with rest,
 There appear'd, as 'tis said, a beautiful || maid,
 With her own dear babe at her breast.

X.

To him thus she spoke (the day was scarce broke,
 And his eyes yet to slumber did yield)
 "Go build me a Church without any delay,
 Go build it in Merry-field."

XI.

He awakes, and he rings; up ran Monks and Friars
 At the sound of his little bell;
 "I must know, said he, where Merry-field is."
 But the Devil-a-bit could they tell.

XII.

Full early he arose on a morning grey,
 To meditate and to walk,
 And by chance overheard a Soldier on the guard,
 As he thus to his fellow did talk.

XIII.

"I will lay on the side of my good yewen bow,
 That I shoot clean over the corn,
 As far as that cow in Merry-field,
 Which grazes under the thorn."

believe what some of the wicked hint, that the Poet had any
 waggish meaning here.

|| Who that maid and babe were, the Learned and Devout
 understand.

XIV. Then

XIV.

Then the Bishop cry'd out, "Where is Merry-field?"
 For his mind was still on his vow:
 The Soldier reply'd, "By the River-side,
 Where you see that brindle-cow."

XV.

Upon this he declar'd his pious intent,
 And about the Indulgences * ran,
 And brought in bad people to build a good Steeple,
 And thus the Cathedral began.

XVI. The

* Indulgences are a sort of Roman coin the Popes use to give to pious uses; as building of Churches, maintaining Rebellion against Protestant Princes, &c. To which sometimes they add dead bodies, promises, and hopes. So one of their own Poets;

"Le cose de la guerra andavan zoppe
 "I bolognoli richiedean danari,
 "Al Papa ed egli rispondeva coppe
 "Emandava indulgenze per gli Altari." C. 12.

And in another place,

"Part eran Ghibelline e favorite da l'imperio
 "Aleman per suo interesse
 "Eran Guelfe econ la Chiesa unite
 "Che le pascea di speme e di promesse." C. 1.

Which last verses may be thus translated in our author's stile and measure;

*They*¹ held that the Emperor was in the right;
*Those*², that the Pope's cause was good:

¹ The Ghibellines. ² The Guelfs.

They

XVI.

The principal Stones, in a fortunate † hour
 For the Pope, King, and some of the Peers,
 Were laid by † Pandulfo's Legantine Power,
 And 'twas finish'd in ‡ thirty years.

XVII.

*They that were for the Pope, were fed with thin bope,
 And pardons, and pieces of wood 3.*

Thus the Pope having promised twenty-five thousand crowns a month towards carrying on the rebellion in Ireland, paid them in this coin; and sent by the Irish ambassadors (the bishop of Fern and Sir Nicholas Plunket) anno 1647, from Rome, two dead bodies; which, for aught any one knew, might have been heathens, instead of ready money. Not that the cathedral began by the steeple; but steeple is put here for church, by the same figure as, before, hilt for sword.

† In an hour found out according to the rules of Astrology, by the Will Lilly's of those times. Of this they took more care; because the church built before by bishop Osmund was founded in an ill hour: in an ill hour, I say; for the steeple was burnt down by lightning, the day after it was finished. Vide Godwin. The five first stones were laid by Pandulfo, the Pope's legate: the first for the Pope, the second for the King, the two next for the earl and countess of Salisbury, the fifth for the Bishop.

† Signifies no more than Pandulfo himself; as by such a one's Lordship, or Worship, we mean their persons. But this expression is more ancient and poetical, being often used in Homer;

"Ἰερὴ ἵς τελεμαίχοιο, &c.

‡ And cost but forty thousand marks. Vide the account
 3 Chips of the Cross.

XVII.

Then then the Men of Old Sarum came down
 From their Hill where there was neither well * nor
 spring,
 That they might have a mill, and water † at will,
 And hear the sweet fishes ‡ sing.

XVIII.

But if I proceed, as I once had decreed,
 And || foolishly undertook,
 To let my § vein run, I shall never have done,
 And instead of a Song make a Book.

in Salisbury Muniments upon this excellent pile. See also
 verses of Daniel Rogers, in Godwin, and Camden's Britannia,
 which begin thus,

“Mira cano, &c.

* In the first verse of this part, he calls it a dry, barren hill.
 † At hand for all conveniences; as washing of dishes,
 drowning of children, &c.

‡ This is another place wherein the Poet intended to walk
 incognito; but I'll pull off his masque. Noble Citizens, he
 means Frogs. Aristophanes thought so well of their voices,
 that he makes them sustain the part of the Chorus in one of
 his comedies. The words of their song are, Βρεκεκεκεκεκεξ,
 καιξ, καιξ; the meaning thereof, and the tune, I confess
 myself ignorant of.

|| Here the Poet chides himself for his fool-hardy under-
 taking in the first part; and begins to take up.

§ Poetical.

XIX. O pardon

XIX.

O pardon me, pardon me, Bishop * Ward,
 For putting thy name in my song;
 For I am, alas! but a filly † Bard,
 And my verses cannot live long.

XX.

Though sometimes a lucky ballad may hit,
 And, in spite of Time's iron ‡ fangs,
 Out-live greater volumes stuff'd fuller of wit,
 And conceiv'd with more labour and pangs.

XXI.

But if I was owner of Virgil's trump,
 And Horace's well-tuned || lyre,
 I 'd wear them out to the very § stump,
 But I 'd make thy great name to aspire,

XXII.

Then answer'd my Muse, with a scornful smile,
 "Leave off such fond thoughts, |||| poor heart!
 'Tis fancy and skill, not love and good-will,
 Must fit thee for such a part."

XXIII. I'll

* Now I am out of your debt, for what I promised in
 my Commentary upon the IXth Stanza of the first part.

† A Welsh Poet.

‡ Teeth.

|| An obsolete word signifying a Welsh Harp.

§ Here the Poet shews his good inclination towards the
 Bishop.

|||| How familiarly and obligingly the Muse speaks to the
 Poet!

XXIII.

I 'll make it the care of the ages to come,
 When thou shalt be dead and rotten,
 To publish his fame, and embalm his name,
 That it shall never be * forgotten.

XXIV.

While † Lovers shall languish betwixt hopes and fears,
 With a visage pale, blue ‡, and forlorn ;
 And, all the world round, any wife may be found,
 Whose || dear husband drinks in a § horn.

* “ —Sopra te non haura possia
 “ Quel dura eterno inecceitabil sonno
 “ D'havert chiusa in cosi poca fossa
 “ Se tanto i versi miei pro metter ponno.”

† A poetical description of a long time.

‡ This seems to be taken out of Horace ;

“ Et tinctus violâ pallor amantium.”

I hope the ghost of a Ballad-maker will not be offended with me for this discovery : I am sure the best French Poet now living repudates it an honour that it was said of him,

“ N'est qu'un gueux revestu des depouilles d'Horace.”

§ The Poet does not think it strange, if women who hate their husbands, should let them drink in horns.

|| The meaning of this is, that Bishop's name shall not be forgotten, till all the world over, all loving wives shall be so rich, as to be able to provide their husbands cups of more precious matter than horn ; and there shall be found no horn in any loving wives houses.

XXV. While

XXV.

While the River Avon runs down to the sea,
 And grafs grows on Salisbury plain;
 While * Englishmen dance to the Musick of France,
 And Tradesmen mind nothing but gain.

XXVI. But

* While the English follow the French fashions. This sort of description is frequent, both in ancient and modern Poets. So Virgil;

“Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,

“Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae.”

So Ovid;

—“Tenedos dum stabit & Ida,

“Dum rapidas Simois in mare volvet aquas, &c.”

So the Italian Theocritus;

“Mentre per questi monti

“Andran le fere errando,

“E gli alti pini hauran pungenti foglie

“Mentre li vivi fonti

“Correran mormorando

“Nel alto mari, che con amor gli accoglie, &c.”

And in another place,

“Mentre serpente in dumo

“Saranno, e pesci in fiumi

“Ne sol vivrai, ne la mia stanca lingua,

“In mille altre sampogne, e mille versi.”

But, in my opinion, these are too general; whereas those of our Poet are particular, and satirical, and therefore more commendable.

XXVI.

But it is not for such weak * shoulders as thine
 To undergo such a † care;
 For that I design a Poet || Divine,
 § Wind thou up thy Song with a Prayer.

XXVII.

XXVII.

She said; I † obey'd. The Queen and the King
 God blefs, and their brother James, [Avon,
 And ** Old Christ-Church Haven, and New Sarum's
 And make it as good as the Thames!

* Alluding to that of Horace,
 "Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent."

And that of Virgil,

"Non tali auxilio, & defensoribus istis."

† Of eternizing the Bishop's name.

|| As if she should say with Horace,

"——Quibus ingenium est, et mens diviniior, atque os

"Magna sonaturum; Dabo nominis hujus honorem."

§ Mark how precise the Muse is, in observing old customs.

† The Poet's ready obedience is remarkable: She said;
 I obeyed: Dictum, factum. It is a sign his Pegasus was
 well managed, that he stops so short in his full career.

** Christ-Church is a very ancient town, called by the
 Romans Alauni; by the Saxons, Twinambourn, because it
 lies betwixt two rivers.

Latin, "In terram nil," now "terni."

THE SWALLOW AND BIRDS, A FABLE,

B Y D R. P O P E*.

A Certain Farmer sowed a Field with Flax, [world,
 When that plant was not well known in the
 Being resolv'd to try what 'twould produce,
 Not thinking it would prove of so great use,
 Feed, and employ so many thousand poor.
 A Swallow, who had traveld far, and knew
 To what use it was put in remote parts,
 Fearing that mode might be there introduc'd,
 Causd all the Birds to meet in parliament,
 Told them th' effect of that pernicious plant,
 And what they must expect when 'twas grown up ;
 " To th' place where 'ts sown by general consent,
 Let 's go, said he, and pick up every feed,
 And so secure our nation from that weed."
 But they laught at him for a fearful fool,
 The Flax springs up, which he beheld with grief,
 And desird all the Birds to meet again ;
 " You see, said he, that plant begins to mount
 His head above the earth, now while 'tis young,

* From his " Moral and Political Fables, ancient and
 " modern ; done into measured Prose intermixed with Ryme,
 " 1698." The author's peculiarities of orthography are here
 preserved. By " measured prose" is meant, that the lines,
 which are all in the measure of verse as to the number of feet,
 for the most part do not rhyme in complets at the end. N.

Let us all go, and pull 't up by the root."
 They laught, and one replyd, " Pray, Sir, go you,
 We trouble not our heads with future things."
 In a short time the Flax was ripe, and pluckt,
 And thousand nets in every field were spread
 Upon the rivers banks, and in the woods;
 And then the Swallow met the Birds again,
 And found them sad, and heard them all complain,
 How many of their kindred had been slain,
 How many prisoners were in iron cages ;
 " 'Tis now too late, said he, with patience bear
 The miseries you have drawn upon yourselves,
 Which I foretold, and shewd how to prevent,
 Movd by the public interest, not mine own;
 For then, I knew how to secure my self
 Against the miseries which I foresaw.
 Now I am safe, having made peace with man,
 Which I 'm convincd none of you ever can ;
 I live in 's house, and please him with my song,
 And under such protection, fear no wrong."

THE MORAL.

They justly suffer who reject advice.

THE LARK, A FABLE, BY DR. POPE

A Lark, who every Spring did use to build
 Her nest, and lay her eggs, in the green wheat,
 So early, that her young ones might be fledg'd,
 Before 'twas reapt, did once by a mistake,
 Make her nest, hatch her eggs, in rath ripe corn,

And

And found not out her error till too late,
She saw the harvest near, her young ones callow,
Not in condition to be timely mov'd,
Therefore i' th' morning, ere she went abroad,
She thus bespoke them: "Children, when I am gone,
Mind every thing you chance to hear or see,
And give me an account, at my return."
They watch'd, and saw the owner of the field,
Walking that way, discoursing with his son,
And over-heard him say, "This corn is ripe,
And if it be not quickly reapt, will shed:
Go, Son, to the next village, and intreat
My friends assistance, to cut down this wheat,
Early, by break of day, to-morrow morn."
The affrighted Larks this to their mother told.
"Children, said she, your danger's yet remote,
Be not dismay'd, for if we can stay here
Till we are dispossessed by his friends,
By that time your young feathers will be grown,
And you 'll be able to transport yourselves
Where-ever I shall guide you, through the air,"
Leaving the same commands, away she flies
Next day. The careful Husbandman awakes
Early, at the first crowing of the cock,
Rises, comes down, and fearing to be too late,
Sate buttoning of his doublet at the gate,
Then casting many a wishful look to th' coast
From whence his hop'd-for succour ought t' arrive,
Seeing the sun grown high, and no friend come,
Thus to his Son he spoke; "Since we 're deceiv'd,

Henceforwards set a mark upon such friends,
 Who only cry God bless you, when we sneeze,
 But, when we stand in need, afford no help.
 Go, all our near relations invite
 To meet me here, to-morrow, by day-light,
 That we may get this corn down before night."
 This news the young birds to their mother told,
 "Mother, they cryd, mother, we are undone,
 Not one of us can fly, few of us run,
 Yet out of doors to-morrow we must turn."
 Such terrour seizd them of approaching death,
 They mingled sighs and tears with every word.
 She smild, and said, "You are still secure, he'll find
 His friends and kindred equally unkind,
 Be mindful still of what you hear and see:"
 This said, away a foraging she flies.
 The next sun rises; the good man, in vain,
 Expects his kindred, none of them appears;
 "Since there 's no trust to be repos'd in frinds,
 Or kindred, Son, said he, to-morrow bring
 Two sickles; you and I will cut this corn."
 As soon as the old Lark this understood,
 To a securer place, leading her brood,
 "Follow, said she, we 've staid the utmost hour,
 There 's no eluding interest and power."

THE MORAL.

He that will bring his business to an end,
 Must go himself; he that will not, may send.

THE ANTS CHANGED TO MEN:

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK VII.

BY MR. STONESTREET*.

A Dreadful plague from angry Juno came,
 To scourge the land that bore her rival's name ;
 Before her fatal anger was reveal'd,
 And teeming malice lay as yet conceal'd,
 All remedies we try, all medicines use,
 Which Nature could supply, or Art produce ;
 Th' unconquer'd foe derides the vain design,
 And Art and Nature foil'd declare the cause divine.

At first we only felt th' oppressive weight
 Of gloomy clouds, then teeming with our fate,
 And labouring to discharge unactive heat :
 But, ere four moons alternate changes knew,
 With deadly blasts the fatal South-wind blew,
 Infected all the air, and poison'd as it flew.
 Our fountains too a dire infection yield,
 For crowds of vipers creep along the field,
 And, with polluted gore and baneful steams,
 Taint all the lakes, and venom all the streams.

The young disease with milder force began,
 And rag'd on birds and beasts, excusing man.

* This writer is mentioned by Jacob, as author of the two poems here printed ; but without any intimation who or what he was ; nor have I been able to discover any particulars of his history. The other part of the Seventh Book of Ovid was translated by Mr. Tate. N.

The

The labouring oxen fall before the plow,
 Th' unhappy plow-men stare, and wonder how ;
 The tabid sheep, with sickly bleatings, pines ;
 Its wool decreasing, as its strength declines :
 The warlike steed, by inward foes compell'd,
 Neglects his honours, and deserts the field,
 Unnerv'd and languid seeks a base retreat,
 And at the manger groans, but wish'd a nobler fate :
 The stags forget their speed, the boars their rage,
 Nor can the bears the stronger herds engage :
 A general faintness does invade them all,
 And in the woods and fields promiscuously they fall.
 The air receives the stench, and (strange to say)
 The ravenous birds and beasts avoid the prey :
 Th' offensive bodies rot upon the ground,
 And spread the dire contagion all around.

But now the plague, grown to a larger size,
 Riots on man, and scorns a meaner prize.
 Intestine heats begin the civil war,
 And flushings first the latent flame declare,
 And breath inspir'd, which seem'd like fiery air. }
 Their black dry tongues are swell'd, and scarce can move,
 And short thick sighs from panting lungs are drove ;
 They gape for air, with flattering hopes t' abate
 Their raging flames, but that augments their heat ;
 No bed, no covering can the wretches bear, }
 But on the ground, expos'd to open air,
 They lie, and hope to find a pleasing coolness there. }
 The suffering earth, with that oppression curst,
 Returns the heat which they imparted first.

In vain physicians would bestow their aid,
 Vain all their art, and useles all their trade;
 And they, ev'n they, who fleeting life recall,
 Feel the same powers, and undistinguish'd fall.
 If any proves so daring to attend
 His sick companion, or his darling friend,
 Th' officious wretch sucks-in contagious breath,
 And with his friend doth sympathize in death.

And now the care and hopes of life are past,
 They please their fancies, and indulge their taste;
 At brooks and streams, regardless of their shame,
 Each sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their flame;
 Nor do they strive in vain to quench it there,
 For thirst and life at once extinguish'd are.
 Thus in the brooks the dying bodies sink,
 But heedless still the rash survivors drink.

So much uneasy down the wretches hate,
 They fly their beds to struggle with their fate;
 But if decaying strength forbids to rise,
 The victim crawls and rolls, till on the ground he lies.
 Each shuns his bed, as each would shun his tomb;
 And thinks th' infection only lodg'd at home.

Here one, with fainting steps, does slowly creep
 O'er heaps of dead, and strait augments a heap;
 Another, while his strength and tongue prevail'd,
 Bewails his friend, and falls himself bewail'd:
 This with imploring looks surveys the skies,
 The last dear office of his closing eyes;
 But finds the Heavens implacable, and dies.

What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled mind?
 But only hopes my subjects fate to find.

What

What place foe'er my weeping eyes survey,
 There in lamented heaps the vulgar lay;
 As acorns scatter when the winds prevail,
 Or mellow fruits from shaken branches fall.

You see that dome which rears its front so high,
 'Tis sacred to the Monarch of the Sky;
 How many there, with unregarded tears,
 And fruitless vows, sent up successful prayers!
 There fathers for expiring sons implor'd,
 And there the wife bewail'd her gasping Lord;
 With pious offerings they 'd appease the skies,
 But they, ere yet th' atoning vapours rise,
 Before the altars fall, themselves a sacrifice:

They fall, while yet their hands the gums contain,
 The gums surviving, but their offerers slain.

The destin'd Ox, with holy garlands crown'd,
 Prevents the blow, and feels an unexpected wound:
 When I myself invok'd the Power Divine,
 To drive this fatal pest from me and mine;
 When now the priest with hands uplifted stood,
 Prepar'd to strike, and shed the sacred blood,
 The Gods themselves the mortal stroke bestow,
 The victim falls, but they impart the blow:
 Scarce was the knife with the pale purple stain'd,
 And no presages could be then obtain'd
 From putrid entrails, where th' infection reign'd.

Death stalk'd around with such resistless sway,
 The temples of the Gods his force obey,
 And suppliants feel his stroke while yet they pray.
 "Go now, said he, your Deities implore
 For fruitless aid, for I defy their power."

Then

Then with a curs'd malicious joy survey'd
The very altars, stain'd with trophies of the dead.

The rest, grown mad and frantic with despair,
Urge their own fate, and so prevent the fear.
Strange madness that, when death pursued so fast,
T' anticipate the blow with impious haste.

No decent honours to their urns are paid,
Nor could the graves receive the numerous dead;
For or they lay unbury'd on the ground,
Or unadorn'd a needy funeral found:
All reverence past, the fainting wretches fight
For funeral piles which were another's right.

Unmourn'd they fall; for who surviv'd to mourn?
And fires and mothers unlamented burn:
Parents and sons sustain an equal fate,
And wandering ghosts their kindred shadows meet.
The dead a larger space of ground require,
Nor are the trees sufficient for the fire.

Despairing under grief's oppressive weight,
And sunk by these tempestuous blasts of Fate,
"O Jove, said I, if common fame says true,
If e'er Ægina gave those joys to you,
If e'er you lay inclos'd in her embrace,
Fond of her charms, and eager to possess;
O father, if you do not yet disclaim
Paternal care, nor yet disown the name,
Grant my petitions; and with speed restore
My subjects numerous as they were before,
Or make me partner of the fate they bore."
I spoke, and glorious lightning shone around,
And rattling thunder gave a prosperous sound;

"So let it be; and may these omens prove
A pledge, said I, of your returning love!"

By chance a reverend oak was near the place,
Sacred to Jove, and of Dodona's race,
Where frugal Ants laid up their winter meat,
Whose little bodies bear a mighty weight:
We saw them march along, and hide their store,
And much admir'd their number, and their power;
Admir'd at first, but after envy'd more.
Full of amazement, thus to Jove I pray'd:
"O grant, since thus my subjects are decay'd,
As many subjects to supply the dead!"
I pray'd, and strange convulsions shook the oak,
Which murmur'd, though by ambient winds unshook:
My trembling hands, and stiff-erected hair,
Express'd all tokens of uncommon fear;
Yet both the earth and sacred oak I kiss'd,
And scarce could hope, yet still I hop'd the best;
For wretches, whatsoe'er the Fates divine,
Expound all omens to their own design.

But now 'twas night, when ev'n distraction wears
A pleasing look, and dreams beguile our cares.
Lo! the same oak appears before my eyes,
Nor alter'd in its shape, nor former size;
As many Ants the numerous branches bear,
The same their labour, and their frugal care;
The branches too a like commotion found,
And shook th' industrious creatures on the ground,
Who by degrees (what's scarce to be believ'd)
A nobler form and larger bulk receiv'd,

And

And on the earth walk'd an unusual pace
With many strides, and an erected face ;
Their numerous legs and former colour lost,
The insects could a human figure boast.

I wake, and waking find my cares again,
And to the unperforming Gods complain,
And call their promise and pretences vain.
Yet in my court I heard the murmuring voice
Of strangers, and a mixt uncommon noise :
But I suspected all was still a dream,
Till Telamon to my apartment came,
Opening the door with an impetuous haste :
O come, said he, and see your faith and hopes surpast :
I follow ; and, confus'd with wonder, view
Those shapes which my presaging slumbers drew :
I saw, and own'd, and call'd them subjects ; they
Confest my power, submissive to my sway.
To Jove, restorer of my race decay'd,
My vows were first with due oblations paid.
I then divide with an impartial hand
My empty city, and my ruin'd land,
To give the new-born youth an equal share,
And call them Myrmidons, from what they were.
You saw their persons ; and they still retain
The thrift of Ants, though now transform'd to Men.
A frugal people, and inur'd to sweat,
Labouring to gain, and keeping what they get.
These, equal both in strength and years, shall join
Their willing aid, and follow your design,
With the first Southern gale that shall present
To fill your sails, and favour your intent.

AGAINST

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY MR. STONESTREET.

WHAT has this life to make it worth our care ?
What mighty charms can wretched we descry ?
Which can so great a plague so much endear,
Or so ignobly make us fear to die ?

If we by various passions are distress'd,
And daily toss'd in life's tempestuous seas,
Why should we thus the friendly dart detest,
And fly the blessing which affords us ease ?

Fierce anger, fardid fear, and deep despair,
With all the passions which degrade the man,
All these we can with fervile patience bear,
And though compleatly wretched, still live on.

Or else perhaps we love; the charming pain
Detains us slaves to what will plague us most;
Oh ! how we fondly hug th' ignoble chain,
Till reason is in folly's mazes lost !

Ev'n Freedom, we survive the loss of thee,
Thou greatest blessing which mankind can know ;
When, if we will ourselves, we may be free,
And soar above the skies, and see the earth below.

The gout, the stone, like Martyrs we endure,
Those torments which our dear bought pleasures give;
With all the cruelty attends their cure,
We freely bear, and all in hopes to live.

But

But how unjustly we, alas, are serv'd !
 The wish'd-for blessing proves our greatest curse.
 Our transient ease will shew we were preserv'd
 From smaller evils, but to suffer worse.
 And though unshaken Reason does proclaim
 That there 's eternal ease among the dead ;
 We quake, we sicken at the bugbear name,
 And Fear almost performs the work we dread.
 Tell me, deluded mortals, tell me this,
 Why we who are expos'd to Fortune's hate,
 Who see no prospect of advancing bliss,
 Should drag a life, and love th' oppressive weight ?
 Come then, my friend, with equal cares distress'd,
 Thou too kind partner of resistless grief,
 Let 's on to death, the surest way to rest ;
 And court the fancy'd tyrant for relief.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI*.

MEN AND MEASURES CHARACTERISED.

FOR quiet, Friend, the Sailor prays
 Midst stormy winds and roamy seas,
 While moon and stars withhold their light,
 And half the globe is wrapt in night :

Or,

* I know not who was the author of this Imitation,
 first published in August 1739. The copy from which I
 now print it, containing several marginal corrections, was

Or, if loud thunders shake the deep,
With Haddock's *peaceful* crew to sleep.

When armies join in horrid fray,
And Death deforms the deep array,
Shew me the Chief, inur'd to toils,
All cover'd o'er with hostile spoils;
Who would not quit the fatal field
And all the fame that triumphs yield,
Should George or Walpole kindly mark
His post of honour in Hyde Park.
For all the dangers, toils, and strife,
That cloud the sprightly noon of life,
Are borne, that gentle quiet may
Close the mild evening of its day.

'Tis not the Star, the String, the Robe,
Those baits that catch th' ennobled mob!
With all that brib'd a venal train
To vote a shameful peace with Spain,
Can calm the conscience, or control
The teasing tumults of the soul.

Nor can the guards that watch a Throne
Bid anguish and remorse be gone;
They hover o'er the rich alcove,
And dash the draughts of guilty Love.

Far happier He, who craves no more
Than what his Fathers had before;

purchased with several curious pamphlets, in 1779, at the sale of Dr. Arbuthnot's library. — Another Imitation of this Ode, by Mr. Hughes, is in the English Poets, vol. XXII. p. 102. N.

Who

Who sees his frugal meal prepar'd
Beneath the roof his Fathers rear'd;
Whose days are crown'd with sweet content,
Whose nights in quiet slumbers spent.

Whence then thy schemes, deluded man,
This noisy chace in life's short span?
From clime to clime, from Pole to Pole,
Where tempests sweep, or billows roll;
Pursue you bliss? Know, bustling elf,
To gain it, thou must lose thyself.

Go boast the Minister thy friend;
Throw cumberous Virtue off; ascend
The giddy pinnacle of power;
Seek Houghton's * plains and Richmond's bower,
The lonely grove, the silent vale,
Or bid thy canvass catch the gale;
If all too weak to banish grief,
Fly to the bottle for relief.

Cares, rapid as a whirlwind's force,
Out-fly the deer, out-run the horse;
Round the bright coronet they twine;
They sparkle in the sprightly wine;
They taint the fragrance of the breeze;
They whisper through the waving trees;
And, where the gilded streamers fly,
They swell the breast, and prompt the sigh.

Hope you for pleasure pure, refin'd
From every lot of human-kind;

* The seat of Sir Robert Walpole. N.

From future woe, and present pain?
 Believe me, Friend, you hope in vain.
 Virtue enjoys life's chearful ray,
 Or wisely laughs its gloom away.

Young Sheffield * perish'd in his bloom,
 While Selkirk wither'd to his tomb.
 Heaven, as a curse, to me may lend
 The years it has deny'd my friend.
 St John from Britain exil'd flies;
 While nations from his tongue grow wise;
 And pension'd Horace † swells, while States
 Are smit with folly as he prates;
 There Wade in Marlborough's splendor rides,
 And Yorke in Talbot's Seat presides;
 And soon, Argyll, a beardless boy
 May wield the truncheon you enjoy.
 In vain thy spirit, strength, and ease,
 O Pulteney! warm, persuade, and please,
 If the resistless nod of Bob
 Can guide the vote, and gain the job.
 See Peers, while England's honours sink,
 With Sherlock vote, with Stanhope think;
 And Winnington and Yonge prevail
 Where Lyttelton and Wyndham fail.

Yet all is just, could mortals see
 How with their end the means agree;
 Or trace the Powers that guide the whole,
 And bid the moral system roll.

* Edmund, the second duke of Buckingham. N.

† Horace; i. e. Walpole, afterwards lord Walpole. N.

'Tis your's life's active scenes to grace
 With every virtue of thy race ;
 For Heaven, with wealth and titles, gave
 Thee soul to spend, and sense to save.
 To me, the Fates, severely kind,
 A small inclosure have assign'd ;
 Some sparks of genius, and a soul
 That hates a Knave, and loaths a Fool.

WRITTEN IN SAINT EVREMONT'S* ESSAYS,
 PRESENTED TO A LADY.

THROUGH various climes of censure and applause,
 In this wide world of Criticks and their laws,
 (The common fate by Authors undergone)
 The great, the wise St. Evremont has run.
 But now, secure, he can respect command,
 Where'er the Muses stretch their silver wand ;
 Where sense is valued, and where learning shines,
 And sparkling wit can charm in polish'd lines ;
 Where'er true eloquence and taste prevail,
 And Authors have their praise for thinking well.
 Vain would he be, and uninstructed yet,
 In the just worth of what himself had writ,
 Should he disdain for your applause to sue,
 Or scruple to submit his works to you.
 Fair Critick, in his name I humbly bend,
 Admit the suppliant Author by his friend ;
 And, as you find him merit your esteem,
 Excuse his agent, and encourage him.

* Of whom, see vol. I. p. 123. N.

TO LOVE, AFTER INDIFFERENCE.

WELCOME, thrice welcome to my frozen heart,
Thou long-departed fire ;
How could'st thou so regardless be
Of one so true, so fond as me,
Whose early thought, whose first desires
Were pointed all to thee ?
When, in the morning of my day,
Thy empire first began,
Pleas'd with the prospect of thy sway,
Into thy arms I ran ;
Without reserve, my willing heart I gave,
Proud that I had my freedom lost,
Contending which I ought to boast,
The making thee a sovereign, or myself a slave.

Still I am forc'd to execute thy will,
By me declare thy power and skill ;
My heart already by thy fire
Is so prepar'd, is so refin'd,
There's nothing left behind
But infinite desire.

O! would'st thou touch that lovely maid
(Whose charms and thine I have obey'd)
With such another flame,
The heaven that would appear in me
Would speak such goodness dwelt in thee,
Thy bow, thy art,
No more need guide thy dart ;

No heart so stubborn, but at that would aim.

SIX PASTORALS BY DR. EVANS*.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS.

“O thou the tenderest of the tuneful train!
Smile on a lonesome unambitious swain.
Thy artless beauties to his verse transfer,
And make the shepherd like his nymph appear.
Though lowly, lovely; modest, yet not mean;
Though warm, not wanton; unadorn'd, yet clean.” PAST. 4.

ALEN, OR THE TALE. PASTORAL I.
INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, 1707.

ROBIN AND NANCY.

IN vain the bashful Bard presumes to sing;
In vain his modest Muse expands her trembling wing.
Distrust to please suspends her tuneful choice,
And sinks the puny Poet's feeble voice.
How should he sing, alas! unskill'd in song?
Or how succeed in his attempt so young?
Teach him, ye plummy minstrels of the groves;
In artless strains ye warble forth your loves:
Untaught, the linnet and the nightingale
With native melody delight the dale:

* Of Dr. Evans, see vol. III. p. 118. vol. IV. p. 356.—
The Pastorals here first printed (for which I am obliged to
Mr. Reed) are intitled, “Extracts from an original manu-
script volume of Pastorals by A. Evans.” The specimen,
thus preserved, may perhaps be the means of bringing the
whole to light. N.

Like them, my Muse, thy slender musick try,
And glad the plains with rustic harmony :
No lofty thoughts these sylvan scenes infuse,
A homely song best fits a homely Muse.
Herbert ! true friend ! to thee, of right, belong
These lays, my first essay in rural song.
When chilling winter pinch'd the needy swain,
And his starv'd flock pin'd on the barren plain ;
You took him home, what more could shepherd crave ?
And shelter to his sheep and fodder gave.
O could I imitate those sprightly strains,
With which great Pembroke whilom charm'd the plains,
To thee my grateful reed should sweetly sound,
And Herbert's name through every grove resound.
Mean while the tribute of an humbler lay
Accept ; 'tis all a bankrupt Muse can pay.

'Twas dusk ; and now Heaven's shining troops began
Their polar march, with Vesper in the van ;
When Nancy, leaning on young Robin's arm,
Return'd from dancing at a neighbouring farm.
Long had the pair with mutual flames been blest,
And Love and Joy exulted in each breast ;
The happy swain, prest by so sweet a load,
Yet lighter for his lovely burden trod.
And now the moon, uprising in the east,
Long shadows on the gloomy valley cast.
The timorous nymph clung to her guardian swain,
Scar'd at each shade that stretch'd along the plain ;
And often turn'd ; oft thought some spright appear'd ;
Now frisking elves, now jack-a-lanterns fear'd.

Till

Till the kind youth, who long had learn'd the way
To sooth her breast, and every care allay,
Thus with a tale began to charm her ears,
Beguile the way, and expiate her fears.

R O B I N.

All on high noon, when as the sultry plains
To coolly shades had drove the fainting swains,
Aneath the shelter of a whelming rock
Lucilla lay; around her graz'd her flock:
Around and near; proud to be thufen kept;
Nor wander'd they albe't their pastor slept.
Ah, happy flock! well might ye deign to stay;
From such a lovely keeper what would stray?
Ah, happy flock! rul'd by so sweet a maid;
Ah, happy girl! by flocks and swains obey'd.

N A N C Y.

How! Robin! how!

R O B I N.

Nay, Nancy dear! I trow,
With all her beauties, she must vail to you.
Belike the lad who did the lay indite
Liv'd long ago; or ne'er of thee had fight.

N A N C Y.

Tell on, whoe'er the lad or lass may be,
It matters not, so Robin loves but me.

R O B I N.

A flowery wreath her milky temples bound;
The sweetest flowers the sweetest maiden crown'd.
Each flower so worn puts on a brighter hue:
Yet, though they flourish'd more than when they grew,

The lily, which in gardens seems so fair,
No snow could brag, her whiter skin so near.
The rose, which on the bushes blushes so,
Wax'd pale, or seem'd to wax. Carnations too
Doubled their smell, but lost their crimson dye,
Or seem'd to lose ; her lovelier cheeks so nigh.
As thus the maid, stretch'd on the mossy floor,
Slept, as she thought, from prying lads secure,
Alen, a shepherd of the bordering plains,
Young, yet no stranger to Love's tender pains,
In quest of wanton stragglers from his flock
Chanc'd this-a-way to pass ; but when the rock
He spied, and, low adown, so fair a lass
In tempting guise, soft slumbering on the grass,
His search forgot, and lost in sweet amaze,
He stops, upon the lovely girl to gaze.
Well might he stop ! Who such a sight could spy,
Yet, like a lubber, pass unheedful by ?
“ Ah me ! (he cried, when first he'd power to speak)
Ah me ! (then sigh'd as though his heart would break)
What may this mean ? why flutters so my heart ?
Why glow my cheeks ? and whence this tickling smart
Through every limb ? Of sleeping maids good store
I've seen, yet never felt the like before.
Some fairy queen, I trow, who with her train,
By moonshine, nightly trips it on the plain,
Dwells in this hollow hill ! 'tis so ! then haste,
Rash lad, away ! thou canst not fly too fast.
Haste, turn thy eyes, lest with their loss you pay
The bold forbidden ken. Haste far away.

Chance

Chance she to wake, albe't you 'scape with fight,
Dread the blue marks of pinches rude each night.
But ah ! I rave ; what fairy elve may vie
With flesh so fair ! ting'd with such rosy dye ?
Those tiny forms at midnight take their round
And never sleep ; or sleep not, sure, so sound.
The wreath she d'ons bespeaks her May's bright queen,
So justly chosen by our neighbour Green.
'Tis she ! and song is scanty in her praise,
Though the sweet burden of each shepherd's lays :
But O ! what lays, what ditties, can set forth
Such countless beauties ! such unmated worth ?
Why stoop I not, and gently steal a kiss ?
I tremble ! what unwonted dread is this !
Lasses, well pleas'd, such tender thefts allow ;
Oft have I tried them ; what withholds me now ?
Ah ! luckless hap to guide my steps this way !
I fought a straying lamb ; but now, wide stray
Myself, alas ! better I'd stay'd at home
Content, though half my flock had deign'd to roam.
My pipe, the tuneful calmer of my grief,
With cheary strains had yielded sure relief ;
Soft soothing sounds had waisted wide my care,
While answering groves had seem'd my woes to share.
But soothing ditties fan a lover's flame,
And who would goad the grief he seeks to tame ?
Untoward ail ! which music feeds alone !
Woe's me poor Alen ! then, I'm share undone !
But why undone ? is Love so sad a pain ?
O ! yes, it is when not return'd again.

Why

Why not return'd ? to woo 's a pleasing task ;
Will any damsel yield afore we ask ?
Such lovely looks ill mate with peevish pride ;
'Tis soon enough to wail when once denied.
Blithsome and brisk, I trow, thou dost not bear
A make that ever yet was known to scare.
Sucky and Agnis, maids of no mean face,
Allow thee freely in their hearts a place ;
And why should this despise thee ? though more gay,
She 's woman, and may love as well as they.
But, should she not ! can Alen brook her scorn,
In love, wont hitherto to meet return ?
Waist-heart ! what shall I do in such a case ?
How will fast trickling tears unman my face ?
How will my sighs swell up the rising gale ?
Yet, what will sighs, and what will tears avail ?
Still hope : what though she should thy suit deny ;
Lasses, at first, are naturally coy,
And will be woo'd. 'Tis cunning more than scorn
With-holds their smiles, we flight what 's easy won.
Were there no rugged rocks nor dreary dales,
We should not prize the beauty of these vales.
The rose, the violet, and cowslip too,
Would seem less sweet, were no rank weeds to grow.
Then ne'er despair ; though, first, she icy prove,
In time she'll melt, Love 's the reward of Love.
Alack, alack ! my hope is all too vain !
Oft have I heard how much this fruitful plain
Vaunts of its blithsome youth ; lads who possess
Whate'er in Love can please, or maiden blefs.

Metap

Mehap some one of these her easy heart
 May have already gain'd : and then, what smart
 Must Alen feel, what woe, what pining pain,
 To see the las for which I sigh in vain
 Some lucky rival blest ! O rueful thought !
 First may I die, ere such should be my lot !"
 So having plain'd, his stand the shepherd takes
 Propt on his crook : soft watching till she wakes,
 But, of his court, the story makes no say ;
 Or else, mehap, the rest was torn away.
 Now, for my tale, I beg, at least, one kiss.

N A N C Y.

Take it, dear lad ! and with it this, and this.
 Such tales to tell, I 'd hire thee thus all day,
 So sweet the purchase, and so sweet the pay.

ROGER, OR THE WAG. PASTORAL III.

W I L L I A M A N D C O L I N.

ALL wet and weary William home return'd
 From distant fairs, and o'erstock'd markets mourn'd.
 Slowly lag on his weather-beaten fold,
 The greater part as yet remain'd unfold.
 Him Colin spied, who, from the open plain,
 Had driven his flock to shelter from the rain.
 Beneath a hollow hill the shepherd fate ;
 And joys to welcome his long absent mate.
 To him he hies ; the friendly cavern shews,
 And to the covert bears his fainting ewes :
 A leathern bottle, stor'd with humming beer,
 He brings ; large draughts the drooping drover chear.

And

And now the sun shot forth a gladsome ray;
 The tempest ceas'd; again the fields look'd gay.
 William, insensibly, forgets his care,
 And cheary thus bespeaks his kind compeer.

W I L L I A M.

Sure I fet out on some unlucky day!
 But, coming fairs my pains may better pay.
 'Twere vain to grieve; what must be will befall;
 Good and ill hap, by turn, still wait on all.
 Now, say the news, e'er since I saw thee last,
 And how the Whitfun holidays were past;
 Who won the wrestling prizes at the wake;
 Whose head was broke, and for what lass's sake;
 Hath lovesome Lobin wedded buxom Kate?
 And how doth Roger bear his high estate?
 Roger turn'd farmer! Plow-boys, prick your ears!
 What lubber now to make his fortune fears?

C O L I N.

Full of himself still Roger prides to be
 The Merry-andrew of the company.
 Our mirth he moves all as a glamesome calf;
 We laugh, indeed, but 'tis at him we laugh.

W I L L I A M.

Lo! where he comes: O strange! he turns aside!
 And see, a plaister doth his temples hide.
 You seem to smile; I pry'thee, Colin, tell
 If aught worth counting hath the man befell.

C O L I N.

Some four or five days past, as on the brink,
 (Where morn and evening all the cattle drink)

Simon

Simon and I, and Steven, in debate,
 With Kitty, and her lover Dicky, fate,
 Roger came up, though an unbidden guest,
 And marr'd our chatting with an ill-tim'd jest.
 A thousand monkey tricks the wag play'd o'er;
 Then drew a naughty figure on the shore:
 Strait, sparkish Steven, who had seen the town,
 To shew his knowledge, called it "a great gun."
 Simon, because it something seem'd to spout,
 Said "Nay; an engine 'tis, the flames to d'out!"
 "Right! Roger cried; what longing lass desires
 A fitter engine to assuage Love's fires?"
 And here the lout his sides ungracious shakes;
 And mighty mock at simple Simon makes:
 While modest blushes Kitty's cheeks o'erspread;
 No rose in June glows with so bright a red.
 But Dicky eyed him with a stern regard.
 "Such artists should not want a due reward,"
 Said he; then stamp'd the wicked picture out;
 And, with his sheephook, bravely laid about.
 This marr'd the lubber's laugh: away he fled.
 So may all vicious Wou'd-be-wits be sped.

W I L L I A M.

Since when did Dicky so much courage gain?
 Dicky! the meereft milk-sop of the plain.

C O L I N.

Fair Kitty's presence made the stripling bold:
 His love ill-treated, who his hands could hold?
 Dicky behav'd as suits a lover swain:
 A worm, when trodden on, will turn again.

W I L-

WILLIAM.

So did not Roger. What a brag is he !
 Boldness and sheepishness but ill agree.
 Could such a blusterer tamely take a blow ?
 In words so high, in manhood all so low !

COLIN.

Empty and noisy, yet unlike a drum ;
 Spare him, he rattles; but, well drubb'd, is dumb.

WILLIAM.

Yet this is he, who, in his own conceit
 Most wise, as fools doth all his fellows treat.

COLIN.

Not in his own conceit alone, or how
 From driving, should he come to own the plow ?

WILLIAM.

His tongue hath serv'd him well at time of need :
 He that will spare to speak may spare to speed.
 I envy not ; however wealth may charm,
 Yet, who would Roger be, to gain his farm ?

COLIN.

Alas ! we all our different failings share :
 The best have faults, and each with each should bear.
 Now hie and glad thy mefs-mates with thy fight :
 Thy harrafs'd ewes shall be my care to-night.
 For lo ! the setting sun. The flocks once penn'd,
 Home hasting I'll thy news from far attend.

DICKY,

DICKY, OR THE PLOW-BOY.

PASTORAL VIII.

IN TWO ECLOGUES. 1709.

HAIL to the solitary groves !
 Enlarg'd, where sportive Fancy roves.
 What brightness glitters through the glade !
 Thalia, soul-alluring maid !
 Deign'st thou to visit me again ?
 Why point'st thou so to yonder swain ?
 Methinks I hear the stripling wail —
 And dwell there sorrows in the dale ?
 From scenes of peace can woes arise ?
 A while let's listen to his sighs.

DICKY.

“Gee, Dobbin, gee ! the sun grows low,
 And we have yet much land to plow.
 Though this a loose and fandy foil,
 With one poor beast yet hard's the toil.
 Hard is the toil, when, with a mind
 Unquiet, feeble limbs are join'd !
 Alack, alack ! with little heart
 I hold the plow, or drive the cart !
 Listless in whatsoe'er I do,
 No wonder 'tis we loiter so.
 Untoward Love hath turn'd my brain.
 Whoe, Dobbin, whoe ! we drudge in vain.
 Who live at ease may work for bread ;
 No ease have I to hope till dead.

VOL. V.

H

Fair

Fair, false, forgetful Kitty, she
That charms my heart, forsaketh me !
Die Dicky, die ! and end thy care :
Who life with loss of love would bear ?
With flagging ears and head hung down,
Thou, Dobbin, seem'st to share my moan.
Mehap thou fear'st, when I am gone,
To miss thy driver. Ten to one
But some rude rustic, void of grace,
May hold the plow in Dicky's place ;
May hold the plow, but lean thereon,
And waste thy strength to save his own.
Mehap it good to him may seem
To make thee lag-horse of the team,
While Ball or Whitefoot lead the way,
With tinkling bells, and trappings gay.
Yet Ball is but a drone at best,
And Whitefoot's an ill-natur'd beast.
Mehap, because he finds thee free,
He'll lay the stress of all on thee.
Till, harrafs'd out beyond thy strength,
Jaded, he drives thee home, at length ;
And gives thee strum, instead of hay,
Or, careless, steals abroad to play,
And leaves thee starving all the while ;
A bad reward for daily toil.
Ah, Dobbin ! what a change were this !
Poor Dobbin then will Dicky miss.
But Dicky, to the cold grave gone,
No more must feed or rub thee down.

No more his well-known voice must chear !
Dobbin another's weight must bear,
Sparing of words, but free of blows.
Then thou, instead of hey-gee-whoes,
Shalt hear the whip, or feel its lash,
While cruel stripes poor Dobbin flash.
Beshrew the churl, whoever he be,
That thus, my nag, misuseth thee !
Dead though I am, my vengeful spright
Shall hover o'er him every night,
Me, worse than Fairies, let him dread ;
Nor hope for quiet in his bed ;
While all in white my ghost shall rise,
With visage wan and saucer eyes.
What shrieks and howlings shall he hear !
Or, with long claws, his flesh I'll tear :
At least, each stripe he lends to thee,
Shall back be paid with usury.
Through care of what may be my lot,
I my own woes had nigh forgot.
Chear up, my nag ! and thou, fond heart,
At length forego thy fruitless smart.
Ah ! cease to pain a lovesome oaf.
Gee, Dobbin, gee ! let's work it off.
With lazy lads Love likes to stay :
Gee, Dobbin, gee ! fond Love, away !"

What sudden shades enwrap my head !
O ! whither, whither art thou fled,
Illusive Muse ! without thee, here,
Nor groves, nor dale, nor swain, appear.

DICKY, ECLOGUE II.

SOFT deceiver! cease to smile!
 Still would'st thou every sense beguile?
 At thy return, dear Muse, again
 I view the groves, and hear the swain.

DICKY.

“ Ah, Dicky, Dicky! luckless lad!
 How blithe the morn, yet thou how sad!
 The birds with one another vie,
 And all things joyous seem but I.
 Gee, Dobbin, gee! 'tis all in vain!
 Nor work, nor rest, can ease my pain.
 Our labour, with the day, returns;
 Yet still thy hopeless driver moans.
 Restless, I trow, I pass'd the night,
 Restless again behold the light.
 Nor know I how to cure my care:
 Ah, cruel Love! at length forbear.
 Whatever man could do, I've done;
 She is not to be wrought upon.
 How hard is iron! how soft is clay!
 Yet Time the plowshare wears away.
 Whitefoot, the wildest colt alive,
 Now, broken, in the team I drive.
 An acorn, when a child, I took
 And buried, now 'tis grown an oak.
 But Kitty, for my ruin born,
 No time can wear away her scorn,

No art a madding mind can tame,
Or raise in her cold breast a flame.
The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
But pays it back in fruits again;
She, all as alabaster tombs,
Still, as I weep, more fair becomes,
But bears no love, as they no green;
All gay without, all dead within.
O! that my tears, which never rest,
Might mollify her marble breast!
O! that her stony heart would bear
Some love at last to cure her care!
In vain I wish! in vain I strive!
In vain, whate'er she asks, I give!
Nor gifts, nor prayers, nor tears, persuade
A thankless, ruthless, loveless maid!
Once, plowing on new-broken ground,
A little shining stone I found;
Which, having wash'd within the brook,
Did well repay the pains I took.
With such a ruddy light it glow'd,
It seem'd a drop of frozen blood.
A stripling, fairly carv'd thereon,
Bespoke it not a common stone:
A dart he held, prepar'd to strike,
Like Death; in all things else unlike;
And on his shoulders wings appear'd,
Like Time without his scythe or beard.
Mehap, thought I, some secret spell
This uncouth figure may conceal.

Mehap, though useleſs to behold,
 It may be worth its weight in gold.
 Forthwith I to the Vicar's went,
 To learn its price, and what it meant:
 Who told me, Love was grav'd thereon,
 And, for my bargain, bad a crown.
 " Ah ! no ; if Love it be, quoth I,
 Fair Kitty's right no gold ſhall buy :
 And now, methinks, I ken it plain ;
 Love gives at once both joy and pain.
 Theſe leering looks ; that piercing dart ;
 Thoſe wings ſpread ready to depart ;
 This childiſh form, and naked hue ;
 The lore of lovers ſpeak too true."
 While ſo I ſpoke, the Scholar gaz'd,
 As ſeeming at my wit amaz'd.
 The ſimple Sage, though read in books,
 And wiſe in garb as well as looks,
 Wiſt not how clearly lovers ſee.
 Mean and unletter'd though we be,
 Ruſticks are men, as well as he.
 Proud of my prize, away I went,
 And to my love, did Love preſent.
 But mark how ill my pains ſhe paid :
 As ſoon as to the thankleſs maid
 The value of the gift was known,
 She hies and takes the parſon's crown !
 God ! how it gall'd my heart, to find
 Such beauty with ſuch baſeneſs join'd.

No wonder she who so could do,
More kindness should to others shew.
Nor is the damsel over-nice,
Though proud, and pride 's a deadly vice.
Rude, rustic, red-hair'd Ralph! the jest
Of all the town, can move her breast.
Who would have thought that jolter-head
Should e'er pretend to Kitty's bed?
Fortune still favours fools, we find!
Yet well I bear the day in mind
When out at heels the lubber came,
Ere wedded to his doating dame;
Who, dying, left him heir of all.
So goes the world! some rise, some fall!
Now Ralph, forsooth! is Gaffer grown!
Hath kine and cattle of his own!
Doth, every Sunday, spruce appear,
And rents full fifty pounds a year!
Yet, should I speak it, 'twere no lie,
He loves but for conveniency.
The farmer wants an household drudge,
Who daily must to market trudge;
But, ere she go, must milk her kine,
The poultry feed, and serve the swine.
Nor so shall end her constant toil,
The fire must blaze, the pot must boil,
Or ovens smoaking plenty yield
Against the folk return from field.
Thus, up the first, in bed the last,
My dame her painful life must waste.

Too true a help-mate shall she prove,
And share much care with little love.
Ah, Kitty, silly girl! beware!
Nor buy a little state too dear.
What boots the husbandman's turmoil?
He does but for his landlord toil.
The ground may fail in its increase;
And quarter-days come on apace.
Far happier lives we plowmen lead;
No mildews we, or murrain dread:
And though but little we possess,
It serves their turn whose wants are less.
Ah, Kitty! 'tis not so with me:
I'm wanting all, in wanting thee!
But, lo! where the too lovely lass
Doth cross the furrows nimbly pafs,
Unmindful of poor Dicky here!
Gee, Dobbin, gee! let's draw more near.
Ah me! ah me! what do I spy?
Whoe, Dobbin, whoe! we're all too nigh.
Yon leafless brake her fondling shews:
Their meeting-place, as I suppose.
They join! he grasps her lily hands!
Yet, gentle, as a lamb, she stands!
Good God! can I look on and live?
Such sights an heart of oak might rive.
Lord! Lord! behold! she pats his face!
And now they clip in close embrace!
Clip on; no tales shall Dicky tell!
'To love and life farewell!—farewell!"

And

And what, Thalia, dost thou mean,
 To raise up such a joyless scene?
 Would'st thou my forward flames reprove?
 In vain, like Dicky, must I love?
 But, to whom talk I? thou art fled,
 My Muse! and left me—where?—in bed?

LUCY, OR THE MAIDS.

PASTORAL IX.

IN THREE ECLOGUES. 1710.

FLower of the Fair! bright Cytherea's pride!
 Victors of those who vanquish all beside!
 Deign, lovely Albion virgins, with a smile,
 To pay the tender shepherd's tuneful toil.
 Ye are his Muses! ye his breast inspire!
 Your eyes best kindle the poetic fire.
 Though, artless, an unpolish'd strain he play,
 O! listen to his lisping lovesome lay.
 So long o'er hearts may your soft empire last;
 No dire disease your blooming beauties blast;
 No care but love your generous breasts invade,
 And be that love with mutual love repaid!
 Now hush, ye whistling winds; be calm, O air!
 While British warblings soothe the British Fair.

LUCY AND NANCY. ECLOGUE I.

LUCY.

Hey-ho, my heart! my hopeless heavy heart!

NANCY.

What ails thee, girl? nay, startle not; in part

I guess

I guess thy grief.

LUCY.

Good Nancy, hast thou seen
My mottled lambkin straggling on the green?

NANCY.

Safe are thy younglings; or, if aught you lack,
Doubt not but Abin soon will bring them back.

LUCY.

Hey-ho! poor lamb!

NANCY.

Hey-ho! poor las! say I.
But, cease to sorrow; trust me, comfort's nigh.

LUCY.

Saw'st thou my Abin?—Motty—I would say.

NANCY.

Fondling! unwitting, you yourself bewray.

LUCY.

What means the wench?

NANCY.

What means thy glowing cheek?

LUCY.

Pish! something you'd of—of my lambkin speak.

NANCY.

Of—of thy lover I could something say.
But see! he comes.

LUCY.

O where? Lord! I'll away—

And

And yet—

NANCY.

And yet, thou hast not power to go.

Be calm ; he turns aside.

LUCY.

Where gads he trow !

NANCY.

What is't to thee ? how do thy glances rove !

Go, follow, go ! Lord, what a thing is love ?

LUCY.

I love him ! I !

NANCY.

Not less than he does—

LUCY.

Who ?

NANCY.

Bless me ! how wild you look ! have patience—you.

LUCY.

Me, simple maid ! when us the churl espied,

Beheld'st thou not how soon he turn'd aside ?

NANCY.

No ; 'twas another ; nay, you eye in vain ;

Just now, with folded arms, I met the swain,

With thoughts, I trow, all full of Love and thee,

He sadly stray'd.

LUCY.

Stray where he list for me !

NANCY.

Come come, my lass ; thy bosom 's not of stone ;

Nor canst thou pleasure take at other's moan ;

At

At least not Abin's ; well I wot thy mind ;
 So fond, so faithful he, and thou so kind.
 In love, as well as years, I've got the start
 Of thee ; and, by my own, aread thy heart.
 Whatever strangeness, outwardly, we shew,
 Robin and I have bargain'd long ago.
 Mother is to our wish already won :
 Dad yields apace ; he gain'd, the matter's done.

L U C Y.

Ah, happy Nancy !

N A N C Y.

Happy Lucy too !

If aught of happiness or love I know.
 What maiden vaunts so young, yet true, a mate !
 What lad, like Abin, doats at such a rate !
 How have the woods with Lucy's praises rung !
 Was ever name so long, so sweetly, sung ?

L U C Y.

Woe's me ! too sweet ! those lays my heart bereft.

N A N C Y.

A lovely felon, and a lovely theft.
 Now say what drives the shepherd to despair !
 And whence thy shyness and unusual care ?
 Some word misplac'd, I trow ; some tender fray
 That rivets hearts ; the quarrel of a day,
 Or rather of an hour.

L U C Y.

Full twelve are past !

Past ruefully, since I beheld him last.
 And yet he ever wont to haunt this mead,
 Those seldom-whiles that we asunder feed.

N A N -

N A N C Y.

Ha, ha ! and therefore 'twas you took this way ?
Guefs'd I not right ? now Lucy, who 's the stray ?

L U C Y.

Myself, alas !

N A N C Y.

A lamb, no lad you seek.

L U C Y.

Ah, spare me words !

N A N C Y.

Enough thy blushes speak.

L U C Y.

Dear girl ! I own, you caught me unawares ;
Too much you know.

N A N C Y.

Unbosom all your cares.

Our flocks, which in the fallow closures feed,
Have store of brouze, and little tendance need.
Nor does steep Beacon-hill yet hide the sun ;
The tale will long afore the day be done.
At leisure count thy woes ; 'twill ease thy breast.
Though much I know, I'd gladly learn the rest.

L U C Y.

See Sucky there ! not for the world would I,
That gossip should o'erhear my misery.
Though slighted, still she Abin haunts from far ;
Poor Lucy's sorrows would be nuts to her.
Beneath yon hedge, by the green meadow's side,
Let's rest : by prying damsels less espied.

E C L O G U E

E C L O G U E II.

N A N C Y.

How gay the blooming bushes ! we may hope
Of berries, hips, and haws, a plenteous crop.

The birds will have a banquet. I foresee,

The coming winter will a sharp one be.

Now sit and speak thy sorrows, free from fear :

I'll pay the tale with something worth thy ear.

L U C Y.

This morn, this luckless morn ! by break of day,

I hied a field, fond fool ! to gather May.

Who knows what summer scorching suns may do ?

From the moist boughs I shook the dropping dew,

And bottled safe ; devoid of every care.

N A N C Y.

Save that of love, and to be counted fair !

L U C Y.

Still, by thy own, dost thou my heart aread ?

Who saw I first, all daggled, brush the mead

Ere scarce this flowery month began ?

N A N C Y.

'Twas me ;

And you are shrewdly apt to learn, I see.

Both blameless are. Who, but a witless lass,

Before she's wed, unheeds her garb or face ?

With all our care, frail beauty will away :

'Twere folly not to keep it while we may ;

If milky fronts and cherry cheeks we own

Not for ourselves, I deem, they're given alone.

What

What boot the fairest flowers, ungaz'd upon?
We're taught, nought's vainly made. Now, girl, go on.

L U C Y.

Unwitting woe to come, I cheary hied,
And, in the damp, unchill'd, my labour plied.
Abin, I knew, would, at due season, loose
My pent-up flock, and freshest pasture chuse.
My vial fill'd, now, the short task was done,
When, threatening mischief, cloudy rose the sun.
High in the hedge, behold! a gaudy spray
Smil'd in full bloom; above its fellows gay.
With thee, thought I, I'll deck my leafy bower
'Gainst Abin comes; I knew the promis'd hour.

N A N C Y.

That shady arbour, or just such a one,
(Forgive my craving!) oft I've wish'd my own,
A pleasing fence from sun and sudden rain,
Where scarce a tree o'er shades the naked plain,
Amidst the common, in a bushy brake,
That curious Abin rais'd, for Lucy's sake.
How hath he trim'd and twin'd the stubborn boughs?
The work the lad, the lad the lover shew.

L U C Y.

To reach the twig, I all a tiptoe tried;
Nigh grew a luckless bramble, unespied:
See, Nancy, how my mangled palm was torn!
I caught at flowers, alas! but grasp'd a thorn!
Ah me! forerunner of more cruel smart!
That hurt my hand, this forely thrills my heart.
Ah me, my Nancy! so, in love, we find,
Gay bloomy joys with prickly sorrows join'd.

How.

Howe'er, I cropt the branch ; nor felt much pain ;
Well pleas'd to think, when Abin saw the stain
My blood had made, his lips, still balmy found,
With words and kisses sweet would heal the wound.
Mistaken maid ! ne'er did my grated ear,
From lips so sweet, such rude revilings hear.
Now to my bower I tript ; but, by the way,
Cull'd out the freshest flowers, the pride of May.
Arriv'd, full fair in front I fix'd the bough
With crimson ting'd ; you guess the cause, I trow.
Then, on the turf-rais'd bank, adown I sat ;
And often ey'd the distant five-barr'd yat,
By Abin leap'd, when lightsome, all in haste,
Still joyous, thitherwards, the shepherd past.
Nor idly lais'd I, though my hand was sore,
But rang'd in order every chosen flower.
Then in a rushy wreath, full artful, fix'd
With scented thyme and glossy bay leaves mix'd.
On went the pleasing work, design'd to pay
My lad's last ditty ; a sweet lovesome lay.
The tender strain I to myself humm'd o'er ;
And call'd the listening birds around my bower.
Around my bower the birds all listening came ;
By Abin's often singing there made tame :
Made tame by Abin's song, and so was I,
Erewhile so coldly coy, so simply shy.
Ah, why not shunn'd I still his tempting tale !
But now he flies, and 'tis my turn to wail !
For, lo ! ere yet the promis'd time grew nigh,
A gathering storm benights the lowering sky ;

Down,

Down, rattling, rush'd the heavy hail-fraught shower;
Lord! how I wish'd for Abin in the bower!
Now, like a lusty buck, he bounds along;
My heart too, at his sight, as lightfome sprung;
Wet as he was, I ran to meet the swain,
And, with my mantle, shelter'd from the rain;
For none had hardy he. Within his arms
He caught me soft, and, "Why thy tender charms
My Love! said he, dost drench in driving rain?"
Then, kissing, to the arbor hies amain,
Where down he drops me, with a sudden shock,
And, sighing, colour'd like a turkey-cock—
For, lo! rude Roger, with my garland crown'd.
God! at the sight, I thought I should have swoon'd.
"Wanton! cries Abin, was it all for this,
You crafty met me with a Judas kifs?
O wondrous care! my head from storms to skreen,
That thy lout lover might escape unseen.
Light wench! I came an hour too soon, I trow!
Thus mated, what hath Abin here to do?"
Then, with a look that almost struck me dead,
Unanswer'd, through the tempest muttering fled.
Now, Nancy, guess at luckless Lucy's care!
God-wot, I wist not any one was there!
How soon is lover's joyance marr'd with woe!
Ungentle boy! to snub and flout me so!

N A N C Y.

Troth, Lucy, Love is nice; in such a case,
I'd done the same, were I in Abin's place.—
Ah! where the bull broke through the western mound,
Lo! where he bellowing comes, and tears the ground!

'Tis well the stile's so near; behind the yāt
More safely we may sit, and end our chat.

E C L O G U E III.

L U C Y.

I 'M glad we're here! and yet, rude Roger's fight,
This morning, put me in a greater fright.
Nor bull, nor bear, broke loose, though met alone,
Could terrify me more than Abin's frown.
What might I do? the lad outstript the wind;
Nor would I, with the lubber, 'bide behind.
Homeward, amid the storm, in wretched guise
I lagg'd; with heavy heart, and streaming eyes.
And from my laden lap the bottle threw;
My lover lost, small need had I of dew.

N A N C Y.

Rash girl! to render thus thy labour vain!
Ere May be out, you'll go to work again.
Now heedful hark to what will give thee joy.

L U C Y.

You chear my heart!

N A N C Y.

I read it in thine eye.

Bleak blew the morning blast, when stormy showers
Lodg'd the green corn, and crush'd the tender flowers,
O'erblown the tempest, ceas'd the rushing rain,
How peak that waves! how brag these spread again!
Those coal-black clouds, late lowering in the sky,
Now with gold edgings trim their crimson dye.

How

How fair an evening, yet how foul a day!
 So gladfome glee fhall chace thy cares away,
 Or ill I deem ; for Abin, who, erewhile,
 In mopifh mood, againft the woodward file,
 All heedlefs hurt his knee—

L U C Y.

Ah me! I fear

He 'as ne'er a plaifter; would we had him here!
 Yon healing leaf his raging fmart fhould tame:
 His eating hofe may make the lad fall lame.
 But what care I?

N A N C Y.

True; Abin's not thy care.

L U C Y.

Say on; where went he? what did he do there?

N A N C Y.

O'erhearing gamefome Roger in a brake,
 (As loud he laugh'd, I ween, for laughing's fake)
 To him he fhips; and, red with wrath, efpies
 The giggling oaf deck'd with thy flowery prize.
 "Churl! who (faid he) did that gay crown bequeath?"
 Then from his freckly forehead tore the wreath,
 And, frowning, clench'd his fift. At which the lout
 All trembling told the truth (for truth will out)—
 How that, to fhun the shower, he hafly hied,
 And lurking in the bufhes unefpied,
 Till you uprifing dropp'd the work adown;
 Then to the bower flunk he, and don'd the crown,
 On waggery bent.

L U C Y.

On mischief bent, say I!
His joys still rise from others misery.
Beshrew his tricks!

N A N C Y.

They're all paid home at last.
Harm watch, harm catch. Now Abin, all aghast,
With hanging head, long, sadly silent, stood;
Then, starting, at him flew, in furious mood.
"Pies on thy pranks!" said he, and drubb'd him fore.
Then, "Lucy! Lucy!" cried; and, tow'rd's thy bower,
Fleet as an hunted hare, away he sprung.
I guess, his peace will cost him a new song.
Say, Lucy, were not this a sweet amends?
Some gentle chidings first, then bufs, and friends.

L U C Y.

Dear flatterer! sure thou'rt brib'd to take his part.
How have thy words buoy'd up my sinking heart!

N A N C Y.

This night, I ween, thy slumbers will be found.
See how the tuneful robins flock around.
Glad tidings they of love and pleasaunce bring,
When, peaceful, thus, in pairs, they softly sing.
Sweet redbreasts! friendly birds! to Nancy dear,
Both for your song and him whose name you bear.
How would my Robin listen to your lays!

L U C Y.

How will they hearken when my Abin plays!

N A N C Y.

Though less of music's skill my Robin prides,
Me, me alone, he loves, and never chides!

L U C Y.

T H E M A I D S.

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L U C Y.

Though many lasses Abin seek to move,
Me, me alone, the lad vouchsafes to love!

N A N C Y.

Vouchsafes to love! yes, as this morning shews!

L U C Y.

From ill-form'd fears such short-liv'd coldness flows.

N A N C Y.

Had Robin dar'd to leave me so behind!—

L U C Y.

And then, repenting, should become more kind!—

N A N C Y.

Yet then—

L U C Y.

What then? Nay! do not look so red.

Bless me! behold! the friendly birds are fled!

Their sudden flight forebodes another fray:

I hold too much one quarrel in a day.

N A N C Y.

Who for a song slight Robin, are not wise.

L U C Y.

Who prize him more than Abin, have no eyes.

N A N C Y.

Robin delighteth not to give me smart.

L U C Y.

Abin more gladly heals than wounds my heart.

Ha! Shock creeps through the hedge! kind faithful cut!

Hast smelt me out? thy master is not far.

Com'st thou afore, the shepherd's peace to sue ?
 O ! may he still like thee prove fond and true !
 Poor Shock ! thou seem'st my hurt to understand ;
 How dost thou whine, and fawn, and lick my hand !

N A N C Y.

His master's lips will far more healing prove.
 Farewell. In quest of me, behold ! my love !

L U C Y.

See Abin too ! with Motty on his back !
 Farewell ! nor lamb, nor lover, now I lack !

The flattering mirror mends the faulty face.
 Unblemish'd Beauty, in the liquid glass
 Of some clear rivulet, its genuine charms
 Delights to view reflected. Love, who arms
 The conquering eye, with tender cares disports,
 And reigns alike in cottages and courts ;
 Whether with Lucy's looks he swains beguiles,
 Or triumphs in bright Hertford's * graceful smiles.

Ye shining Fair ! sweet subjects of my song !
 The shepherd's ditties are sincere, though long.
 Forgive th' excess : spare whom your eyes enslave :
 Abin ask'd pardon, and his nymph forgave.
 May your soft breasts no harsher trials prove !
 Such little jealousies enliven love.

* Frances, countess of Algernon Seymour earl of Hertford, and mother to the late excellent dutchess of Northumberland. N.

F A N N Y,

FANNY, OR THE RURAL RIVALS.

PASTORAL XII. IN FOUR ECLOGUES. 1719.

COURTIN OF THE MOUNTAINS,

AND YEOMAN OF THE DALE.

BELOV'D of Phœbus! British Muse, descend!

Again the labours of the swain attend.

Fair without paint, and graceful without pride!

Awhile 'midst rural songsters deign t' abide!

If homely cottages unworthy are,

The wealth-abounding farms deserve thy care.

All rustics are not clowns; nor mean's the lay,

When tuneful lads on flutes soft warbling play.

Sometimes loud hautboys country hands adorn.

But stop! ah, Neatherd! stop thy noisy horn!

'Twill from their brouze the timorous lambkins fray,

And shepherds rue when wanton younglings stray!

Crown of all earthly bliss! life's dearest prize!

Joy of my soul, and pleasure of my eyes!

This verse be thine! thy Courtin's flame approve!

Though all admire, sure none like him can love.

Muse, a note higher wind the tender string;

Love and Francelia listen while we sing.

A mountain youth, the darling of the plain,

Fair Fanny greatly lov'd; nor lov'd in vain.

Joyous adown the hills to her he hies,

And, speaking thus, the tedious space which lies

Betwixt their dwellings, measures with his eyes.

C O U R T I N.

Farewell, ye lofty mounds, a while farewell !
 Welcome the spreading lawn, and chequer'd dale.
 How have I lagg'd ! the Sun 's already low
 On his west road. O Sun ! why speed'st thou so ?
 Art thou in haste to meet a Fanny too ?

A springing gale swells through the rustling leaves ;
 Just so with rising hopes my bosom heaves,
 As gladsome I to yon fair farm draw near :
 O Love, O Fanny ! grant me welcome there.
 Ere the grey dawn, with streaks of infant light,
 First faintly glimmers through retiring night ;
 Ere twinkling stars, lost in the morning ray,
 Call-in their beams, and hide themselves in day ;
 My pipe shall warble through the silent grove,
 My pipe shall sound of Fanny and of Love.

Y E O M A N.

Swain, where so fast ? rest here and breathe, take heed :
 Who hurries, often makes more haste than speed.
 As with long strides thou hitherwards didst move,
 I heard thee speak of Fanny and of Love.
 Say, by what chance her name first reach'd thine ear ?
 How learned'st thou so readily to steer
 Towards her dwelling ?

C O U R T I N.

Listen, and I 'll tell.

But why dost waxen pale ? art thou not well ?

Y E O M A N.

I should be better wert thou far away.
 But say, how was it ?

C O U R T I N.

Once upon a day,
 When all our mountains held a solemn feast,
 And every nymph in gay attire was drest
 To Carla's honour; Carla! who by blood
 And worth excels the fair, the great, the good!
 Fanny, by sage Eliza led, then came
 To view our sports, and bless the princely dame.
 Modest her garb, more modest was her mien:
 But looks so lovely pure were never seen.
 'Twas my good hap to spy her first. I gaz'd,
 And gazing lik'd; and liking meetly prais'd.
 I blush'd, I sigh'd, and said I knew not what,
 For all the while my heart went pit-a-pat.
 To a convenient seat, from out the crowd,
 I led them up, and all our pastimes shew'd.
 Then ran and cull'd the choicest of my hoard;
 Fraught with such dainties as the hills afford;
 Too mean a treat for such a lovely guest,
 Had not an hearty welcome crown'd the feast.
 The maiden, sweetly smiling, overpaid
 My tender care. But now the sky look'd red:
 The sun, descending, warn'd them to be gone:
 By easy winding paths I brought them down;
 And, about twilight, saw them safe at home.

Y E O M A N.

That office, boy, would better me become.

C O U R T I N.

Why so? —

Y E O M A N.

I love her —

C O U R.

C O U R T I N.

That breeds no surprize;
So all must do, who know her, and have eyes,
Love if thou wilt, so she thy love refrain.

Y E O M A N.

But I have hopes I shall not sue in vain.
Nor art, nor pains, I spare: betimes this morn
With flowers and leaves I did her porch adorn.

C O U R T I N.

The flowers will ficken soon, the leaves decay:
So may thy ill-form'd wishes fade away!
As fair as lasting is what I design.
The stones this scrip contains; some from the mine,
Some from the brook, were cull'd: no art may vie
With these, for spots, and streaks, and curious dye.
In knots on Fanny's threshold these shall shine,
And form, in cyphers fair, her name and mine.

Y E O M A N.

Her name! rude lad! they'll well become thy own:
Such common pebbles should be trodden on.

C O U R T I N.

Nor common are they, nor to be despis'd,
They want but working to be highly priz'd.
This glittering piece, more clear than fairest glass,
Within a massy flint imprison'd was.
Knew I the art to polish and to square,
A gem so bright might grace a lady's ear.

Y E O M A N.

To such bequeath it. They in shew delight.
But I have what will sooth the appetite.

See

See what my orchards yield ! such tempting fruit
Better than gaudy stones will Fanny suit.

C O U R T I N.

Thy plumbs are fair indeed, but void of taste ;
And those large thick-shell cobs the teeth will gvaſt.
This pear is hard ; that apricot's all ſtone ;
And thoſe green grapes require a warmer ſun.
Lo ! here are cluſters, ſuch our hills afford ;
Theſe cheſnuts too are worthy Fanny's hoard.
A crimſon dye this philbert's cornel ſtains :
Crack one, 'twill coſt thee very little pains.
This peach eats better than it looks ; but taſte,
And ſpare me words : 'twill ſpeak its own praiſe beſt.

Y E O M A N.

The fight ſufficeth. For thyſelf preſerve
Such ſhrivel'd traſh ; nor, to feaſt others, ſtarve.
Thou want'ſt a dinner rather than a bride !
O ! how our laſſes will thoſe ſhapes deride !
Should ſuch a ſkinny thing as thee pretend —
Fanny has eyes — I'll not myſelf commend !

C O U R T I N.

And hath thy maſs of fleſh ſuch tempting charms ?
Suits it a nice and tender virgin's arms ?
Should Fanny thee for bulk and paunch prefer,
The lordly ſtag ſhall truckle to the ſteer.
Not loaded with myſelf, the hills I climb
With eaſe, while you to mount a bank take time.

Y E O M A N.

How glary, ſee, yon empty clouds appear !
How fleet they poſt along th' unburthen'd air !

While yon more dusky, big with fruitful showers,
Heaves slowly on, and in the welkin lowrs.

C O U R T I N.

That branching fycamore its barren shade
May boast; for shew and shelter only made.
This goodly codlin spreads not so her boughs,
Yet, in return, more fruit than leaves she shews.
But while in idle chat the time we waste,
See! day ebbs out, and Love demands more haste.
Enjoy thy bulk, if bulk so pleasing be;
While thus I lightsome spring from strife and thee.
Farewell! to Fanny lies my gladsome way;
If there you tend, lag after as you may.

E C L O G U E II.

Y E O M A N A N D C O U R T I N.

C O U R T I N.

WOULD I could say well met! for sure the blood,
Which bloats thy wrathful visage, bodes no good.
Why o'er the passage-plank dost threatening stride?
And why that hanger dangling by thy side?

Y E O M A N.

Nor Why, nor Wherefore me! but turn again I
So may'st thou still in a whole skin remain.
Thy fleetness here will yield thee little aid.
Who pass this brook without my leave, must wade.

C O U R T I N.

I need not wade; the water I can skip:
Propt on my staff, I'm over at a leap.

YEOMAN.

Beshrew thy nimble heels ! made light by fear,
You had not 'scap'd so sound remaining here.

COURTIN.

Since so you menace, lo me back again !
Who act no ill, all fear of ill disdain.
But pry'thee say, from whence this churlish spite ?
Thee have I wrong'd ? speak, and I 'll freely right.
The sun yet high, a fitting time doth yield
To hear thy plaint : fair Fanny 's still afield.
If the dear maid melts at my tender moan,
What is 't to thee ? is not her heart her own ?

YEOMAN.

O that it were ! or might I call it mine !
A prize too precious to be ever thine.
Though no such dangling curls my shoulders grace,
I boast a manly, though a rugged face.
Thy girlish looks bespeak a finnic elf :
What maid would chuse a mate so like herself ?
The sturdy oak the slender ivy weds.

COURTIN.

But pinks and pansies bloom on the same beds.
Likeness is seldom found a foe in love.
Slight as you will, so Fanny but approve.

YEOMAN.

Thou man of words ! should thy address avail,
Triumph ye hilly desarts o'er the dale !

COURTIN.

Those rising cliffs which crown our lofty strand,
Though bare they seem, enrich this lower land.

Fruitful

Fruitful in streams their bounteous waters flow ;
And what increase they want, themselves bestow.

YEOMAN.

From thence they flow, indeed, and gladly come ;
To visit gardens, they forsake a tomb.
Thus distant hear the shallow torrents roar,
Headlong they hurry from the dreary shore.
To us arriv'd, with deep and gentle tide,
Enrich'd with silvery fish, they silent glide ;
Loth to depart, o'er the fair vales they stray,
And with a thousand turns their course delay.
If, urg'd by some descent, they faster flow,
O ! how they murmur to be hasted so !

COURTIN.

At its first source we draw the crystal wave ;
And in the pure unfully'd currents lave.
Grown stale with us, we send them down to you,
Where lazily in muddy streams they flow.
Nor are our hills so desert as they seem ;
By some steep craggs of all the rest you deem.
Our riches, though from you they hidden lie,
With the produce of these fat fields may vie.
But what have you to boast to us unknown ?
When from our high-rais'd dwellings we look down,
An uncheck'd glance runs o'er this nether coast
Till in the falling sky the sight is lost ;
Whilst all around a fair variety
Towns, rivers, woods, and meadows, chear the eye.
The different labours of the year are yours :
You till the land, but its possession 's ours.

YEOMAN.

Tis yours, indeed, in wish, I hold that true,
For your desires are boundless, like your view;
From those bleak heights our tempting vales are seen,
You look, and envy; thence ye wex so lean:
Nor only envy; sometimes down ye come,
And, laden with our pilfer'd spoils, sink home.
Our sheaves and younglings yield an easy prey:
You cannot bear our lawns and woods away.
To no such endless prospects we pretend:
Scarce to my neighbour's grounds my views extend;
Yet that short ken yields joys to you unknown;
Fair is the view where all we see's our own!
Mine are those furrow'd fields; these sunless groves;
My sheep on yonders common feed in droves.
My oxen in that western mead grow fat;
And there look well! it will bear looking at:
Within those tufted trees my dwelling is;
On that side orchards, a large lake on this.
Those barns, cocks, ricks, and mows, are all my own,
Which to the sight seem hence a little town.

COURTIN.

A goodly view they yield, and glad the eye;
But miry is the way, the marsh too nigh:
Thick is the air you breathe, and gross your food;
Our kine are less, but they have better blood.
Sweeter our milk, and nobler is our geer,
Our streams are purer, and our skies more clear.
But, mercy! lo! how yonder flames aspire!
What luckless chance hath set those ricks on fire?

Y E O-

YEOMAN.

Ill fare thy way ! my burning barns, alas !
 Call home their owner ! so you now may pass.

COURTIN.

[Not so ; fond Love yields to my neighbour's need.
 My lighter feet may stand thee now in stead.
 Ere you arrive, the preying flames brought low
 Shall witness how much to my speed you owe.

E C L O G U E III.

YEOMAN.

SCORN'D by my Love ! oblig'd by him I hate !
 O, Yeoman, thine is an untoward fate !
 In vain fair fields and fruitful flocks I boast,
 This Mountaineer hath all my wishes crost !
 Ah ! woe the day fond Fanny climb'd the hills !
 Then Courtin lov'd, and hence poor Yeoman's ills !
 Too curious girl ! what tempted thee to roam ?
 Hast thou not all things thou canst wish at home ?
 But maids will gad ; a serious truth I tell ;
 Strange places, and strange faces, please too well.
 Lo ! where this new, this lucky Lover comes !
 Why shake thy coward limbs ? what is 't benumbs
 My frozen heart ? far otherwise I see,
 Courtin, too happy youth ! it fares with thee !
 Joyous you bound along with visage gay.
 Well leap'd, in faith ! lo ! how the winding way
 He shuns, and over hedge and ditch cuts short !
 A trespass this, and I 'll indite him for 't.
 " What, robber, ho ! why break'st through my grounds ?
 If all be common, vain are dykes and mounds."

COURTIN.

C O U R T I N.

Nothing of thine, proud man, I need or seek.
 If from the path I through the bushes break,
 'Tis but to shun such spiteful churls as scorn
 And evil still, for good receiv'd, return.

Y E O M A N.

I guess thy thoughts, and own the timely aid
 By me unask'd. Now thou thyself hast paid
 Upon my ruin'd fence: this I forgive;
 But ware the next, if free from law you 'd live.
 Vaunt'st thou thy help? True, you those fires suppress,
 But raise, alas! far fiercer in my breast!
 Hence that just wrath which wildly you reprove;
 Sharp are the pangs of ill-requited Love!
 Look round: whate'er thou see'st is mine; and might
 Be Fanny's, knew she how to choose aright.
 'Tis a thin fare on Love, alone, to live:
 Midst naked mountains, maidens needs must thrive.
 Be free, and say what lands, what meads, hast thou,
 To fatten cattle, or employ the plow.
 Thy homestead to the best advantage paint;
 Nor sparing be of words: no words you want.

C O U R T I N.

It suits us ill to brag of what's our own;
 Those mounts less easy are describ'd than shewn.
 Deign on the morrow to become my guest,
 And I'll at once thy sight and palate feast.

Y E O M A N.

Lame is my nag, and I can foot it ill;
 'Tis wretched journeying up a stony hill.

Spare me that pain, and rather feast my ear.

C O U R T I N.

Then blame thyself if tedious I appear.
 Stretch to yond' blewish southern point thy sight
 (But those swoln eyeballs drink up too much light
 To dart a ken so far; their stinted power
 Reach a few dirty acres, and no more).
 There the hills open, and, by due degrees,
 Sink to a valley bounded by the seas.
 To the south-west it tends; the north and east
 High mounds secure from every piercing blast.
 Whilst stormy winter clads the cliffs in snow
 Serene and calm, 'tis summer all below.
 Clear streams divide the straight but fertile plain;
 Visit each hut, then hasten to the main.
 Fair rows of chesnuts cast a pleasing shade,
 And the high grass shoots up a broader blade.
 There countless herds of comely kine we keep:
 A shorter turf our asses and our sheep
 Delight; they browse the higher ground. Above,
 And near the clouds, the goats at random rove.
 Each flat a different owner hath; the steep
 For various uses we in common keep.
 Nigh are our dwellings, and we well agree;
 Some neighbours I o'erlook, and others me.
 North of that vale, towards this inland side,
 Within the creek where first the hills divide,
 My lodge stands fair (would you could see the place!)
 Neat, and with all things stor'd, in little space.
 Cool in the summer, yet in winter warm,
 'Tis both a house of pleasure and a farm.

In

In front, of ash and elm a rising row,
For present shade and future timber, grow.
Behind, with easy slopes, my gardens rise
And flourish fair 'midst ever-smiling skies.
Spacious at first they straighten as they run,
And in a circle take-in all the fun.
No rock is seen, save what in steps is made,
Which from one rising to another lead.
The winding walks are rob'd in turfy pride;
And not a palm of soil is lost beside.
Here marble seats are arch'd by woodbine bowers;
There thrive the plants and roots and herbs and flowers.
The vine, the fig, the nectarine, and the peach,
Against the walls their loaded branches stretch
Full to the sun; secur'd from blights around,
No meaner fruit-trees cumber up the ground.
The nut, the plumb, the apple, and the pear,
Without the fence are scatter'd here and there,
And yet your orchards boast no fruit so fair.
High on the mount breaks out a constant rill;
At its first rise it turns a little mill;
And, as from steep to steep it downwards hies,
Much work performs, and many hands supplies.
To me arriv'd, its waves a cistern feed,
Which waters all my gardens as they 've need.
My household wants it serves a little lower,
And settles in a pool before my door;
Thence, down a steep, itself it headlong throws,
And to my under neighbours kindly flows;
Still useful, still increasing as it goes.

YEOMAN.

Small time it needs to traverse o'er thy grounds!
 Much rock thou own'st, in very scanty bounds.
 Talk'st thou of calms and ever-smiling skies;
 On craggs, where snow secure in harvest lies,
 And braves the sun? Here gentle rain distils;
 But when a sudden storm the brook o'erfills,
 And floods the mead, whence comes it? from the hills.
 Along yon ridge I've seen the tempest scowl,
 And, at this distance, heard the thunder growl.
 The mountains smother, and nimble lightnings play,
 When here 'tis often but a cloudy day.

COURTIN.

The various seasons of the changing year
 To both are common, but most hurtful here.
 When southern winds drive on a summer shower,
 And gushing clouds a hasty deluge pour,
 The waters wash our mountains and away,
 While here they ravage with a longer stay.
 When tempests gather upwards, we retreat;
 The thunder harmless rolls beneath our feet.
 While o'er your heads the glaring lightnings threat;
 Those shining points which seem with Heaven to vie:
 No storms disturb, no clouds climb up so high.
 There first came tidings of approaching day;
 The sun there leaves his farewell evening ray.

YEOMAN.

Those rays are lost on an ingrateful strand!
 'Twere better you 'ad less sunshine, and more land.

COURTIN.

COURTIN.

Through ignorance or envy, we despise
 Those blessings, which we each enjoying prize.
 Here flowery fields and woods and lawns delight;
 There grots and pleasing prospects cheer the sight.
 Your riches here your herds and flocks confess;
 And there our quarries and our mines no less.

YEOMAN.

Keep to your shining cliffs, your mines, and furs;
 Be corn and wool, and the fat valley, ours.
 I envy not what's thine. But why dost roam?
 Thy dwelling seems to please thee; keep at home.

COURTIN.

Home still is home; but yet 'tis good to range
 Abroad sometimes; there's pleasure in the change,
 Pleasure and profit both; our boundless view
 Breeds a desire of boundless knowledge too.

YEOMAN.

Breeds a desire of other's goods, say I!

COURTIN.

No more! at length thy shallow craft I spy.
 Through thee, but short must be this evening's stay.
 Dark is the moonless night, and long the way.
 Long is the way when I from Fanny part!
 To her I trip it with a merry heart.
 Farewell! nor glout with fullen discontent;
 'Tis mean to mourn at what we can't prevent.

E C L O G U E IV.

COURTIN. YEOMAN. VICAR.

COURTIN.

WHAT! art thou arm'd again my course to stay?
Upon thy peril stop the king's highway.

YEOMAN.

Mistake me not! my purpose means no ill.
Hear me, and own I bear thee right good-will.

COURTIN.

Avaunt! the path due space for both affords;
I've now no time to fling away on words.

YEOMAN.

At least vouchsafe one fleeting minute's stay;
When I have spoken, go in peace thy way.
Light's car hath yet a space of sky to run;
'Twill cost old Time an hour ere day be done.
Not prone to malice, I could soon commend;
And of a rival feign would form a friend.
An honest, though a smiling, look you bear;
Smooth is thy speech, and yet it seems sincere.
Tell to some highland lass thy tempting tale,
And leave to us the damsels of the dale.

COURTIN.

Though small my worth, thy praise awakes my pride.
O Love! from Fanny all my failings hide!
Yeoman, thy friendship I would gladly gain;
Such landed lovers seldom sue in vain.
Shift thy affections to some other part;
And, next to fairest Fanny, rule my heart.

YEO-

YEOMAN.

O! wrong not that esteem you else might share,
 You're not the same whene'er you mention her!
 Youth, Beauty, Virtue, are a worthy dower:
 Yet you high-dwellers seek for something more.
 To wealth alone your craving wishes tend;
 Look out a fitter mate, and rest my friend.
 Three clean-limb'd milky foals yon spacious mead
 Now graze at large; a choice and stately breed.
 A pair for Fanny's service I design:
 Proud of her weight they'll prance. The third be thine.
 Chuse but the fairest of my herd and flock,
 To mend the breed which thy small pastures stock,
 Freely the fairest I'll bestow. Nay, more,
 My barns shall furnish a whole winter's store.
 Cease thy pursuit alone; as generous be,
 And life, with Love and Fanny, leave to me.

COURTIN.

Life, without Love, were vain! of her depriv'd,
 How should I love? she lost, enough I've liv'd.
 Alas! I seek not an increase of store;
 Save her, I've all I want; what need I more?
 Is merit worth so little of our care?
 Hath wealth such charms? Be rich! think not of her.
 Our workmen the hill's bowels shall refine
 For thee; on splendid metal thou shalt dine;
 Where feasting, thou thyself, improv'd, shalt ken,
 Whilst thy large capons seem as large again.
 A cask of sprightly juice thy heart shall chear,
 And thoughts of Fanny drown; think not of her.

Stripp'd of their pride, our wildlings too shall die,
 With costly furs thy garments to supply.
 Nay, do not scoff; array'd in such attire,
 When winter pinches, thou shalt scorn a fire.
 Such gifts might suit a prince; yet mean they are,
 If such to blooming Fanny we compare.
 O! Fanny, Fanny! heart-delighting maid!
 Vouchsafe such smiles as last my cares repaid.
 Then thy dear name shall through our hills resound,
 And Love and Fanny echo all around.

Y E O M A N.

Thou fir'st my blood! Enough, presumptuous swain!
 Dare thy rude lips thus oft her name profane?
 This goodly blade thy folly shall chastise,
 And thy maim'd hide instruct thee to grow wise.

C O U R T I N.

Against that edge, indeed, no flesh is proof:
 But this fair staff shall ward its fury off.
 All on the tip behold a sharpen'd steel!
 Behold, and tremble lest its point you feel.

Y E O M A N.

How I despise thy stick and thee! this blade
 Through bars of knotty oak its way hath made.
 Ev'n iron hinges, when the chace grew warm,
 Unturn'd, its hedge hath cleft, urg'd by this arm.

C O U R T I N.

My staff's my pastime and sure weapon too,
 When we on high the nobler game pursue,
 Such as dare turn again: this pointed spear
 Fierce beast hath fell'd; whose looks would fright you here.
 Again, when perch'd th' unwary fowl I spy,
 Or when the nimble squirrel seems to fly

From

From bough to bough, this, with unerring hand,
I dart, and, at a distance, death command.

YEOMAN.

Yes, against squirrels I believe thee bold!

But, from a man take this—

VICAR.

Hold! madmen, hold!

Can rage and violence with Love agree?

Who knows if either may accepted be

By her you covet? is she wise as fair,

She 'll not be tempted by a bruise or scar.

As, studious, low beneath the beach's shade,

I, with a silent friend, my book, was laid,

Unseen, I listen'd to your warm debate,

And blest your Love, but must reprove your Hate.

Beauty was meant t' enkindle soft desire,

And 'tis in you a merit so t' admire:

Both well deserve, both may expect her grace;

But she's a woman—fancy will take place;

Let her decide. You, Yeoman, justly vaunt

A fair possession, free from every want;

A goodly port and lordly mien you bear,

And health and plenty on your cheeks appear.

Young Courtin too seems suited to his drefs;

Such open looks a manly mind confess.

Though slim his form, his limbs are mated well,

And his brac'd nerves with active vigour swell.

For what ye both enjoy, yield thanks to Heaven;

And use it well; 'twas for that purpose given.

Let each still think his own condition best.

But, Fanny comes! and she 'll adjudge the rest.

THE

THE FAREWELL. PASTORAL XIII. 1726.

HARRY AND COURTIN.

ONCE more the * motley Muse inspires the swain;
 Once more the Doric with the Mantuan strain.
 She boldly blends; twelve pleasing labours past,
 She quits the flowery lawns: be this her last.

HARRY.

To fold my flock! and (till yon setting sun
 Unclimbing those far eastern hills return)
 Stretch on this fallow field, and soil it well.
 From evil tongues and every wicked spell,
 Secur'd by these crost holly-twigs, which round
 The pens I stick, first smiting thrice the ground.
 Now home, my faithful cur! by this thy dame
 Prepares the smoaking platter. Sure I am
 Thou shalt not miss a belly-full to-night,
 For this day's care, though my own meal sit light.
 Yon gamesome ridgling, but for thee, had stray'd
 The sheep, while sweetly I asleep was laid.
 O! for some merry mate, with cheary talk,
 To rid the tedious common as we walk!
 Good luck betides me: lo! a blithesome swain,
 As man might wish, makes hitherwards amain.
 A happy evening, Courtin! meeting one
 Of voice so sweet, what churl would gad alone?

COURTIN.

Thanks for thy courteous greeting, friendly lad.

* Alluding to Pastoral V. not in this collection.

HARRY.

And yet, of late, I read thee somewhat sad;
 Else why's thy pipe so silent now-a-days?
 Why charm no more thy well-turn'd roundelays?

COURTIN.

O! far from sad, though serious I appear.
 The joys least noisy are the most sincere.

HARRY.

Thou speak'st my mind, though in a higher strain;
 And 'twere most thankless, lad, in thee, to 'plain.
 Thy thriving flock increaseth every day:
 And thy fair cabin (rais'd, as one may say,
 Above thy fellows) widely views around;
 Shelter'd aneath a mighty oak (renown'd
 Through all the world) from sun and wind and rain;
 And, more than all, thrice happy, lucky swain!
 With lovely Fanny blest! our hundred's grace!
 The sweetest temper, with the fairest face!
 How many sought the modest maiden's heart!
 To crown thy love, how many wretches smart!
 Whilst all, ev'n those who pine through amorous care,
 Shower blessings on the well-match'd lovesome pair.

COURTIN.

Hence those calm joys which all my soul possess!
 Joys which nor rhyme, nor music, can express.
 For this the Giver of all good I praise!
 Next, generous Herbert claims my grateful lays;
 Through him Augustus *, glory of our isle!
 First on my poor endeavours deign'd to smile.
 Augustus! great and good! each Muse's theme!
 To Cæsar's virtues, heir, and diadem.

* George the Second, when Prince of Wales. N.

Nor

Nor sweet Francelia! fairest of thy kind!
 Is thy bright form e'er absent from my mind!
 Thy soft endearments banish every care!
 Each bliss is doubled which with thee I share!
 Life, without Love and Thee, insipid were.
 These would I sing! but fear such worth to wrong:
 Alas! their names transcend a vulgar song.

H A R R Y.

Meseems thy speech grows mainly big of late!
 Belike our words must rise with our estate.
 Courtin, by what I deem, we soon may fear
 To lose the Shepherd in the Freeholder.
 Yet say, our wishes gain'd, and hearts at ease,
 Must, therefore, sullen silence only please?
 When fully fed, our younglings sportive play;
 And birds sing sweetest on a sunny day.

C O U R T I N.

True: yet those birds, whose very life is song,
 Struck dumb, like me, in silence listen'd long,
 As lately, on our hills, his heavenly lyre
 Tyt're tun'd up, and was himself a choir.
 With nicest art, of undecaying stuff,
 His harp was form'd; both Time and Weather-proof.
 With ten clear-sounding silver strings 'twas strung,
 Which struck with skill, Lord! how the mountains rung!
 Glory of Shepherds! by thy deathless rhyme,
 We learn what heights the Rural Muse may climb:
 Thee had I sooner known, much fruitless pains
 I might have spar'd, or form'd by thine, my strains*.

* A handsome compliment to the Pastorals of Pope;
 which probably prevented Dr. Evans from publishing what
 he modestly thought so much inferior. N.

But heedless I my flowery prime mis-spent !
 With native melody, though rude, content.
 Now ripe in manhood, such my blameless pride,
 Curious to know at length, without a guide,
 Resolv'd, I boldly scal'd the arduous way,
 And heard, with rapture heard ! the learned lay.
 Oh ! Harry ! wert thou present whilst he charm'd !
 Once had the Mantuan Muse thy bosom warm'd !
 Thou too, with me, would'st fling thy pipe away.

H A R R Y.

I pray thee grant a sample of his lay.

C O U R T I N.

Such sounds at second-hand their sweetness lose.

H A R R Y.

Yet touch a note : thou won't not to refuse.

C O U R T I N.

To wrong his accents, were too bold a sin.

Some faint resembling air I'll try—

H A R R Y.

Begin.

C O U R T I N.

Aonian virgins ! lend a loftier strain * !

Few prize the lowly music of the plain.

Be hence my verse like Ida's towering brow,

Flowing and clear as Tempe's currents too.—

H A R R Y.

Hey-day ! why sure such songsters waking dream !

What *Onian* maids are these ? what *Tempin* stream ?

Full many a day I've us'd each mart and fair,

Yet never heard such names in all our shire.

Are such the lays which so thy fancy fir'd ?

All understood, and thence, mehap, admir'd.

* The introduction to Pope's *Messiah* is here imitated. N.

C O U R T I N.

Rather, because ill understood, despis'd ;
So Midas Pan before Apollo priz'd.

H A R R Y.

Pan me no Pans ! sweet carols chear my heart.
Yet sense, say I, should share with sound a part.
Though fickle thou as well thy voice as name,
And home hast chang'd, old Harry's still the same ;
Had Robin guest, you'd learn this city skill *,
The lad had kept his well-knit hosen still.
Though swelling numbers fill th' astounded ear,
Few of our maidens would vouchsafe to hear,
And songs were bootless then. Those soothing strains,
Wherewith you whilome wont to charm the plains,
Please shepherds most. That ditty of the clown
Whom Dicky drubb'd, all in a dale adown * ;
Or that which struck the sparkish stranger mute *,
With his new-fangled airs, and finic flute :
Listening to songs so sweet, a summer's day
Beseem'd too short.

C O U R T I N.

Such an unpolish'd lay
Was once too, I confess, my whole delight ;
So fond was I ! so slow to judge aright !
Convinc'd, at length, I own superior skill,
And rather song resign, than warble ill.
'Twere vain to hope another's mind to move
With airs ourselves too justly disapprove.

*** Alluding to several Pastorals not in this collection.

H A R R Y.

HARRY.

Once on a time (give heed to what I tell,
 'Twas long ago, yet I remember 't well)
 A London Lady to the Vicar's came,
 Dight like a Queen ; a flaunting flickering dame.
 In gilded cage this Madam with her brought
 A bird of price ; far-fetch'd, and bravely taught.
 For sure, unlearn'd, no creature so could sing ;
 Less shifting notes our bells in changes ring.
 Of its gay plumes, all as its mistress, proud
 It seem'd : and like her too, though little loud.
 Yet, sooth to say, its voice was sweetly shrill,
 No flagelet could e'er more detsly trill.
 'Twas in those days ere Nelly first grew kind,
 When I, to move the dainty damsel's mind,
 A linnet rear'd ; the choice of five fair young.
 Sure never linnet half so sweetly sung :
 Yet, when this Madam's gaudy bird came down,
 (Whose thrilling pipe was heard through all the town),
 My simple songster, drooping, hung the wing,
 Grew sullen, and would neither peck nor sing.
 Howe'er, it seem'd to lend a wistful ear ;
 And bragly strove, at length, its song to rear
 To t'other's pitch ; but strove, alas ! in vain ;
 Too weak his voice to mate so high a strain.
 Whilst, striving thus, it marr'd its mellow throat,
 And lost its own, nor learn'd the other's note.
 So fares it, lad, with thee. The truth I speak,
 Nor, what's well meant, do thou in dudgeon take.

“ ——— Sunt & mihi Carmina. Me quoque dicunt
 “ Vatem Pastores ; sed non ego credulus illis.” VIRG.

ON

ON A LADY SINGING. BY MR. BURNABY*.

WHEN charming Teraminta sings,
Each new air new passion brings:

Now I resolve, and now I fear,
Now I triumph, now despair;
Frolic now, now faint I grow,
Now I freeze, and now I glow.
Her face at last does all remove,
And my whole breast consents to love.
Her face unites my various grief,
And I'm more slave by my relief.
The panting Zephyrs round her play,
And, trembling on her lips, would stay;
Trembling with divided blifs,
Now would listen, now would kiss;
Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
And in low pleasing murmurs die.
Nor do I ask that she would give,
By some new note, the power to live;
I would, expiring with the sound,
Die on the lips that gave the wound.

* William Burnaby, whose father of the same name was a gentleman in London, became a commoner of Merton College, Oxford, in the beginning of 1691; was entered of The Middle Temple in 1693; and had a principal hand in the translation of "Petronius Arbiter," which was published in 1694, and inscribed by him to the earl of Romney. See Wood's *Athenæ*, II. 929. Mr. Burnaby was also the author of four comedies; 1. "The Reformed Wife," 1700. 2. "The Lady's Visiting-Day," 1701. 3. "The Modish Husband," 1702. And 4. "Love betrayed," 1703. N.

EPIGRAM, FROM PETRONIUS ARBITER.

BY MR. BURNABY.

THINGS got with pain, and difficulties rare,
 Indulge our fancies, and oblige the fair:
 We scorn the wealth our happy isle brings forth,
 But love whatever is of foreign growth;
 Not that the fish which the poor Tyber breeds
 Do those excel which chaste Sabrina feeds.
 Not Tyrian Gods in nobler purple shine,
 Or shew a dye rich as, Augustus, thine;
 Nor can the flocks which breathe th' Iberian air
 With Evesham's Vale for fleecy sheep compare.
 But these are cheaply got —
 Whilst moving plains, and rough tempestuous seas,
 Make the dear-bought and far-fetch'd follies please.

ON SAINT STEPHEN'S DAY.

BY DR. WARMSTREY*.

DRESS'D in the scarlet garment of his blood,
 Which from his wounds in gushing rivulets flow'd,
 Thy Martyr, gracious Lord, presumes to shine,
 And shews a patience second but to thine:
 Whilst the bright flames, which in his bosom burn,
 The wounding pebbles into jewels turn;
 And the rough rocks, which at his head are thrown,
 Like diamonds shine, and melt into a crown.

* This poem is ascribed by Jacob to Dr. Waldren; of whom, see vol. III. p. 177. N.

Such wonders Saints effect before they die,
 And such is the celestial alchemy.
 Thy grace, O dearest Saviour, 'twas which made
 This blooming rose too durable to fade,
 Amidst those storms his foes design'd to raise
 Against that mighty bulwark of thy praise,
 That so the bloody honours of his fame
 Might eternize the glory of his name.
 His enemies but vain tormentors prov'd,
 For as they ston'd him more, the more he lov'd:
 His love, so fervent, made him always pray
 For their return into the rightful way;
 Still praying, till he lay'd himself to rest
 Within the downy transports of thy breast.
 O grant we all may love, and learn of thee,
 The practice of such charming constancy!

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XLII.

BY MR. T. BATE.

CHAC'D by the hounds which thirst for blood,
 And scorch'd beneath Heaven's fiery rays,
 The gentle hind pants for the flood,
 Whose cooling streams her grief might ease:
 She listens for the fountain's fall,
 And, listening, thinks the murmuring fountains call;
 Till, tir'd with fruitless hope, and faint,
 She wounds the sultry skies with just complaint.

Such

Such my desires of thee, O God!

Eternal source of joys divine!

Compell'd to quit the blest abode,

Where the celestial glories shine:

An exile thence, in deep despair

I cry, "Will God, my God, no longer hear?

Must I before his altars bow?

No more! no more will he accept my vow!"

While down my cheeks salt rivers ran,

My foes in cruel triumph cry'd,

"Where's now thy God? vain, banish'd man!

Thy rock, thy fortrefs, and thy pride?"

When dewy shades to sleep invite,

My ever-wakeful eyes out-weep the night;

All food by day my soul forbears,

But feeds on mournful thoughts, and drinks my tears.

I thought (it was a wounding thought!)

How on high days I oft had come

In royal pomp, and with me brought

His servants to his sacred dome. —

But why, my soul, this storm of woe?

Though big the waves, and loud the tempests blow,

Be still, my soul! and hope to see

The rising beams of mercy dart on thee.

My God, my soul is fore distressed,

And wounded deep with anguish dire;

I'll think on thee, to calm my breast,

And make th' insulting waves retire.

Beyond the stream of Jordan chac'd,
 Past mercies shall before my eyes be plac'd :
 My trembling feet o'er Hermon fly,
 But Zion, and her God, my soul employ.

Afflictions, eager to engage,
 Summon their troops, and me surround ;
 Those from above descend with rage,
 These from beneath as fiercely wound :
 Like cataracts those downward pour,
 Like waters bursting from th' abyfs these roar :
 Thy waves and storms on me have driven,
 O'erwhelm'd with all th' artillery of heaven.

But yet th' Almighty will be kind,
 And gild with happy beams my days ;
 The night serene, as then my mind
 Shall be refresh'd with songs of praise.
 To thee, my rock, my life, I'll pray ;
 For, whilst thy saving power thou dost delay,
 In bitterness of soul I mourn,
 Beneath oppressive Rage, and hostile Scorn.

Sheath'd in my breast, the sharpest sword
 Can't like their vile reproaches pain :
 " Where's He thy zeal so long ador'd ?
 Deaf to thy cries, thy vows are vain."
 But why, my soul, this storm of woe ?
 Though big the waves, and loud the tempests blow,
 Be still, my soul, and hope to see
 The rising beams of mercy dart on thee.

T O S L E E P.

ANONYMOUS; FROM FENTON'S COLLECTION.

S O F T charmer of our cares, whose kind relief
 Gives us each night a respite from our grief,
 Thou bring'st the poor man wealth, the tortur'd rest,
 And mak'st the wretched equal with the blest.
 By thee far-distant friends are brought to view,
 And loves, by absence long impair'd, renew.

Since banish'd from my dear Lucinda's sight,
 I live condemn'd to see the hateful light,
 Pity my woes; and when thy next surprize
 Stops the impetuous torrents of my eyes,
 In her bright form, to ease my mind, appear,
 The noblest figure thou canst chuse to wear.
 Stamp seeming marks of sorrow on her face,
 Just not enough to wrong its native grace :
 Let the cold earth appear her only bed,
 Her arm the sole supporter of her head :
 Let a sad shower from her fair eyes descend,
 While sighs for vent in her swol'n breast contend :
 Then let her in a mournful accent say,
 " To thee, Menalcas, I this tribute pay."
 But let no real grief disturb her rest,
 While with the pleasing vision I am blest :
 And, lest the joy should be too quickly past,
 Renew the dream each night, or make this sleep my last.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN AT BERN IN SWITZERLAND, 1706,
AND PRESENTED TO OUR ENVOY.

ANONYMOUS; FROM FENTON'S COLLECTION.

AUSPICIOUS day ! to which we owe
All we could wish, or Fate bestow :
Whose dawning light disclos'd on earth
The brightest blessing, greatest birth,
That Heaven to mortals e'er display'd,
Since Chaos into form was made.

On thy appearance Fate design'd
The future freedom of mankind,
When lust of universal sway
Should force whole nations to obey
The will of one, whose boundless mind,
To oaths and treaties unconfined,
Should prompt him to renounce his fame,
To gain a great but impious name.

Thy influence has this wonder wrought,
Which Time has to perfection brought :
For see a mighty Queen arise,
Unshaken, powerful, just, and wise,
Pride of her sex, her isle's delight,
The rule and patroness of right,
The world's great balance and support,
And gasping Liberty's resort.

A Queen thus finish'd for a throne,
Whom nations court, and wish their own ;

A Queen by birth and merit great,
 The care and instrument of Fate,
 No sooner takes the purple robe,
 But straight, to dignify her globe,
 Resolves her Brother's steps to tread,
 And ev'n out-vie the mighty dead.

'Tis done; the mighty William's name
 Was ne'er attended with such fame.

'Tis true, the well-laid scheme he wrought,
 Bent to the war his inmost thought;
 But, ere he could in arms appear,
 Death stopp'd the hero's fierce career,
 Plung'd deep in grief the British isle,
 And left to Anne the glorious toil.

Anne takes th' occasion mark'd by Fate
 (She knew her cause was just and great);
 Confirms his measures void of fear,
 And gives a generous loose to war:
 Her matchless triumphs on the main,
 And glorious conquest on the plain,
 To which th' Imperial Eagle owes
 His thunder wrested from his foes,
 And Spain her liberty restor'd,
 Her commerce and her lawful lord:
 Let more exalted spirits raise
 In solemn numbers lofty praise.

— For me, whose unperforming skill
 Is disproportion'd to my will:
 Wisely at length I quit my lyre,
 To rough Helvetian climes retire,
 And to more solid strains aspire.

SONG, SET BY MR. DEAN.

WIT and Beauty once contended
Which should reign in Celia's arms;
Both an equal claim pretended
To be sole monarch of her charms.

Till at last they both agreed
To maintain alternate sway;
One by night to bless her bed,
And one to win her heart by day.

S O N G.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In Love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see,
Are labouring in my breast;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great foe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

SONG.

S O N G.

“ **C**UPID! instruct an amorous swain,
 Some way to tell the nymph his pain,
 To common youths unknown :
 To talk of sighs, of flames, of darts,
 Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
 Are methods vulgar grown.”

“ What need’st thou tell? the God reply’d.
 That love the shepherd cannot hide
 The nymph will quickly find :
 When Phœbus does his beams display,
 To tell men gravely that ’tis day,
 Is to suppose them blind.”

S O N G.

AS the snow in vallies lying,
 Phœbus his warm beams applying,
 Soon dissolves and runs away ;
 So the beauties, so the graces,
 Of the most bewitching faces,
 At approaching age decay.
 As a tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis’d, and is upbraided
 By the slaves he once control’d ;
 So the nymph, if none could move her,
 Is contemn’d by every lover,
 When her charms are growing old.

Melan.

Melancholic looks, and whining,
 Grieving, quarreling, and pining,
 Are th' effects your rigours move;
 Soft careffes, amorous glances,
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest'd effects of love.

Fair-ones ! while your beauty's blooming,
 Use your time, lest, age resumming
 What your youth profusely lends,
 You are robb'd of all your glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

ON MR. ROWE'S "FAIR PENITENT*."

SEE here the various scenes of human lives ;
 Uncommon husbands true, but common wives ;
 One, charming, faithless, haughty when reprov'd,
 Lov'd by her husband, her gallant she lov'd ;
 One, an indulgent, faithful, constant bride,
 Fond of her spouse, neglects the world beside.
 That husband, though with friends and fortune blest,
 Finds a domestic ill that racks his breast ;
 While this, though Fortune frown, though friends desert,
 Finds one to lull his cares, and charm his heart.

Would women rather, from the throng retir'd,
 Be lov'd by one, than be by crowds admir'd :
 Would men, before their hearts were quite resign'd,
 Forget the faces, and inspect the mind :

* First acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1703. R.

Such

Such objects, should they fainter charms possess,
Would please them longer, tho' they pleas'd them less.
For Beauty's blaze, though fierce, is quickly past;
While Love, good Sense, and Virtue, always last.

A N A C R E O N, O D E III*.

ANONYMOUS; FROM DRYDEN'S MISCELLANIES.

AT dead of night, when stars appear,
And strong Boötes turns the Bear;
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Cupid was knocking at my Gate;
“Who's there? said I: Who knocks so late,
Disturbs my dream, and breaks my rest?”
“O fear not me, a harmless guest,
He said; but open, open, pray!
A foolish child, I lost my way,
And wander here this moonless night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.”
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow.
In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure, and thoughtless of my fate;
I gave the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dried his hair;
Brought friendly cups of chearful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.

* See another translation of this Ode, by Hughes, English Poets, vol. XXII. p. 56. N.

All this did I with kind intent :
 But he, on wanton mischief bent,
 Said, " Dearest friend, this bow you see ;
 This pretty bow belongs to me :
 Observe, I pray, if all be right,
 I fear, the rain has spoil'd it quite ."
 He drew it then, and strait I found
 Within my breast a secret wound.
 This done, the rogue no longer staid,
 But leap'd away, and laughing said :
 " Kind host, adieu, we now must part ;
 Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart ."

O D E, I N T H E S P R I N G,
 T O T H E R E T U R N I N G S U N .

WELCOME, thou God of light and heat,
 Where hast thou made thy long retreat ?
 Thou tak'st delight in Indian climes to stay,
 And still the happy East
 Is with thy longest presence blest ;
 Or else perhaps in amorous play,
 Beneath th' immortal greens of Tempe's grove,
 While feebler hands thy chariot drove,
 Hast loiter'd with some object of thy love :
 Or hast thou been in mines below,
 Where pearls and infant diamonds grow ?
 (For they their birth to thy kind influence owe.)
 But say, where-ever thou hast been,
 In all thy walks through earth or skies,
 Are any wonders thou hast seen
 So dazling bright as fair Francelia's eyes ?

Does

TO THE RETURNING SUN. 157

Does Arabia's spicy coast
Half so rich an odour boast?
Or can Java's perfum'd air
With her fragrant breath compare?
But why should I, to speak of her,
Confine thee to the space of one revolving year?
Thou thy glorious race hast run,
Ever since the world begun;
Thou saw'st when Venus from the billows rose.
'Twas thou first kiss'd her coral mouth,
And blest'd her with eternal youth;
Did the young Goddess then more charms disclose?
Had her mien so good a grace?
Was such sweetness in her face?
She must yield her rival place;
Her mighty rival can inspire
Higher joys and fiercer fire.
Francelia* can alone dispense
Every charm to every sense;
Music lives upon her tongue,
She's to our ears the Syrens song;
And, when she strikes our ravish'd sight,
One polish'd beam of thy own mid-day light.
Let other nymphs with art and pains
Some poor unwary heart betray,
While she, diffus'd like thy own brightness, reigns,
And rules mankind with universal sway.

* From the turn of the poetry, and the name of the Heroine, I am inclined to think this Ode was by Dr. Evans. N.
Consenting

Consenting nations in her praise agree,
 I join with them, but want her mercy more;
 For though alike we wonder and adore,

Yet none can love like me.

Nature, when first she took me from the womb,
 Thus smiling destin'd all my days to come;
 "Sceptres, she said, I give to other hands,
 Thy wreaths of empire are Francelia's bands;
 My darling son, and most distinguish'd care,
 For thee this double portion I prepare,
 Thou, glorious thou, Francelia's chains shalt wear;
 And from this early moment to thy grave
 Be greater far than kings, for thou'rt Francelia's slave."

ON SEEING MR. DRYDEN'S PICTURE*,

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S,

DRAWN WITH THE BAYS IN HIS HAND.

BY MR. BUCKEREDGE †, 1700.

NAY, sure 'tis he! the living colours move,
 And strike our souls with wonder and with love!
 Has his soft lyre dissolv'd Death's fatal chain,
 And given our Orpheus to the world again?

Such

* A fine engraving from this picture was prefixed to
 "Luctus Britannici, or the Tears of the British Muses,
 "for the Death of John Dryden esq; late Poet Laureat to
 "their Majesties K. Charles and K. James the second.
 "Written by the most eminent hands in the two famous
 "Universities,

Such is thy art, great Kneller, as relieves
 His mourning friends, and into joy deceives.
 They who beneath the heaviest sorrow bend,
 Who grieve not for the Poet, but the Friend,
 When they behold this piece, their tears restrain,
 And doubt a while if they lament in vain.
 So those whom Fate destroys, thy hand can save,
 And lengthen out a life beyond the grave.
 Oh! do thou place on Dryden's learned brow
 The sacred Bays; for none dare envy now.
 Thus He to future ages shall be shown,
 Immortal in Thy Works, as in His Own.

“Universities, and by several others. 1700.” folio. — From this portrait, the frontispiece to my first volume was copied by Mr. Basire. N.

† Bainbrigg Buckeredge, esq; a gentleman bred at Oxford, was designed for the study of physick; but his genius leading him to painting, he early in life travelled into Holland and other countries, where he made great progress in that curious art, which was afterwards his principal amusement in rural retirement. In the reign of Queen Anne he had some employment under the Duke of Buckingham, with whom he was always a favourite. He was author of several little poems; wrote several of the lives in the “English School of Painters,” annexed to Mr. Savage’s translation of “Du Pile’s History of Painting;” and translated a novel from the Spanish of Cervantes. N.

ON BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE*,
IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

BY MR. BUCKEREDGE. 1704.

“— Seu condis amabile carmen,

“Prima feres ederae victricis præmia”— HOR.

FAR in that glade, where the delighted sight
 Beholds the evening part with glimmering light,
 Where fragrant limes in pleasing vistas join,
 And different trees to make one shade combine;
 There now does Buckingham his palace found,
 Which gilded spires and distant hills surround;
 The pile seems rais'd as from enchanted ground.
 High in its front Corinthian columns stand.
 Crown'd with the glories of their native land;
 And stately Corridores, on every side,
 Expand their wings, and meet the coming tide.
 The silver Thames through secret caverns strays,
 To him the tribute of his streams he pays,
 And prompts the watery kind to listen to his lays.
 So fond Alpheus, hid from human eyes,
 To seek the lov'd Sicilian fountain flies.
 Harmonious birds shall all their notes employ,
 To entertain his intervals of joy.
 While the plum'd race a numerous flight prepare,
 To people the dominions of the air.
 The fiery Barbs here, wandering, wish no more
 For Africk's wilds, nor its dry sultry shore.
 Within these lawns secure, the timorous deer
 Forget their nature, and o'ercome their fear.

* Now called The Queen's Palace. N.

Her

Her choicest beauties here the earth displays,
 The lover's myrtle, and the victor's bays.
 Fountains and flowers fill each delightful space,
 While those refresh, and these perfume the place.
 In gardens thus of old the Druids sway'd,
 Their oracles as laws from groves obey'd.
 The mysteries of state were handled there,
 And to superior powers men made their prayer.
 Villiers, with wit and humour also blest,
 Sublimely soaring, plac'd on high his rest;
 At once a palace * and an eagle's nest.
 Rais'd, where he might anticipate the day,
 And at his feet behold the royal standard † play.
 This greater genius, more judicious born,
 Does both a city and a court adorn.
 In humble plains when he his station takes,
 He soon those plains equal to Ida makes.
 The walls within great Titian's labours fills,
 And Rubens' draughts adorn, and Raphael's skill.
 The bold Bourgonion shews in bloody field
 How all to Roman art and valour yield;
 Corregio does harsh Perugino grace,
 By fam'd Van Dyk with wondrous charms a face,
 And Julio rang'd with the Carracci's race.
 The Grecian Venus of a modest mould,
 Pan and the Rural Gods these gardens hold,
 And wise Apollo who these works control'd.
 Let Pallas on these battlements have place,
 And Justice next; let Plenty Peace embrace.

* Clivedon House above Windsor. B.

† Windsor-Castle. B.

Here royal ruins *, and those heights we spy,
 Where Senates sit, and mighty Tudors lie.
 Oh ! say not when the Stuart's name shall cease,
 Lest England lose at once its Queen and Peace !

Around where'er we cast our ravish'd eyes,
 Such glittering views and verdant prospects rise,
 Such sylvan scenes and sumptuous domes appear,
 Such gardens grace the earth, such spires the air;
 That she to Heaven who Samos once preferr'd,
 Thus to have chose, successfully had err'd.

Under this roof Parnassus' sons shall meet,
 And every Science all her Sisters greet.
 The lofty race whom numbers shall inspire,
 With those whose easier art can touch the lyre ;
 And all in concert join to make one mighty choir. }
 Ev'n while I speak of Sheffield's great desert,
 I feel ambition kindling in my heart,
 To fix a name of just renown like his ;
 A mark above the reach of calumnies ;
 At which th' invidious world in vain shall aim,
 But hurt no more his safety, than his fame.
 Whose flowing fortune, with deep knowledge join'd,
 Fill, but not swell, his comprehensive mind ;
 In which the Muses' various gifts appear,
 The mild and tuneful, with the most severe.
 Taught by the Delian God how Nature springs, }
 The flow of words and properties of things ;
 To prize what Virgil, or what Homer sings †.

* York House, purchased from Wolsey by Henry VIII. in 1530, and consumed by fire in 1697. N.

† In his Grace's Essay on Poetry. B.

Himself is what we in this fabrick find,
 Palladio with the firm Bramante join'd *
 The Muses' friends from bondage he shall free,
 While he restrains Poetic Liberty,
 By his best rules and his example taught
 Gladly to lose that freedom which they sought.
 Such are his numbers, such his lofty song,
 No sense so clear and just, no lines so strong.
 Others in vain may inspiration boast,
 While he rewards and loves the Muses most.
 The Tyrant's rage his counsels shall withstand,
 And wrest th' oppressive sceptre from his hand,
 Divide those crowns which would together grow,
 And guide his Sovereign's arm to give the glorious blow.
 While Justice reigns, and Right supports a cause,
 Fate must be hers, and make her dictates laws,
 To her th' Iberian Chief his vows shall bring,
 And style her Empress, while she makes him King.
 What worthy hand for her can trophies raise?
 Who but himself can well resound her praise?
 While she her mind employs in nobler things,
 And feels more solid joys than empire brings.

Fain would my feeble Muse, with daring wing,
 His dawning glories and successes sing.
 Tell the fair progress of his early days,
 In which he wore the Garter, and the Bays;
 Much did great Charles's love his mind inflame,
 Much Albion † mov'd him, and the voice of fame,

* Two Architects; one chiefly consulted Ornament, the other Strength, in Building. B.

† He commanded a great ship under the duke of York. B.

When Britain's King no greater Monarch saw,
 And with his navy kept the world in awe.
 He may with boldness to great works proceed,
 Without that aid which weaker judgements need.
 In his designs, through every plan and page,
 He shames the last, to teach the coming age.
 Greece still her Pericles Olympius calls,
 For fabricks rais'd to grace Minerva's walls :
 Anne's happier influence shall protect this bower,
 Within the circle of her guardian power.
 Be his the care with gentle hand to guide
 Twixt abject fears and arbitrary pride ;
 Such was Mæcenas when Augustus reign'd,
 Such labours watchful Richelieu once sustain'd ;
 Both did Politeness, both did Power advance,
 That gave to Rome new glories, this to France.

Much more my verse might furnish in his praise,
 Who such a Temple*, such a House, could raise ;
 May force nor faction e'er his mind molest,
 Nor break the sacred quiet of his breast !
 His calm recesses let him still improve,
 To court the Graces and propitious Love,
 That all his Household Gods † may joy to see
 Himself first blest, and then his progeny,
 Till Britain's Queen no more can raise his state,
 Nor Poets fancy him more fortunate !

* "The Temple of Death," a poem by the Duke of Buckingham; English Poets, vol. XXV. p. 11. N.

† "Sic siti lætantur Lares" was inscribed by the Duke on the front of this elegant building, and remained there until the figures of the Lares were removed a very few years ago. N.

[165] MISCELLANEOUS
TO SIGNIOR ANTONIO VERRIO*,
AT HAMPTON COURT, BY MR. BUCKEREDGE.
ON THE GRANT OF WOODSTOCK PARK, &c.
TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1704.

REnown'd in arms when mighty Heroes rise,
Th' immortal Muse in lasting numbers tries
To future ages to transmit their fame,
And give them, after death, a living name.
The fields of bliss below, the shady grove,
Were the reward of all their toils above;
The Mantuan Swain has fill'd the solemn place
With the wreath'd worthies of his Roman race;
While greater Marlborough disdains to wait,
Mature for Fame. the slow approach of Fate,
But reaps that glorious harvest whilst he lives,
Which Time to all his ancient Heroes gives.
Elysian shades shall now no more be sought,
The gay creation of the Poet's thought;
The royal gift displays a nobler view,
No feign'd Elysium can exceed the true.
Woodstock her lov'd Plantagenet no more
Laments, when Marlborough shall her state restore;
She for whom Chaucer's tuneful lyre was strung,
And Wilmot's Muse in softer transport sung,
From lonely bowers her lofty head shall rear,
And chearful, like her conquering Lord, appear.
Through her cool glades, on every verdant plain,
Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure reign:

* See an account of Verrio in Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes,
vol. III. p. 34. R.

High on her walls, Imperial Eagles tell,
By bolder hands how fierce Bavarians fell;
Here we behold, by Verrio's pencil wrought,
The numerous spoils from Swabian conquests brought;
How o'er th' opposing Schellenberg he run,
Which none before but great Gustavus won.
Here, camps assaulted, and a city storm'd;
There, on expanded plains, the battle form'd;
Through seas of blood the fiery couriers fly,
And rapid streams and thundering brass defy;
While echoing cliffs and sylvan heights around
With groans and shouts alternately resound.
Surrendering squadrons with their lilies torn,
And haughty chiefs before his prowess born;
In exile One, and One beneath his chain,
Strive for a Crown and Liberty in vain.

Gild his victorious car, bold Artist; draw
Albion rejoicing, and the World in awe;
Paint in full splendor all his acts, that claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame.
Make him Gaul's glittering flowers in homage yield,
To fix them faster in Britannia's shield;
Let Austria's sacred branch in state descend,
To view the Victor, and applaud the Friend;
Let your great genius on the canvass show,
How the swift Rhine, and how the Danube flow,
How eastward this, in streaming purple strays,
How that, his captives to our coasts conveys;
How thus the trophies, he at once has won,
Haste to the rising and the setting sun.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY*,

ON HER INTENDED VOYAGE INTO TURKEY.

BY MR. BUCKEREDGE†.

WH Y should the charming Galatea shun
 The bleeding conquests that her eyes have won?
 Oh! stay, and give us yet a gentler fate;
 For absence is more cruel than your hate.
 Love in those eyes so absolutely reigns,
 We're slaves by choice, nor wish to quit our chains;
 Vain of our wounds, and proud to be undone,
 We would not from the glorious ruin run.
 Her charms the limit of an isle disdain,
 And spread a powerful empire o'er the main.
 Shall she to barbarous coasts from hence remove,
 And melt their tyrant hearts with flames of love?
 To punish haughty slaves, that proudly dare,
 Triumph o'er beauty, and insult the fair?
 Ev'n he, whose nod a thousand beauties wait,
 And, wishing, silently expect their fate;

* Lady Mary Chambers, eldest daughter to the earl of Berkeley, and sister to lady Betty Germaine. She had been one of the maids of honour to Queen Mary, and was married to Sir Thomas Chambers of Hanwell, Middlesex. N.

† These lines have been improperly attributed to Sir William Trumball, who went ambassador to Constantinople; and as his I have copied them in a note on the Supplement to Swift. They are now restored to Mr. Buckeredge on the authority of Jacob, who appears to have had sufficient foundation for what he asserts on this head. N.

Aw'd by her charms, shall a just vengeance meet,
And lie a slave despairing at her feet.

But O! bright nymph, let not a long return
Make wretched we your tedious absence mourn:
Let then the barbarous nations soon restore
Fair Galatea to the British shore:
Else they expect in vain the war should cease,
And England's Moderator signs in vain the peace.

ON THE TOASTING GLASSES
OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB*. 1703.

DUTCHESS OF ST. ALBANS †. BY L. K.

THE Saints above can ask, but not bestow;
This Saint can give all happiness below.

LADY BRIDGEWATER. BY MR. MAYNWARING ‡.

All health to her, in whose bright form we find
Excess of charms with native meekness join'd;
Whose tender beauty, safe in Virtue's care,
Springs from a race so fruitful of the Fair,
That all Antiquity can boast no more;
For Venus and the Graces were but Four ||.

* Several verses of the same sort, by Halifax, Lansdowne, Addison, and Garth, are printed in the English Poets, among the works of their respective authors. Of the Club itself, see an account in the Supplement to Swift. N.

† Lady Diana Vere, daughter to Aubrey earl of Oxford. N.

‡ Of whom, some particulars shall be given hereafter. N.

|| Elizabeth, countess of Bridgewater, was the third of the duke of Marlborough's very beautiful daughters. N.

DUTCHESS OF BEAUFORT*.

Empire the Daughter and the Sire divide,
 She reigns in Beauty sovereign, he in Wit;
 Thus as in blood, they are in power ally'd,
 To him our minds, to her our hearts submit.

DUTCHESS OF BOLTON†. BY DR. B—.

Flat contradictions wage in Bolton war!
 Yet her the Toasters as a goddess prize;
 Her Whiggish tongue does zealously declare
 For freedom, but for slavery her eyes.

MRS. BARTON‡. BY LORD HALIFAX.

Stamp'd with her reigning charms, this standard-glass
 Shall current through the realms of Bacchus pass;
 Full fraught with beauty, shall new flames impart,
 And mint her shining image on the heart.

MRS. BARTON.

Beauty and Wit strove each, in vain,
 To vanquish Bacchus and his train;

* Lady Mary Sackville, only daughter of Charles earl of Dorset. N.

† Lady Henrietta Crofts, daughter of the duke of Monmouth. N.

‡ Catharine, widow of colonel Barton, and niece to Sir Isaac Newton. After the death of his lady, the earl of Halifax selected Mrs. Barton to superintend his domestic affairs. Being young, beautiful, and gay, it was not likely that she should escape the censure which was undeservedly pass'd on her. But she is supposed to have been a woman of strict honour and virtue; and the Earl's very high regard appears by the liberal provision he made for her in his will. N.

But

But Barton, with successful charms,
 From both their quivers drew her arms;
 The roving God his sway resigns,
 And awfully submits his vines.

MRS. BARTON.

At Barton's feet the God of Love
 His arrows and his quiver lays,
 Forgets he has a throne above,
 And with this lovely creature stays.
 Not Venus' beauties are more bright,
 But each appear so like the other,
 That Cupid has mistook the right,
 And takes the nymph to be his mother.

MRS. BRUDENELL. BY MR. C.

Look on the loveliest tree that shades the park,
 And Brudenell you will find upon the bark;
 Look on the fairest glass that's fill'd the most,
 And Brudenell you will find the fairest toast;
 Look on her eyes, if you their light can bear,
 And Love himself you'll find sits toasting there.

MRS. BRUDENELL.

Imperial Juno gave her matchless grace,
 And Hebe's youthful bloom adorns her face;
 Bright as the star that leads the heavenly host,
 Brudenell precedes the glory of the toast.

MRS. CLAVERINE. BY MR. C—

Such beauty, join'd with such harmonious skill,
 Must doubly charm, then let us doubly fill.
 If Musick be Love's food, as Lovers think,
 When Claverine's nam'd, then toasting is his drink.

LADY CARLISLE*.

Behold this Northern star's auspicious light ;
Our fainter beauties shine not half so bright.
Form'd to attract, yet certain to repel,
Her charms are blazing, but she guards them well.

LADY CARLISLE.

She o'er all hearts and toasts must reign,
Whose eyes out-sparkle bright champaign ;
Or (when she will vouchsafe to smile)
The brilliant that now writes Carlisle.

LADY CARLISLE.

Great as a Goddess, and of form divine,
Our heads we bend, and all our hearts resign :
Like Heaven, she rules with an imperial sway,
And teaches to adore and to obey.

LADY CARLISLE.

Approach, ye mean coquettes, and view her well,
Finish'd within, as suits the stately shell ;
Smile on your fops, and slaves of fools create ;
But, if you 'll conquer men, like her be fair and great.

MRS. COLLIER. BY MR. MAYNWARING.

No wonder Scots our kingdom would invade,
Since we have stol'n from thence this lovely maid :
Troy's mystic tales a prophecy appear
Of wars predestin'd to be fought for her ;
And all those charms, the Grecian Poets give
Their fancy'd Helen, in this beauty live.

MRS. DUNCH. BY DR. B—

O Dunch ! if fewer with thy charms are fir'd,
Than when by Godfrey's name thou wast admir'd,

* Anne, only surviving daughter of Arthur earl of Effex. N.
'Tis

'Tis not that marriage makes thee seem less fair,
But then we hop'd, and now we must despair.

MRS. DUNCH.

Fair Dunch's eyes such radiant glances dart,
As warm the coldest bosom with desire:
Those heavenly orbs must needs attract the heart,
Where Churchill's sweetness softens Godfrey's fire.

MRS. P. DASHWOOD.

Fair as the blushing grape she stands,
Excites our hopes, and tempts our hands;
Blossoms and fruit together meet,
As Autumn ripe, and April sweet.

MRS. DIGBY. BY MR. C—

Why laughs the wine, with which this glass is crown'd?
Why leaps my heart, to hear this health go round?
Digby warms both with sympathetic fires;
Her name the glass, her form my heart inspires.

MRS. DIGBY.

No wonder Ladies that at court appear,
And in front-boxes sparkle all the year,
Are chosen toasts! 'twas Digby's matchless frame
That, Cæsar like, but saw and overcame.

LADY H. GODOLPHIN. BY MR. MAYNWARING.

Godolphin's * easy and unpractis'd air
Gains without art, and governs without care.
Her conquering race with various fate surprize;
Who 'scape their arms, are captives to her eyes.

MRS. GUYBONS. BY DR. B—

Could Grecian masters from the shades return,
To copy Guybons, 'twould advance their art;

* Henrietta, eldest daughter of the duke of Marlborough. N.
Their's

Their's never made but one with passion burn,
And this Belle Venus conquers every heart.

LADY HARPER.

In Harper all the Loves and Graces shine,
Gay as our mirth, and sparkling as our wine.
Here 's to the Fair—Were poison in the cup,
Might she be blest'd, thus would I drink it up.

MRS. DI. KIRK. BY MR. C—

Fair-written name, but deeper in my heart;
A diamond cannot cut like Cupid's dart.
Quickly the cordial of her health apply;
For when I cease to toast bright Kirk, I die.

MRS. DI. KIRK.

So many charms Di. Kirk surround,
'Tis pity she 's unkind;
Her conquering eyes, not seeing, wound,
As Love darts home, though blind.

MRS. LONG *. BY THE LORD WHARTON.

Fill the glass; let hautboys sound,
Whilst bright Longy's health goes round:
With eternal beauty blest,
Ever blooming, still the best;
Drink your glass, and think the rest.

MRS. NICHOLAS. BY DR. B—

Unrival'd Nicholas, whose victorious eyes
Love for a place of arms with darts supply'd,

* Anne, sister to Sir James Long, and the intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Barton. They are both frequently mentioned by Swift, in his Journal to Stella. Mrs. Long was obliged, by pecuniary distress, to retire from the world; and died at Lynn, Dec. 22, 1711. See the Supplement to Swift. N.

Does

Does on the Toasters like fair Phœbe rise,
To rule their wines, and passion's mighty tide.

LADY ORRERY*. BY MR. MAYNWARING.

Phœbus, from whom this Fair her wit derives,
No toast beholds, though round the world he drives,
That charms so much, or has such conquest won,
As this bright daughter of his darling son.

LADY ORRERY.

Here close the list, here end the female strife ;
View here the dawn of heaven, and joys of life.
Nature, to warm the world into desire,
Makes Dorset's charms in her soft sex conspire,
His youthful form, and his immortal fire. }

LADY RANELAGH.

The God of Love, aided by Cecil's charms,
Upon his rival Bacchus turns his arms ;
When her idea govern'd in the heart,
Ev'n wine encreases, which should cure the smart.

DUTCHESS OF RICHMOND†. BY L. CARBERRY‡.

Richmond has charms that continue our claim,
To lay hold of the toast that belongs to the name.

MRS. STANHOPE.

Soon as one Phoenix fought her kindred skies,
A brighter rose, and blest our wondering eyes ;
Then in a chearful bowl dissolve your cares,
Since, fast as Heaven deprives, the Court repairs.

* Mary, daughter to Richard earl of Dorset, and wife to Roger the second earl of Orrery. N.

† Anne, daughter of Sir William Pulteney. N.

‡ See vol. III. p. 106, where he is called lord Vaughan. N.

LADY

LADY SUNDERLAND'S * PICTURE,

With these words under, " — Ab una disce omnes."

Learn by this portrait, how the Kit-cats toast;
How charming those can such-like features boast.
From Nature's hand this vast profusion came,
And with as bright a soul inform'd the frame.
She with no haughty airs her triumphs views;
So her great Father looks, when countries he subdues.

MRS. TEMPEST.

If perfect joys from perfect beauty rise,
View Tempest's shape, her motions, and her eyes:
Undoubted Queen of Love, but Honour's slave,
Whilst thousands languish, she but one can save.

MRS. TEMPEST.

Venus, contending for the golden ball,
Us'd Helen's charms to bribe her judge withal:
Had she been blest'd with Tempest's brighter eyes,
Unborrow'd beauty would have gain'd the prize.

MRS. VERNON.

London, no more thy trade or riches boast,
Within thy walls there lives the brightest toast,
Who lays no bait to please, or strives to kill,
Or, wanting nature, does supply by skill.
Her air, her mien, such darts are in her eyes,
Who looks on Vernon, loves, adores, and dies.

LADY WHARTON †.

You Rakes, who midnight judges fit
Of Wine, of Beauty, and of Wit,
For Mercury and Cupid's sake
Two bumpers to fair Wharton take;

* Anne, second daughter to the duke of Marlborough. N.

† Lady Lucy; of whom, see above, p. 10. N.

For in that graceful charming shell
The Gods of Wit and Pleasure dwell.

NYMPHIDIA. THE COURT OF FAYRIE,
BY MICHAEL DRAYTON*, ESQ.

OLD Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruell,
A latter third of Dowfabell.

With such poor trifles playing :
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fayries still,
Nor never can they have their fill,

As they were wedded to them ;
No tales of them their thirst can flake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,

Which lie from others reading,
My active Muse to light shall bring
The Court of that proud Fayrie King,
And tell there of the Revelling.

Joan, prosper my proceeding.

* Of whom, see vol. I. p. 258. N.

And

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me betray,
Which now I am in telling;
My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way so e'er it blow it ;
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fary can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
Well mortized and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade

It curiously that builded :
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of flats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
That are with moon-shine gilded.

Hence Oberon him sport to make
(Their rest when weary mortals take),
And none but only Faries wake,
Descendeth for his pleasure.

And Mab his merry queen by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them :
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their fluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue ;
And put a penny in their shoe,

The house for cleanly sweeping :
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows, and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fary ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceives it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some filly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says that the Fary left his oaf,
And took away the other.

But

But listen, and I shall you tell,
A chance in Fary that befell,
Which certainly may please some well;
In love and arms delighting :
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fary crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fary Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the fight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed ;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His fauciness he often check'd,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend,
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea, or land, him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing ;
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet, made of emmet's eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously endites,
Conjuring her, by all the rites
Of Love, she would be pleased

To meet him, her true servant, where
They might, without suspect or fear,
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the Queen a fitting bower,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flower,
On Hipcut hill that groweth;
In all your train there's not a Fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that knoweth.

When by Tom Thumb, a Fary page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry :

Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be staid,
For naught must her be letting.

Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell:
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee;
The cover (gallantly to see).
The wing of a pied butterfly,
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abroad it.

She mounts her chariot in a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drop so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their Sovereign ever dear;
Her special maids of honour:

Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
 Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
 Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
 And what with amble, and with trot,
 For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hie them.

A cobweb over them they throw,
 To shield the wind if it should blow,
 Themselves they wisely could bestow,
 Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab awhile,
 Through many a gate, o'er many a file,
 That now has gotten by this wile,
 Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
 And tell how Oberon doth fare,
 Who grew as mad as any hare,
 When he had fought each place with care,
 And found his Queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
 He rent his cloaths, and tore his hair,
 And as he runneth here and there,
 An acorn cup he greeteth;
 Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
 About his head he lets it walk,
 Nor doth he any creature baulk,
 But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan Poet* doth advance
The frantic Palatine of France;
And those more ancient do enhance
Alcides in his fury;
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure you.

And first encountering with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
Where is my wife, thou rogue, quoth he,
Pigwiggen, she is come to thee,
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me:

Whereat the poor wasp, quaking,
Cries, Oberon! great Fary King,
Content thee, I am no such thing,
I am a wasp, behold my sting:

At which the Fary started:
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frightened so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd, they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night,)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;

* Tasso.

N. 4.

And

And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail,
He thrasht her rough coat with his flail,
The mad King fear'd no evil.

A new adventure him betides,
He met an ant which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble ;
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And falling down into a lake
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth flake,
He calleth for a ferry ;
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club, he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy spoken ;
Hoh, hoh ! quoth Hob, God save thy grace,
Who drest thee in this piteous case ?
He thus that spoil'd my Sovereign's face,
I would his neck were broken.

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us ;
And, leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay
Hob doth with laughter leave us.

Dear Puck (quoth he) my wife is gone ;
As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her ;
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile thief, Pigwiggen's head,
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her.

Quoth Puck, My liege I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Untill at length I bring her in,
My dearest Lord ne'er doubt it ;
Thorough brake, and thorough brier,
Thorough muck, and thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia over-heard,
That on this mad King had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this business broaching ;

And

And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her Sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The Queen, bound with Love's powerful'st charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm,
Her merry maids that thought no harm:

About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautboy; every maid
Fit for this revels was array'd,
The horn-pipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,

I posted to forewarn you:
The King hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you.

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down,
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:

They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,
For haste some left their masks behind;
Some could not stay their gloves to find,
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,

Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore was resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In the end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel-root,

There scatter'd by a squirrel:
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this Fay, Dear Queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll fet you safe from peril.

Come all into this nut (quoth she)
Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chooser be,

For room you need not wrastle.
Nor need you be together heapt:
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they foundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this wile doth watch,
Perceiv'd, if Puck the Queen should catch,
That he should be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;

Found:

Found it must be some powerful charm,
The Queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had fought her.

And listening if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear :
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her ;
Each circumstance and having scan'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-feed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misseltoe :
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade strews to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hindereth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despise him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew ;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From Lunary distilling :
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall,
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fayrie was so willing.

Then

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times doth leap;

Her magic much availing :

Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

“ By the croaking of the frog,
By the howling of the dog,
By the crying of the hog,

Against the storm arising :

By the evening curfew-bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprizing.

“ By the mandrake’s dreadful groans,

By the lubrican’s sad moans,

By the noise of dead mens’ bones

In charnel-houses rattling :

By the hissing of the snake,

The rustling of the fire-drake,

I charge thee, thou this place forsake,

Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

“ By the whirlwind’s hollow sound,

By the thunder’s dreadful stound,

Yells of spirits under ground,

I charge thee not to fear us :

By

By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:

When presently the Puck espies,
And well she mark'd his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But, once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin;
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels,
Alas, his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles;
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briers and brambles.

A plague

A plague upon Queen Mab, quoth he,
And all her maids, where-e'er they be!
I think the Devil guided me,
To seek her so provoked:
Where, stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choaked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar;
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted fore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the Queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out;
Queen Mab and all her Fayrie rout:
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distrougt,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queen had fought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:

For that she is a Queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast lay'd this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,

Yet could it not be pierced :
His spear abent, both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long :
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was made of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,

No point should be prevailing :
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That was able to strike one dead,

Yet did it well become him :
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle :

He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round ;
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant Knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin ;

Quoth he, " Thou manly Fayrie,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard ;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy

Do publickly proclaim him :
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fayrie crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
Nor we a King should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his Sovereign vilify'd,
But to the Fayrie court him hy'd ;
Full furiously he posted,

With every thing Pigwiggen said;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint,
For Tomalin could do it:

How fair he fate, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did;
The King he listen'd to it.

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,

By thee I will be guided:
To straight account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In every thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fayrie land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand,

Betwixt those Fairies mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fayrie knew
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore,

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps, she wades,
To Proserpine the Queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone ;
And come we to King Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying ;
Who fought the Fayrie King as fast,
And had so well his journeys cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
They perfect were in every thing
To single fights belonging :
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear,
That either had been either :

Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way,
Their staves upon their rests they lay :
Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That, on their knightly faith and troth,
No magick them supplied ;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously thay ran,
That to the ground came horse and man,
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters :
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own,
Such nimbleness was never shewn ;
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet ;
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left :
These champions would not budge yet.

Away

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew;

They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them inclose;

When well she had them blended,
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing,
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwigen, one to one,

Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd,
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:

So that the Knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril :

“ Which here, quoth she, I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That, as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
That first you drink this liquor ;
Which shall your understanding clear,
As plainly shall to you appear ;
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker.”

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, and of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted :
Of it nor can you ever think,
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink
Of what had them besotted.

King

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad,
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither :
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'er they had each other fought;
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing :
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt-up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,
With one another jesting :
And to the Fayrie court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WHAT time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,

And that the fleck-hair'd nymphs were seen,
To seek them summer bowers ;

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills

To find where Cynthia sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
The Echos wondered at.

When me upon my quest to bring,

That pleasure might excel,
The birds strove which should sweetliest sing,
The flowers which should sweetest smell.

Long wandering in the woods, said I,

Oh, whither 's Cynthia gone ?
When soon the Echo doth reply
To my last word, *Go on.*

At length upon a lofty fir,

It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her
Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,

The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And

And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,
As though it should forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,
Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest,
That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops in the steps that stood,
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs amongst their dainty food
Drank, for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand where she had trod,
Untouch'd yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly shew'd
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk,
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With every thing I saw.

I ask'd some lilies, why so white
They from their fellows were;
Who answer'd me, that "Cynthia's sight
Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd

I ask'd a nodding violet, why
It sadly hung the head ;
It told me, " Cynthia late pass'd by,
Too soon from it she fled."

A bed of roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace :
Besides, so wondrous sweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place.

I of a shrub of those enquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such virtue them inspir'd,
It answer'd (to my mind),

" As the base hemlock were we such,
The poison'dst weed that grows,
Till Cynthia, by her god-like touch,
Transform'd us to the rose :

Since when those frosts that winter brings,
Which candy every green,
Renew us like the teeming springs,
And we thus fresh are seen."

At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted ;
The bank with daffadillies dight,
With grafs like sleave was matted.

When I demanded of that well,
What power frequented there ;
Desiring it would please to tell
What name it us'd to bear.

It told me, "it was Cynthia's own,
 Within whose chearful brims
 That curious nymph had oft been known
 To bathe her snowy limbs.

Since when that water had the power
 Lost maiden-heads to restore,
 And make one twenty in an hour,
 Of Æson's age before :"

And told me, "that the bottom clear,
 Now laid with many a set
 Of feed-pearl, ere she bath'd her there,
 Was known as black as jet."

When chance me to an arbor led,
 Whereas I might behold
 Two blest Elysiums in one sted,
 The less the great enfold.

The place which she had chosen out,
 Herself in to repose:
 Had they come down, the Gods no doubt
 The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
 That sweet, nor dainty flower,
 That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
 Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
 Like friends did all embrace ;
 And their large branches did display,
 To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear,
Upon a rosy bed;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she laid her head.

Heaven on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties blest:
No limb of hers but might have made
A Goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesht in her hair,
By the bright radiance thrown
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
Her breath did so refine,
That it with woodbine durst compare,
And beard the eglantine.

The dew which on the tender grafs
The evening had distill'd,
To pure rose-water turned was,
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir:
Whilst, tuning to the water's fall,
The small birds sang to her,

Where she too quickly me espies,
When I might plainly see
A thousand Cupids from her eyes
Shoot all at once at me.

“ Into these secret shades, cried she,
 How dar’st thou be so bold
 To enter, consecrate to me,
 Or touch this hallow’d mold ?

Those words, she said, I can pronounce
 Which to that shape can bring
 Thee, which the hunter had who once
 Saw Dian in the spring.”

“ Bright nymph, again I thus reply,
 This cannot me affright :
 I had rather in thy presence die,
 Than live out of thy sight.

I first upon the mountains high
 Built altars to thy name ;
 And grav’d it on the rocks thereby,
 To propagate thy fame.

I taught the shepherds on the downs,
 Of thee to frame their lays :
 ’Twas I that fill’d the neighbouring towns
 With ditties of thy praise.

Thy colours I devis’d with care,
 Which were unknown before ;
 Which since that, in their braided hair,
 The Nymphs and Sylvans wore.

Transform me to what shape you can,
 I pass not what it be :
 Yea what most hateful is to man,
 So I may follow thee.”

Which

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view ;
Quoth she, " Most welcome to these woods,
Too mean for one so true.

Here from the hateful world we'll live,
A den of mere despight ;
To idiots only that doth give,
Which be her sole delight.

To people the infernal pit,
That more and more doth strive,
Where only villainy is wit,
And Devils only thrive.

Whose vileness us shall never awe :
But here our sports shall be,
Such as the golden world first saw,
Most innocent and free.

Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill ;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures, and which can kill.

The waxen palace of the bee
We seeking will surprize,
The curious workmanship to see,
Of her full-laden thighs.

We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
And make the Gods repine :
As they do feast in Jove's great room,
To see with what we dine.

Yet when there haps a honey-fall,
 We 'll lick the fyrapt leaves :
 And tell the bees that theirs is gall,
 To this upon the greaves.

The nimble squirrel noting here,
 Her mossy dray that makes,
 And laugh to see the lusty deer
 Come bounding o'er the brakes.

The spider's web to watch we 'll stand,
 And when it takes the bee,
 We 'll help out of the tyrant's hand
 The innocent to free.

Sometime we 'll angle at the brook,
 The freckled trout to take,
 With filken worms, and bait the hook,
 Which him our prey shall make.

Of meddling with such subtle tools,
 Such dangers that enclose,
 The moral is, that painted fools
 Are caught with filken shows.

And when the moon doth once appear,
 We 'll trace the lower grounds,
 When Fairies in their ringlets there
 Do dance their nightly rounds :

And have a flock of turtle-doves,
 A guard on us to keep,
 As witness of our honest loves,
 To watch us till we sleep."

Which

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
 To overspread my breast,
 As lent life to my chaste desires,
 And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
 On Earth Heaven's only pride ;
 Let her be mine, and let who list
 Take all the world beside.

T O A L A D Y,
 WHO ASK'D, "WHAT IS LOVE?"

LOVE'S no irregular desire,
 No sudden start of raging pain,
 Which in a moment grows a fire,
 And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad Sonneteer,
 Who sings of darts, despair, and chains,
 And by whose senseless verse 'tis clear,
 He wants not only heart, but brains.

Nor is it centred in the Beau,
 Who sighs by rule, in order dies,
 Whose all consists in outward shew,
 And want of wit by dress supplies.

No, Love is something so divine,
 Description would but make it less;
 'Tis what I know, but can't define,
 'Tis what I feel, but can't express.

NEREIDES: OR, SEA-ECLOGUES.

BY MR. JOHN DIAPER*, 1712.

“VENUS orta mari.

“Sic, sic juvat ire sub UNDAS.”

T O M R. C O N G R E V E.

AS Merchants, whose sunk trade and ebbing stocks
 Fear every storm, and dread the lurking rocks,
 Above its real worth their bark ensure,
 Then careless hug themselves, and sleep secure,

They

* Of the life of this ingenious poet, but few particulars are known. He was bred at Baliol College, Oxford; and by publishing the Eclogues here re-printed obtained the patronage of Swift, who thus describes the author and his poem: “Here is a young fellow has writ some sea-eclogues, poems of mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds; and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids Tritons, natives of the sea.—His name is Diaper. I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise; yet when they do rise, I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels, and thrust us off the stage.” Journal to Stella, March 12, 1711-12. “The author of the Sea-Eclogues sent books to the Society yesterday, and we gave him guineas apiece; and may do further for him.” Ib. March 21. On the 23d of December Mr. Diaper presented to Lord Bolingbroke a new philosophical poem, “The Dryades, or the Nymph’s Prophecy,” (re-printed in Poetical Calendar, vol. IX. p. 17.) “which, says Swift, is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from

They hear of wrecks, and fear no inward pain,
 But seeming losses bring a real gain.
 So, would your smiles protect the fearful Muse,
 The vulgar praise I would with scorn refuse.
 By you approv'd, condemn'd by all beside,
 I'd court my fate, and swell with careless pride.
 Since novel treats our modern gusts pursue,
 I hop'd at least to please by something new.
 The Muse long sought the woods and mossy caves,
 Despis'd the seas, and fear'd the rolling waves,
 The flowery meadows and the whispering trees
 Have oft been sung, and will hereafter please.

my Lord: and I have contrived to make a Parson of him, for he is half one already, being in Deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town. It is a poor little short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make Lord Keeper give him a living." Two months after this, Swift kindly visited him "in a nasty garret, very sick; and gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke." Unfortunately for the poor poet, his friends lost their power before they had an opportunity of providing for him; and he died a country curate, in 1717, in the 29th year of his age. Besides the "Nereides" and "Dryades," he published an imitation of an Ode of Horace, which is printed in the Supplement to Swift; assisted Mr. Rowe in the translation of Quillet's "Callipædia," of which the first half of Book IV. is by Mr. Diaper; and left behind him in MS. a translation of the three first books of Oppian's Halieutics, which were printed by subscription, in 8vo. 1722, with the remainder of the work executed by Mr. Jones, who was likewise of Baliol College. N.

Cool shady grotts, and gently rising hills,
 And the soft murmurs of complaining rills,
 In ancient verse describ'd, their sweets convey,
 And still succeeding Bards repeat the grateful lay.
 But the vast unseen mansions of the deep,
 Where secret groves with liquid amber weep,
 Where blushing sprigs of knotty coral spread
 And gild the azure with a brighter red,
 Were still untouch'd —

Beside, the Muse has no envenom'd rage,
 No party-wars her innocence engage,
 Nor partial falsehoods stain the guilty page.
 She loves no pompous sound, no lofty strain,
 Nor soars to sense obscure with aukward pain,
 But would plain songs in artless verse contrive,
 And, humbly modest, only asks to dive.
 Joys free and undisturb'd, and endless loves,
 The Triton seeks, and every Nymph approves *.

}
 But

* I shall not here repeat what Ælian and Pliny among the Antients, or Olaus Magnus, Rhannusius, Alvarez, and other Moderns, have writ concerning Sea-animals in human shape; which probably gave occasion to the Nereids, Tritons, and Syrens of the Antient Poets, and all the numerous Court of Neptune and Tethys. I shall not pretend to decide whether these Marines have not sometimes (at least as to their outward parts) been found with bodies proportionable, and similar to ours; or whether the Sea-nymph be (as she is usually painted) like Horace's

Mulier formosa superne.

P 2

“ With

But should the harmless pen have no regard,
 Your name (like sacred spells that charm when heard) }
 From blasting tongues secures the tender Bard ;
 The beauteous nymphs to your protection throng,
 And beg you would not scorn the humble song :

As

“ With lovely face, and flowing hair,

“ The Nereid looks divinely fair ;

“ But, ah ! no further seek to know,

“ A fishy tail is all below.”

Of this kind was the Girl kept at Harleim, who was so far rational as to be taught to spin, to understand those about her, and to express her devotions at prayers. We have an account in our English Chronicles of a Sea-inhabitant taken entirely human. Nay, if we believe History, the Sea has, as Du Bartas expresses it, the Mitred Bishop, and the Cowled Fryar. Alexander ab Alexandro, after several other stories of the like nature, gives us the following relation, which, because it carries with it an air of truth, and is somewhat agreeable, I shall translate at length. “ Theodorus Gaza, says he, a learned Greek, living in the Peloponnesus, saw a Nereid, with shoals of other fish, driven to shore by the violence of a sudden storm : her face was perfectly human, and not disagreeable ; her body scaly, and from the middle downward she seems to have been not unlike our common Sign-post Mermaids. The people flocked together to see this strange monster ; who, when she perceived there was no possibility of escaping, shewed all the marks of sorrow and distress. But, when the water had quite left her, and she saw herself exposed as an object of wonder to the multitude, she fetched the deepest sighs that grief could express, and burst out at length into a flood of tears.

As Indian travellers wild beasts affright
 By kindled fires, and screen themselves with light.
 So Critic-wits, like other brutes of prey,
 From a surrounding brightness flink away.
 Men dare not censure (even when they ought)
 If Virgil will approve what Mævius wrote.

tears. Gaza, who was a man naturally tender and compassionate, took pity on this distressed Lady, and persuaded the people to suffer her to return to her native element." The same Author tells us, that Georgius Trapezuntius (another famous modern Greek) affirmed "That he saw, as he was walking on the shore, a handsome Girl from the waste upwards, who, by her often diving, seemed sporting herself in the water; and when she perceived she was discovered, immediately disappeared." However it be, the antient Nymphs and Nereids, and the modern Mermaids, are sufficient grounds to free the supposition from absurdity, or extravagance: and since we have gone so far as to have found inhabitants in the Planets, I hope I shall not be condemned for having discovered the manners and conversation of a people nearer home: besides we know, that the agreeable images, which are drawn from things on Earth, have been long since exhausted; but it will be allowed, that the beauties (as well as the riches) of the Sea are yet in a great measure untouched: and those who have made attempts that way, have only given us a few Piscatory Eclogues, like the first coasters, that always keep within sight of shore, and never venture into the ocean. Lucian indeed has something of this nature; but, as his design was chiefly to expose the Heathen Deities, so it must be owned that the best of our modern productions are owing to those hints, which were taken from that great Wit. DIAPER.

E C L O G U E I.

C Y M O T H O E, G L A U C U S.

C Y M O T H O E.

THINK, Glaucus*, you were once a fishing swain,
 Till, urg'd by potent herbs, you left the plain;
 That you were bred on earth, you fully prove,
 And thence you know to feign deceitful love.
 But think, ingrate, when first you hither came,
 How strange you look'd, how awkwardly you swam.
 When artless first you tried the unknown sea,
 I taught you how to plow the liquid way;
 I shew'd you all the secrets of the deep,
 And vaulted rocks where weary Tritons sleep.
 I shew'd you islands yet unknown to men,
 Where wanton Nereids meet, and sport unseen.
 Oft have I wound in plaits the yielding reed,
 And plac'd the well-wrought garland on your head.
 Oft have I choicest fish with labour caught,
 And the sweet prey to you a present brought.
 To me in vain love-sick Palæmon cried,
 While I regardless pass'd with sullen pride;
 Oft the kind youth would near Cymothoe swim,
 And fondly ask if I would bathe with him.
 Yet you, an earth-born wretch, ungrateful prove,
 No more Cymothoe, but Cyano love;
 Blue-ey'd Cyano love, that matchless fair,
 Though flat her nose, and thin her falling hair;
 The Nymph, whom most despise, and none admire,
 Glaucus alone pursues with fond desire.

* Glaucus was a fisherman, who, by eating a certain herb, is said to have been chang'd into a Sea-god. DIAPER.

Since then I am (too credulous) betray'd,
I'll live no more a wretched worthless maid;
Since you are false, I'll leave the hated sea,
And yield myself to fishermen a prey.
I shall on shore be as a monster shown,
And trumpeted for pence through every town,
While you, well pleas'd, with lov'd Cyano toy,
And in some conscious cliff the beauteous Nymph enjoy.
Thus sadly plaining fond Cymothoe said,
And Glaucus thus appeas'd the angry maid.

G L A U C U S.

Cymothoe wrongs her Glaucus, and herself,
To think I languish for that scaly elf.
The wanton Nymph indeed has often strove
To bribe my service, and engage my love,
With gifts of shining pearls; and thought to please
With coral twigs and fragrant ambergris;
But still I fought the trifling maid to shun:
Your love preserves what first your beauty won;
Nor shall I e'er that happy time forget,
When first I left my boat and fishing-net:
And how you taught me artfully to swim,
To dive for pearls, and steepy rocks to climb;
You taught to hunt the shark, and boldly stride
The flouncing horse, and quell his foamy pride.
Believe not, Fair, that I can prove untrue,
Or any Water-beauty love, but you.
No, first the waves shall lose their biting salts,
The winds shall cease to sound in hollow vaults,
And wanton fish shall leave their native seas,
And bask on earth, or browse on leafy trees.

CYMOTHOE.

If Glaucus will be kind, and constant prove,
 Let us review those scenes of former love,
 And sink embracing to th' abyfs below,
 Where spiry herbs and lovely coral grow ;
 The ocean has its groves and gloomy shades,
 And crystal springs below, and cooling glades.
 Fond you once thought that nothing here could please,
 But we have fairer meads and taller trees
 Than you on sun-burnt, sapless earth could boast,
 Whose fading beauties are too quickly lost.
 The glories of the spring are soon defac'd
 By miry storms, and tost by every blast.

But see, the birds in noisy troops are join'd,
 I hear the distant murmurs of the wind.
 The vapours into dark confusion blend,
 And will ere long in sudden spouts descend.
 The angry waves begin their uncouth noise,
 And teeming clouds bring down the falling skies.
 Haste then, my Glaucus, to those peaceful meads
 And reedy plains, where hoary Phorcys feeds
 His numerous herds ; where neither storms nor rain
 Molest the trees, nor incommode the swain ;
 Where unmixt waters are as crystal clear,
 And warm as summer glooms, and fine as air.
 A faintish light shines through the watery green,
 And lets us see enough, but — not be seen ;
 The spangled glories of the plain reveals
 With pebbles chequer'd, and with azure shells.
 Dive, Glaucus, swift, and let us sinking move
 Down to the centre of the world, and — Love.

ECLOGUE

E C L O G U E II.

MELVIN, LARON: TWO TRITONS.

MELVIN.

BE still, fond youth, and cease the rueful noise,
That wide-mouth'd base ill-fuits a squeaking voice:
The shepherd's ruder pipe, or sailor's crowd,
As sweetly echoes, and almost as loud.

LARON.

Rail on, poor Melvin, and with envy swell,
While Pholoe commends the tuneful shell.
She swears beside, I sing like amorous swains,
When with alternate loves they chear the smiling plains.

MELVIN.

Begin, if thou art skill'd in tuneful lay:
Now whispering breezes gentle sounds convey;
The noisy winds in bolted caves are prest,
And now the Halcyon builds her waving nest.

LARON.

I have observing pass'd through different climes,
Can fix the seasons, and adjust the times,
And know what stars, when they oppose or meet,
Will cause, or stormy winds, or falling fleet.

MELVIN.

I've seen the deep o'er-spread with stringy weeds,
And depthless waters look like verdant meads.
I know far distant isles in Northern seas,
Where birds from insects grow, and hang on trees.

LARON.

The Moon commands the waves. Her changing face
Disturbs the whole, and stirs the watery mass;

But

But there are seas which no such influence know,
And rebel-tides that without order flow.

M E L V I N.

Though now 'tis calm, I know those magic spells
Can raise the sleepy winds from rocky cells :
The lowering Heaven looks then with sadder hue,
And dismal storms and frightful wrecks ensue.

L A R O N.

When fatal rocks have split the broken ship,
And shrieking mortals sink into the deep,
If Laron hears the cry, he often saves,
And buoys the floating wretch amidst the angry waves.
On yonder rock I tun'd the passive air,
And Pholoe thought her sister Syren there.
The wanton dolphins joyous danc'd around,
Spouting the waves, and frisk'd at every sound.

M E L V I N.

In that same cliff Cyano sleeping lay,
With labouring haste I cut the yielding way :
I came, and she, glad of the kind surprize,
Still feign'd a sleep, and clos'd her waking eyes.

L A R O N.

Ino repents, and would at length be kind ;
But she's as fickle as the morning wind :
To me her tears and glances are no more
Than crackling bottles on the frothy shore.

M E L V I N.

In steepy rocks the sea-fowl make their nest :
Take heed, ye birds ; for an unwelcome guest
Will steal the speckled eggs, and give the prey
To a kind Nymph, that sports in yonder bay.

L A R O N.

L A R O N.

Peleus, earth-born, his Thetis has enjoy'd ;
But the Wood-nymph, who late at ebbing tide
Measur'd the sandy plain, will come no more :
Ah ! would she love, I could e'en live — on shore.

M E L V I N.

The Manati * his change of pleasure boasts,
Now sports in seas, now grazes on the coast ;
Nature indulges the amphibious kind,
While to our watery home we ever are confin'd.

L A R O N.

Unhappy offspring of the briny main,
Who want a voice to sing, or to complain † !
Though mute yourselves, yet you in shoals will throng,
And joy to hear Laron's delightful song.

M E L V I N.

Fish, Laron, are not mute ; for even now
I hear the distant lowings of the Cow,
While softer breezes breathe in whispers round,
And every wave breaks with a pleasing sound.

* An animal which terminates the boundary between Quadrupeds and Fishes. It cannot be called amphibious, as it never entirely leaves the water, only advancing its head out of the stream, to reach the grass on the river sides. Feeding entirely upon vegetables, it is never found far in the open sea, but chiefly in the large rivers in North America, and near Kamtchatka. Its head and body are shaped like the seal ; and the flesh is supposed to be a greater luxury than turtle. See Goldsmith's Animated Nature, vol. IV. p. 186. N.

† The Manati has no voice nor cry ; for the only noise it makes, is by fetching its breath. Goldsmith, p. 185. N.

L A -

L A R O N.

See yonder gawdy fish, that fluttering springs,
And cuts the liquid air with moisten'd wings;
Strange is his life, but stranger Laron's fate,
Who burns amidst the waves, and pines for heat.

M E L V I N.

Those gilded flyers still in danger move,
Pursued by fish below, by birds above:
So Melvin, flying from Dorinda's eyes,
To Galatea falls an easy prize.

L A R O N.

Old hoary Proteus late I sleeping found
In a dark mossy cave, and clasp'd him round;
In vain to fright with different forms he strove,
I held him fast, and he foretold my love.

M E L V I N.

I for Leucippe stole a fisher's net;
She kiss'd, and vow'd she never would forget:
But they shall nothing lose by what I stole,
For to their boats I drive a numerous shoal.

L A R O N.

A Trident now is mine, which Ceyx own'd,
Made of a Sword-fish, and emboss'd around;
When I bestow it on the amorous maid,
Laron with more than kisses will be paid.

M E L V I N.

Laron is courted by a lovely fair:
Ye Gods! I envy not the happy pair.
Poor dusky-fac'd Melanthe! one would think,
Like Cuttle-fish, she hid herself in ink*.

* When this fish is pursued, and finds a difficulty of escaping, it spouts forth a quantity of black substance by which the waters are darkened, and then it escapes by lying close at the bottom. N.

L A-

L A R O N.

Melanthe still is kind, though coarsely made.
 The Nymph that's kind with kindness must be paid.
 I hate the skittish fair, that flies when woo'd,
 Like fearful Tunnies, when by Sharks pursued.

M E L V I N.

Lobsters * by instinct the Pour-control † fly;
 (For if they see him, they by seeing die);
 But we those dangers seek, we ought to shun,
 And court our fate, and strive to be undone.

L A R O N.

The Polypus, though chang'd, must not escape
 By a false dress, and counterfeited shape;
 So wanton Nymphs awhile with aukward pride
 Deny that passion, which they cannot hide.
 Love will revenge on those, who love inspire,
 And they must heat themselves, who others set on fire.

M E L V I N.

When ebbing tides have emptied half the deep,
 And pointed rocks affright the distant ship,
 The Nereids sit, and comb their flowing hair,
 Or move in tuneful sounds the circling air.
 But, Triton, were no Lover to be caught,
 The hair would be uncomb'd, the song forgot.

L A R O N.

Melvin, a sail comes brisk before the wind.
 Cease then the Song, and may the Nymph be kind:
 For, should we thus appear in human form,
 The frightened Sailor will forebode a storm.

* This circumstance escaped Dr. Goldsmith's notice. N.

† The Porpus. N.

E C L O G U E

E C L O G U E III.

PHORBAS. DRYMON. MELANTHUS.

P H O R B A S.

I SEE a distant fleet, whose towering masts
 Seem a thick grove disrob'd by winter-blasts :
 Bold was the man who fell'd the leafy trees,
 On floating wood to dare th' uncertain seas.

D R Y M O N.

'Twas avarice that push'd those wretches on,
 To seek for distant isles, and lands unknown ;
 While sea-born swains desire no foreign oar,
 Content with sea, and careless of the shore.
 Glaucus, a Mer-man now (but not by birth),
 Has told the customs of those sons of earth :
 Though they have all that's good, and truly rare,
 Yet, envious, think their own too mean a share ;
 For foreign toys they roam to every shore,
 And bring diseases home unknown before.
 By commerce thus humours and fashions blend,
 And what they scorn'd before they now commend.
 Nothing has any worth that's fixt or true,
 But things their value raise by being new.
 Hence endless wars engage the earth-born slave :
 This whets their rage, and ever makes them brave.
 I late unseen saw from a distant rock
 Two vast machines engage in clouds of smoke ;
 The winds were high, and ruffled all the main :
 But, when the fight with louder noise began,

And

And bellowing iron-tubes their sulphur fir'd,
 The Gods afraid with drooping wings retir'd;
 Boreas himself was hush'd in trembling air;
 The sea grew calm, and all the sky was fair.
 Oft have I punish'd that ambitious wight
 Who thus entrenches on the Mer-man's right:
 Who, born on earth, yet leaves his native glades,
 And to his own prefers the watery meads;
 Oft have I strove to burst the yielding planks,
 And force the leaky ship on sandy banks:
 But see, Melanthus comes, who, blithe and gay,
 Like a fed Porpoise frisks in wanton play
 What happy chance has pleas'd the smiling boy?
 The nymph he loves is sure no longer coy.

M E L A N T H U S.

Ye Gods! would proud Parthenoe now appear,
 With fiercest rage I'd seize the trembling fair;
 Neither her anger nor her tears should move,
 My blood's on fire, and I am full of Love.
 My head's so wondrous light, I scarcely find
 Whether I move on waves or dance on wind.

D R Y M O N.

So alter'd, Triton! whence proceeds this change,
 So unexpected, sudden, and so strange?
 A settled melancholy gloom but now
 Seem'd, like a storm, to hang upon your brow;
 Disconsolate you look'd, and nought could please,
 No herb was found to cure the fond disease.

MELANTHUS.

If I can use my tongue, I'll tell thee, Love,
 What does my soul to sudden transports move :
 Meeting the scatter'd ruins of a wreck,
 As shiver'd masts, planks, and a broken deck,
 Amidst the rest a floating cask I found
 Stopt up with artful care, and strongly bound,
 Curious to know what was within contain'd,
 With cautious fear I search'd ; my fingers stain'd
 Came forth all moisten'd with a juicy red ;
 But, oh ! the Gods ne'er on such nectar fed.
 Pleas'd with the heavenly taste and spicy smell,
 I quaff'd full bowls in a capacious shell.
 Ye Gods ! if earthy men thus live, and drink,
 Give me the land—the sea's a worthless sink.
 The precious draughts my fainting spirits cheer ;
 I, thus inspir'd, no mortal Mer-man fear.
 I rule the boundless seas, and now I reign
 Sole Lord and mighty Monarch of the main.
 This oil has so inflam'd my secret fire,
 I burn impatient with the fierce desire.
 No Nymph, or old, or ugly, now I scorn ;
 Ev'n blear-ey'd Opis now would serve the turn.
 Parthenoe hates, nor do I greatly care ;
 For, now, the Nymph that's kind, is only fair.

PHORBAS.

Melanthus raves ; what magic spell is this,
 Which feeds the happy youth with fancy'd blifs ?
 I long to taste the juice that thus inspires
 Fond Hopes, self-pleasing Loves, and gay Desires.

ECLOGUE

E C L O G U E IV.

M U R Æ N A. P A L Æ M O N.

M U R Æ N A.

FROM this high cliff is an unusual view,
 And here our eyes uncommon scenes pursue.
 I see the verdure of yon distant plains,
 Where bleating flocks are fed by tuneful swains.
 But, ah ! how wretched are those earth-born slaves,
 Compar'd with us, who cut through shining waves !
 They are expos'd to cold, expos'd to heat,
 In different seasons mourn a different fate ;
 Uneasy, still the wretched caitiff moves
 To breezy mountains, or to sheltering groves.
 While we no cloathing need, no change of rules,
 The sea in Winter warms, in Summer cools.
 I 've seen the labouring plow-man's daily toil,
 For a new crop to fit the stubborn soil ;
 While Heaven supplies our wants without our sweat,
 We ne'er are hungry, but we have to eat.
 Why should we thus by partial Heaven be blest ;
 With neither grief, nor doubt, nor toil, oppress ;
 While those on earth of happiness despair,
 In pain and anguish die, and live in care ?

P A L Æ M O N.

I 've heard (for thus the wise Melampus said)
 Two different kinds of men by Heaven were made,
 The one to swim and sport in briny seas,
 Th' other to range on earth, or sit at ease
 Under the covert of the shadowing trees.

VOL. V.

Q

To

To each a guardian spirit was assign'd,
 To guide their passions, and inform their mind :
 But he on earth, ingrate, would wildly rove,
 Despis'd his Maker, and abus'd his love
 Enrag'd at this, the guardian Dæmon flew,
 And bad him his own blinded will pursue.
 Thus earthy men, deserted by their guide,
 Can't rule their giddy thoughts, nor stem the coming tide;
 But still are doom'd slaves to their darling lust,
 Are all deceitful, cruel, and unjust ;
 Restless desires their wearied soul distract,
 They know not what they are, nor why they act :
 While we, content with what the Gods approve,
 Do nought but ever sing, and ever love.

MURÆNA.

But see —

The tide swells on the shore, and forward creeps,
 And with new slime besmears the sandy heaps.
 What makes this constant flux? I've often thought
 The cause is wondrous, and in vain I sought.

PALÆMON.

The cause is wondrous plain ; the wise will prove,
 The nature of a fluid is to move :
 In every liquid there's a constant roll ;
 An eddy, though unseen, disturbs the whole.
 The gliding parts with secret motion flow ;
 Were they at rest, they would to hardness grow.
 As washings, left in rocks, by Winter's frost
 Are fix'd to solid ice, and all the motion's lost.

M U R Æ N A.

Happy are those who know the secret cause
 Of strange effects, and Nature's hidden laws.
 But leave the rocks ; for rising fogs appear,
 And cold land-breezes chill the troubled air.

E C L O G U E V.

M E R G U S. L Y C O N.

M E R G U S.

LYCON, begin — begin the mournful tale;
 You know what 'tis, to love, and not prevail :
 Describe Pafinthal in his daily moan,
 How much he lov'd, and how he was undone.

L Y C O N.

Ungrateful Iöessa, vainly coy,
 And proud of youthful charms, despis'd the boy ;
 Has left the calmer sea's pacific arms,
 Where constant heat the smiling ocean warms,
 To shun the youth : (such is the power of Hate!)
 Some windy bay is now her lone retreat.
 In vain Pafinthal fought in every cave,
 In every creek, and mark'd each rising wave ;
 To every isle he rov'd with wild despair,
 And ask'd, if Iöessa had been there.
 In vain he has the fruitless search pursued,
 For she is gone, and will no more be woo'd.
 Pierc'd with the killing thought, the lover sighs,
 And stills the rising storms with louder cries :

While thus he sadly plains : “ In mournful rounds,
The air through hollow rocks repeats the distant sounds,
Each winding cavern tells the fruitless care,
And every rock upbraids the absent Fair ;
By the sad echoes which it still returns,
It seems to pity when the Triton mourns :
But the coy Nymph, deaf to the Mer-man’s cry,
Is still unmov’d, and makes no kind reply.”
While thus Pafinthus plain’d, the dolphins came,
And wept to hear his moan ; the Nereids swam
In beauteous crowds around, and thus they said :
“ Weep not, fond Triton, for a peevish maid ;
Though she is gone, let not the youth despair,
For there are kinder Nymphs, and Nymphs as fair.”
But, Mergus, Love is deaf as well as blind ;
The best advice is thought the most unkind.
Restless he goes from the fair pitying throng,
To a dark cave, where sea-cows lay their young.
A silent grot sad as his thoughts he found,
Where frightful gloom and horrors fate around.
There on its slimy bottom carelessly laid,
He sigh’d, and wept ; he sigh’d, and then he said :
“ Have I then lov’d, to be repaid with scorn ?
Ye Gods ! ’tis hard, too cruel to be borne !
What ? have I poison’d too the hated sea,
That Iöessa leaves her home for me ?
Had you but told, had you your hatred shown,
I would have lov’d unpity’d, and unknown ;
By my own flight I had prevented yours,
And, banish’d hence, retir’d to distant shores,

Where

Where rigid lasting cold, and northern blasts,
 O'er whiten'd lands a pearly shining cast;
 Where icy flakes like floating isles appear,
 And fiercely meet; the noise you'll dread to hear,
 Nor can your tender limbs the piercing climate bear.
 Muscles in shoals on mighty whales attend,
 Who feed the worthless fish, and court the puny friend.
 Fierce sharks by gentle usage are reclaim'd,
 But female pride is savage and untam'd.
 Go then, ingrate, whom Love could never please,
 To boisterous channels, and to foreign seas,
 Where rocks, like you unmov'd, with careless pride
 Repulse the waves, and check the rising tide."

Thus the unhappy youth was heard to moan;
 The winds to sigh, the hollow seem'd to groan,
 And dropping tears fell from the weeping stone.

M E R G U S.

Thy song's more grateful than a Summer's breeze,
 Whose cooling breath and gentle fannings please,
 And move in wanton rings the listening seas.
 Not half so sweet, when first the morning dawns,
 Are juicy Oysters, or the luscious Prawns.
 But now the sun is dipt in cooling streams;
 The twilight is no more; no doubtful gleams
 Of weaker light the flitting shades divide,
 But they unmixt prevail, and every object hide.
 The sea is heard with deeper sound to roar,
 And slumbering waters may be said to snore.
 Each Nymph is stretching on her oozy bed,
 And scarce a Fish pops up his sleepy head;

Those who were clung to rocks, the shelly heap,
 Drop from their hold, and fall into the deep.
 Nature herself is still, her labours cease,
 And all lies wrapt in silence and inactive ease.

E C L O G U E VI.

LYCON, ANTHIS, CETE.

LYCON.

ANTHIS and Cete comb'd their flowing hair,
 And tun'd to pleasing sounds the trembling air,
 While hoary Phorcys sat on floating weed,
 And slowly drove th' unwilling herd to feed.
 Attend, ye Fish, and all around me throng,
 While I repeat the Nymph's alternate song.

ANTHIS.

"Think, how to-day a gentle western breeze
 With pleasing gales danc'd on the circling seas,
 It swept the calmer surface of the main,
 And smooth'd the waters to a smiling plain;
 But now diffusive sweets from spicy hills
 Are borne on Eastern winds, and waft their blended smells.
 The Dolphins lash the waves with bending tails,
 And every ship with speedy current sails.
 Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled mind?"

The restless Fish, who left the open sea,
 And swam to every creek and winding bay,
 To th' ocean now in shoals return again,
 While empty nets deceive the fishing swain.

Now shortening days are griev'd by northern isles,
 While, from increasing cold and snowy wilds,
 The starving birds in numerous flocks repair
 To happier climates, and to warmer air.

Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled mind?

Though late the tides have threaten'd all the coast,
 Now, since the waning Moon her strength has lost,
 They own their weakness, and are heard no more,
 But, creeping, hardly cover half the shore :
 When she directs, the swelling floods increase,
 And founding waters raise the troubled seas ;
 But when she horned frowns, the tumults cease,
 The waves are still, and hush'd in fullen peace.

Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled mind?

The conscious fish the heavenly motions feel,
 And thus, confin'd within his native shell,
 All dry and lean the mournful Oyster lies,
 (And Fishers then the tasteless prey despise) ;
 But when the Moon looks down all over bright,
 They juicy grow, nourish'd with heavenly light.

Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled mind?

Calthinoë lov'd a Triton-youth, and swore,
 Her heart (thus fix'd by him) should rove no more.
 But, when repeated loves began to cloy,
 The wiser nymph embrac'd a kinder boy."

I. Y C O N.

Thus Anthus fung ; and Cete thus reply'd,
While angry winds oppos'd the rising tide :

C E T E.

“ Resistless charms are in a lovely face,
But spotless Virtue has a nobler grace.
Alcon did never yet inconstant rove,
Or break repeated vows, or change his love.
Careful he shuns the streights and narrow seas,
Where altering scenes the fickle Mer-man please.
For all is restless and unsettled there ;
The waves and winds alike inconstant are.
But the unfathom'd deep is still the same,
And always smiling with an easy calm.
The waters here a constant peace maintain,
And in soft murmurs lovingly complain.
The winds themselves are not uncertain here,
But their fix'd seasons know, each circling year.
From th' East the Summer trade-winds never fail
To sweep the ocean with a fresher gale.
Such is his love ; no change it undergoes,
By Reason fix'd, and no repentance knows.”

L Y C O N.

Thus said the nymph ; and now the day retires,
While sparkling waves appear like kindled fires.
The distant rocks shine with deceitful light,
And thus increase the terrors of the night,

E C L O G U E VII.

S T U R I O, H I P P I A S, M I R A.

S T U R I O.

T H E waves are still, and the unclouded day
 Smiles on the murmuring sea with joyous light.
 Begin the song, while wanton Dolphins play,
 And the bright sun and pleasing calms invite.

H I P P I A S.

Happy the youth whom beauteous Mira loves.
 No nymph so nimbly swims, so graceful moves:
 When to soft words she tunes her artful tongue,
 The Winds themselves will listen to her song.

S T U R I O.

Anthis I saw, and to my envy'd eyes
 The circling blood with conscious ardour flies.
 When Anthis smiles, joy fills the swelling veins;
 Nor Winter-calms, nor Summer's gentle rains,
 Are half so grateful to the fishing swains.
 Her rising breasts are white as polish'd shells,
 And in each part a different beauty dwells.

H I P P I A S.

When Mira frowns, though all the sky was fair,
 The clouds return, and thick the moisten'd air;
 The smiling heaven, whene'er she looks serene,
 Puts on its azure, and the sea its green.

S T U R I O.

When first a glance from Galatea's eyes
 Pierc'd through my heart, and did my soul surprize,
 Amaz'd I fell —
 Beauty itself too powerful will affright;
 No lightning moves so swift, or shines so bright.

H I P P I A S.

HIPPIAS.

The Cramp-fish * touch'd benumbs with sudden pain,
 And shivering horror strikes through every vein.
 But by one distant look from her I lov'd
 My blood grew stagnate, and I stood unmov'd.

STURIO.

We curse the dog, and loath the shapeless bat,
 As sad forerunners of unlucky fate :
 These we deform'd and frightful monsters call ;
 But they, each in their kind, are beauteous all ;
 Fondly we love, and without reason hate,
 And worship idols which ourselves create.

HIPPIAS.

Beauty 's a shining spark of heavenly fire,
 That kindles in the soul immense desire ;
 It draws with pleasing force the willing mind ;
 Beauty divine like this we seldom find :
 Few things are truly fair, though perfect in their kind. }

STURIO.

Who Mira loves, when Clytie appears,
 Coarse tasteless Thornback to the Sole prefers.
 I her pale cheeks and languid looks despise ;
 Well may she kill ; for Death is in her eyes.

* The wonderful electric properties of the Torpedo, which so long remained a mystery to the philosophers, and which Dr. Goldsmith (vol. VI. p. 262.) was "content to dismiss in "obscurity," have lately been most satisfactorily developed by John Walsh esq. John Hunter esq. and Dr. Ingen Housz, three very distinguished ornaments of the Royal Society. See Phil. Trans. vol. LXIV. p. 464. vol. LXV. p. 1. N.

H I P P I A S.

I hate the full-cheek'd Blowze and flushing Maid,
 Whose angry red makes every youth afraid:
 Such flaming Nymphs want every real grace;
 They cool our passion, while they burn our face.

S T U R I O.

Envy is pale, and pale is sad Despair.
 Can Mira then be pale, and yet be fair?
 The water-lilies are a faintish sweet.
 I know an island-grove, where Nereids meet;
 There blushing beds of beauteous roses grow,
 From whom diffusive smells in fragrant circles flow.

H I P P I A S.

Would Mira yield to love, would she comply,
 Her cheeks would colour with a fresher die.
 But though ev'n now she wants no graceful charm,
 Her voice kills farther than her eyes can harm.
 Nereus himself above the waves appear'd,
 She sung—and he with secret pleasure heard,
 And listening smil'd, and stroak'd his hoary beard. }
 While Doris stood afar, and jealous grew, [ensue.
 With watchful eyes she look'd, and fear'd what might

S T U R I O.

So have I heard one praise the chattering pie,
 And swear the coots with artful musick cry:
 But hark—ev'n now I hear some distant song.

H I P P I A S.

'Tis Mira's voice; I know her warmbling tongue.
 Move, Sturio, softly on; then sudden rise,
 And in her wanton song the easy Nymph surprize.

E C L O G U E VIII.

P R O T E U S.

PROTEUS had sent his scaly herd to feed,
 And slumber'd on a bed of slimy weed;
 Ino and Cete thither chanc'd to stray,
 They saw, and seiz'd him as he sleeping lay:
 Anxious for flight, now flashing flame he seems,
 Now softly glides away in melting streams.
 But they fast held him, till he smiling said,
 "With songs, nay more than songs, you shall be paid."
 He then began—
 To sing of truths, unknown, unheard before,
 While all the sea was still, and winds were heard no more.
 He sung the world's first birth, and wondrous frame,
 How bodies all from one great fluid came.
 Of different parts compos'd, a liquid mass
 Incessant mov'd in the unbounded space:
 (The essence of a fluid is confess'd
 To move, and to be solid is to rest)
 And as they flow, all fluids ever bend
 To fly around, and to a circle tend;
 Thus a true chaos did at first arise
 From moving globules of a different size;
 But finer atoms were more free to move,
 And with the sluggish parts too active strove
 Till they had prest them down from those above:
 'Twas then th' unsullied light did first appear,
 And the bright æther shone unmixt with grosser air.
 At length, by tedious time and slow degrees,
 Was form'd the centre of unfathom'd seas,

Made

Made of large globules, which th' aerial sphere
By motion thrust from it, and settled here;
Then first the ocean knew his constant place,
And th' azure deep unveil'd his smiling face.
'Tis motion makes (when different bodies meet)
What gravity we call, and pressing weight;
While restless fluids ever drive below
Bodies more solid, or that move too slow.
Long roll'd the Sea before the Earth appear'd,
No pastures yet were seen, no bleating flocks were heard,
Till th' ocean's constant motion closer prest
An earthy scum, which gathering still increas'd;
But here th' intrinsic fluids still remain,
And hardest metal will its flux regain.
Whene'er dissolv'd, the parts their freedom know,
And with new joy again they love to flow.

He sung, how Heaven, displeas'd with earthy man,
Disturb'd the seas; how all the mass began
To move enrag'd; the motion thus increas'd,
The sinking earth down to the centre press'd;
Such was the antient deluge, when the flood
Pour'd o'er the plains, and on the mountains stood;
While earth-born mortals too absurdly teach
That solid bodies to the centre reach.
Ere land was seen, the ocean had its birth,
And now th' abyss supports the shallow crust of earth.

Thus Proteus sung, and sung—yet more divine,
How souls unbody'd act, and how incline;
That knowledge now is at the best no more,
But a research of what we knew before.

The

The soul, as yet to no dull body join'd,
 Sees all ideas in th' Eternal Mind;
 The native beams are fullied and obscur'd,
 And, quench'd at once, in grosser clay immur'd,
 Till, rouz'd at length by thought and studious care,
 Like latent sparks with sudden light they glare.
 Gladly the conscious mind the hint pursues,
 And rising images with wonder views;
 Now finds she long before existence had,
 And, that those truths were rather found than made.
 Thus science grafted does on ignorance grow;
 Men lose to find, and turn unwise to know.
 Folly their fancy'd knowledge does create;
 The greatest hardship this of human fate,
 With pain they learn, what they with ease forget.

The God thus ended his mysterious lay,
 When, ruddy to the waves, sunk the declining day.

E C L O G U E IX.

PALÆMON, HIPPIAS.

PALÆMON.

THE hollow winds blow hoarsely; as they fly,
 They seem to plain, and every puff's a sigh.
 Tears follow sighs, and now the rainy floods
 In mournful streams descend from melting clouds.

HIPPIAS.

Too well I know, tears are provok'd by sighs;
 Grief swells the heaving breast; then upwards flies,
 And, bursting, vents itself through weeping eyes.

When

When Mira frowns, I sudden showers divine,
The clouds are hers, but all the drops are mine.

P A L Æ M O N.

See'st thou yon beauteous arch, that now adorns
And gilds the watery clouds, whose bending horns
Suck up th' admiring sea ? how bright a show !
What lively colours paint the shining bow !
But, ah ! how soon its waning glories fail,
While envious mists and dusky shades prevail !
Such beauty is, so flux, so quickly gone ;
Mira will soon be scorn'd, and hardly known ;
When with wan lips her eyes look faint and dead,
And all the Cupids of her cheeks are fled.

H I P P I A S.

No kind amusement can my thoughts remove :
My soul is fix'd, and all the theme is Love.
Her rising cheeks, set round with flowing hair,
Like the bright moon in dewy nights appear,
When circling haloes guard from her the sight
Of meaner stars, and shine with borrow'd light.
Her lips, that dear, soft, pouting, juicy pair,
(Whose breathings sweet as Eastern breezes are)
Invite to Love, and yet deny the bliss,
Kisses invite, but they refuse to kiss.

P A L Æ M O N.

Ungrateful Love, born of a beauteous face,
Its parent rudely kills, spoils every grace,
And sullies youthful bloom with a too kind embrace.
When once the nymph yields up her envy'd charms,
All to be rifled in the Triton's arms,

She

She grows unwieldy, and her cheeks look pale ;
So flowers by handling fade, so all their colours fail.

HIPPIAS.

Since beauty fades, why should the Nymph be coy ?
Snatch then with eager haste the fleeting joy.
In spite of wrinkled age and eating Time,
Still shall I know that beauty once was mine.
When action 's past, I 'll on reflection live,
And the remembrance shall the bliss revive ;
Such luscious food will ever leave a taste.
Fate cannot reach the pleasure that is past.

E C L O G U E X.

M E R O E, O T Y S.

M E R O E.

OTYS, begin——

Since he is gone, I 'll fetch him to my arms
By sacred spells, and force of magic charms.
Search in the slime, you 'll find the Cramp-fish there,
That, chilling, stops whatever swims too near :
You 'll find the fish, that stays the labouring ship,
Though ruffling winds drive o'er the noisy deep :
So Phorbas, while from me he perjur'd flies,
Is struck benumb'd, and fix'd with strange surprize.

Look down auspicious Moon ; too well you know
What Love will force, and potent charms can do.

Take here and drain the Sepia's * inky juice,
Sprinkle the sea, and say, " I thus infuse.

* The Cuttle-fish. One singular property of this species has been mentioned in p. 220. Another, not less remarkable, may be seen in p. 254. N.

Sad

Sad gloomy thoughts into the perjur'd swain,
Till he relenting sigh, and turn to Love again.

Look down, auspicious Moon; too well you know
What Love will force, and potent charms can do.

Wreath three times thrice three reeds, and seven times
round

The chaplets wave (strange virtues have been found
In numbers hid; and energy divine,
In figur'd spells, and the mysterious trine.)

Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know
What Love will force, and potent charms can do.

Take here the ravenous dog, and wound him through.
Then cry aloud, "Phorbas, I strike for you!"
So may his soul be pierc'd with fretting pain,
Till he relenting sigh, and turn to Love again.

Look down, auspicious Moon; too well you know
What Love will force, and potent charms can do.

Go fetch dry weeds; they lie on yonder isle;
Then raise in corner'd squares the artful pile,
And force the kindled heap with flaming oil:
So may his tortur'd soul in anguish mourn,
And as the pile, so may the Triton burn.

Look down, auspicious Moon; too well you know
What Love will force, and potent charms can do.

I hear the hollowing elves, and midnight shriek
Of wandering ghosts, who now unbodied seek
Their lost abodes, and restless ever roam;
Affright, ye elves, and bring my Phorbas home.

Look down, auspicious Moon; too well you know
What Love will force, and potent charms can do.

While now the flames consume the sacred heap,
 Sing, Otys ; try to lull my soul asleep ;
 Delightful sounds, when form'd by studious art
 Will kind relief a while, and slumbering ease impart ;
 They quell sad thoughts, and raise from black despair
 The troubled mind, and still the voice of care.

O T Y S.

Love once assay'd to swim ; in wanton play
 He labouring strove to cut the liquid way :
 He prest the waters with extended arms,
 And, as he mov'd, display'd a thousand charms.
 When, tir'd with sport, he would at length have flown, }
 His wings were clogg'd with wet, and useless grown, }
 Fluttering he strove, but moisture prest him down.
 The God of Love is now to seas confin'd,
 No Triton must be proud, or Nymph unkind.

M E R O E.

Cease, Otys ; see, the flame already dies,
 Choak'd with dark smoaky fumes, that circling rise.
 Moisture imbib'd preserves the reeking heap :
 Sad sign !—
 Nor will he burn, nor shall I cease to weep.
 In vain we strive : no artful spell can move,
 No charm will force unwilling souls to love.

E C L O G U E XI.

E U N E.

E U N E, a beauteous Nymph, and Triton Swain,
 Agreed a while to leave the boundless main ;
 And near the shore unseen they chose to kiss,
 Where no Sea-rival might disturb the bliss.

O'er-

O'erwhelm'd with joy, his lips she gently prest,
Then murmuring fell, and slept upon his breast;
While pleasing dreams past scenes of Love repeat,
And cooling breezes fan the summer's heat.
Thus as she lay entranc'd, the wanton air
Play'd on her mouth, and sported with her hair:
The boy, less kind, thus as she sleeping lay,
Rose unperceiv'd, and stole unheard away.
(For men once satiate, when the rage is o'er,
Will curse that beauty, which they now adore.)
The ebbing tide had left the sandy plain,
When Eune wak'd, and look'd, but look'd in vain.
Sad thoughts and black despair pierc'd through her soul,
With tears she saw the distant billows roll.
She found herself forsaken and alone;
The Triton absent, and the water gone.
Grievous she moan'd her fate, and weeping said:
 "Is thus my love, my easy love betray'd?
Such scorn we may expect, nay we deserve,
When wanton souls from steady virtue swerve.
But, ah! inconstant Melvin, and ingrate,
When Love was ceas'd, you might have shown your hate,
You might have kill'd me with those faithless hands,
Rather than leave me thus on parching sands.
Well may you follow the inconstant sea,
The waves are false, and you are false as they.
By both betray'd, with gnawing hunger pin'd,
I must unpity'd die, and— die for being kind.
Farewell, ye sister-nymphs, believe no more,
Nor trust the youth, nor trust the hated shore.

Farewell, ye distant waves ; you I forgive,
Well might you fickle prove, and Eune leave,
When he, who lov'd so much, yet could deceive.
Farewell, ye sportive fish, and beauteous shells,
And shining pearls, that grow in rocky cells.
Whose polish'd orbs, on twigs of coral strung,
Around my neck the perjur'd Melvin hung.
Farewell, ye songs, that once were thought to please,
My voice shall calm no more the listening seas.
Unhappy fate of the soft yielding Maid !
Whoever loves, is sure to be betray'd."

Thus the despairing Nymph complain'd alone,
Till, faint with grief, and tir'd with piteous moan,
When kinder sleep again with calm surprize
Sooth'd all her pain, and clos'd her willing eyes ;
And now returning waves by slow degrees
Move on the beach, and stretch the widen'd seas.
Melvin approaches with the rising tide,
And in his arms enfolds his sleeping bride.
Eune, awake, with wonder view'd around ;
The sea was near, and the lost Lover found.

" Ah ! do I now, or did I dream before,
Cries the fond Nymph, when, on the barren shore,
Left by the sea and you, so long I mourn'd ;
How were you gone, or whence are you return'd ?"

" Vain dreams, reply'd the wily youth, deceive
Your wandering thoughts, and false impressions leave."
He said, and kiss'd the Nymph ; she kiss'd again,
And, blest with Melvin's smiles, forgot her pain.

ECLOGUE

E C L O G U E XII.

M U R E X, G L A U C U S.

M U R E X.

SEE'ST thou yon fleet that slowly moves in state?
The sea has scarce a depth to bear the pressing weight.

G L A U C U S.

These every shore has seen; all climates know,
As far as land extend, or waters flow.

Lacon * the chief, who guides the floating host,
As late I heard, when near the British coast
Unseen I stood, while thus a fishing swain
Half-frozen said, and to his mate began :

I F I S H E R M A N.

“ Pity, ye Gods, and thaw the rigid frost;
My hands are stiff, and all my feeling lost.
The Moon with sharpen'd horns looks coldly bright,
And thus augments the chillness of the night.
Bright icy spangles gild the shining oar,
And snowy flakes have whiten'd all the shore.
How curst the fate ! how hard the fisher's lot,
To toil for ever thus, and toil for nought !
Midst all the gloom and horrors of the night,
When rambling elves and shrieking ghosts affright,
On restless waters we are labouring toft,
To catch the falling ice and hoary frost;
While the soft dames of the luxurious town
On yielding beds are laid, and every clown,
When night draws near, unyokes the willing beast,
Then eats his fill ; and, thus by Heaven blest,
On smelling heaps of straw he takes unenvy'd rest;

* Sir John Leake, the celebrated Admiral. N.

Or else deceives a while the winter-nights
 With pleasing tales, and stories feign'd of sprites.
 With waking care, when we at length have caught
 The mighty prize, we so impatient fought;
 The squeamish town rejects it all with scorn,
 And empty we with fruitless pain return.

O! might I live content a shepherd swain,
 And sit on grassy vales, and view the circling plain!
 How blest were I, would me the gods allow
 To goad the ox, and hold the bending plow;
 Or on the rising ridge with equal hand
 To strow the scatter'd seeds, and stock the furrow'd land!"

G L A U C U S.

Thus he; but th' aged sire, whose hoary head
 Had seen more years, with calm experience said:

2 F I S H E R M A N.

"Alas! their fortune is of all the worst;
 Each man (himself a judge) is truly curst.
 Through ignorance we commend a life unknown,
 And praise another's state, and grieve our own;
 While he as much complains, is pin'd with care;
 And gladly would exchange his envy'd share.
 The Gods on us a daily feast bestow,
 For which no price we pay, no thanks we owe.
 The Cod (delicious food!) Mulletts and Soles,
 And shining Mackerel, swim for us in shoals.
 Such fare the wealthy citizen will prize,
 Ev'n when they stink (long kept), and we despise;
 While on four herbs the shepherds poorly feed,
 Or sapless cheese and crusts of mouldy bread;

Or

Or if by chance a straggling lamb be drown'd,
 With sighs he eats what he with sorrow found :
 He grieves his loss, and ever is in pain
 By snowy winters, or by summer's rain.
 All do not love in clotting fields to sweat;
 Where clayey fallows clog the labouring feet,
 But who's not pleas'd to walk on easy sand,
 While waving heaps are by the Zephyrs fann'd,
 And wanton gales, that whistle in the weeds,
 From flowing grass disperse the riper seeds ?
 Who will not gather the deserted shells,
 Or climb steep rocks, and search the hollow cells
 For hidden eggs, while all the birds in vain
 Fly sorrowing round, and with loud threats complain ?
 No earthy fumes, or noisy insect, here
 Disturb or taint the unmolested air.
 Venus protects the sea, from whence she came,
 And love in water can preserve his flame;
 The Nymph to leafy woods and shady groves
 The sea prefers ; the sea the Triton loves ;
 Lacon the sea prefers to flowery meads,
 And o'er unfathom'd depths the navy leads.
 While he defends our isle from hostile fleets,
 The fisher undisturb'd at leisure sits ;
 His nets secure fear nought but waves and wind,
 Or boisterous fish, who will not be confin'd..
 Lacon will not despise the fisher's cott,
 But pleasing looks, and often hails our boat.
 If e'er he comes again, he has from me
 The choicest spoils of all the rifled sea,

Buckhorn, and salted Cod, Sprats smoak'd and dry,
And Oysters that unshell'd in pickle lie."

G L A U C U S.

He said; and from him shook the falling ice,
When to him thus th' enliven'd youth replies:

I F I S H E R M A N.

"Lacon! — The name has thaw'd my stagnate blood:
It springs through every vein; I feel the circling flood.
No midnight chills can harm, nor falling fleet;
Joy fills the soul, and spreads diffusive heat,
Though the bright moon, and every shining star,
Encrease the cold, and wet the piercing air.
Who Lacon loves, him may the Nymphs attend,
And from the shelves, and rocks unseen defend!
Who Lacon hate * (if there be such), may they,
Dash'd in rough storms, sink down to fish a grateful prey!
Would he permit, I'd leave my fishing oars,
And venture on the main to distant shores.
I am no stranger to the seas, and know
What 'tis to dance on waves, when winds too rudely blow."

2 F I S H E R M A N.

Fond youth (returns the fire) wilt thou compare
These rotten boats to mighty ships of war?
Whose steady bulks can stem the ocean-floods,
And with their masts o'er-look the flitting clouds?
Wert thou to climb that height, a strange surprize
Would lose thy hold, and turn thy swimming eyes.
Ambition suits not him, whose birth is mean;
The Gods despise the proud, and love the humble swain."

* Sir John Leake was at that time high in favour both
at court and with the nation at large. N.

G L A U -

G L A U C U S.

He said ; and ended thus th' alternate song :
 I drove the fish ; and the unthinking throng
 Prefs to their boat, and fill the swelling net ;
 They joyous seize the prey, and all their pain forget.

E C L O G U E XIII.

M U R Æ N A, C H R O M Æ S.

M U R Æ N A.

WHO knows what Heaven's decree for man design'd,
 Or what 's the certain doom of human kind?
 Who knows his former, or his future state,
 And secrets teeming in the womb of Fate?
 Th' Angelic orders fure look down, and smile,
 While we still judge amiss, and still for nothing toil.
 He finds his own defects, who thinks the most ;
 That Reason makes us wretched, which we boast,
 And men are always prudent to their cost. }
 The earth-born mortal, when he round him sees
 The flowery pastures and the budding trees,
 Is fondly proud, admires his fancied home,
 And thinks that all were made for him alone ;
 That Heaven to him, as Lord, this world entrusts,
 And gives a sovereign sway ; that all things must }
 Obey his will, and gratify his lust.
 While he forgets the ocean's watery mass,
 Whose boundless depths the scanty earth surpass ;
 Where thousand different kinds of living forms
 Lie hid in the abyfs, and brave the distant storms.

C H R O -

CHROMIS.

And thousands more as beautiful as these
 (Unknown to us) may sport in distant seas.
 Who then would vainly strive with curious pride
 To find what Heaven has to our search denied,
 When, ignorant of our home, we cannot guess
 At half the store and riches we possess?
 Better would humbly we ourselves contain
 Within our reach, and not indulge our pain.
 When once the soul shall quit this earthly case,
 And fly unbodied in the endless space,
 The essences of things shall all appear,
 And naked forms (as in themselves they were),
 Nature will then unlock her secret store :
 The veil of sense shall hide her face no more.
 Mean **while** enough we are allow'd t' enjoy,
 T' improve our reason, and our thoughts employ.
 Loose not too much the reins to wild desire : [aspire.
 Shrimps may not grow to Crabs, nor Orks to Whales
 We see enough to please our labouring minds,
 How Nature sports herself in antic kinds.
 A thousand different forms we hourly view,
 And through moist paths the flying shoals pursue.

Who can with all his painful search declare
 What curious art indents the branched Star?
 Or how in harden'd shell by shining streams
 It imitates the sun's diffusive beams?

The Shark with pointed teeth is arm'd for prey ;
 He breaks through all, and clears the liquid way * ;

* See Goldsmith's account of the Shark, and its attendant
 the Remora or Sucking-fish, in his sixth volume, p. 242. N.
 While

While the fond Sucking-fish (a harmless breed)
 With fastened lips supply the daily need,
 And with a mouth unarm'd they clinging feed.
 No lovesick Nymph's or wanton Triton's kiss
 Is half so lasting, or so close as his.

The Urchins * are by nature fenc'd around;
 None dares approach; for with a touch they wound.
 Wrapt up within themselves they guarded lie,
 And to their own embrace for safety fly.

In vain the fishers for the Glanis wait;
 He leaves the hook, and takes the easy bait.
 So Ino, when by love I would have won,
 Seizes my heart, but still secures her own.

Fish vainly curious will each year retire
 To fresher streams, and novel floods admire;
 Fools, to exchange their waves, and native deep
 For noisy brooks that o'er the pebbles creep!
 They wisely are content, who don't esteem
 A tasteless river, or a shallow stream.

When fishers sing, the Puffins † to their boats
 Unweening press to hear the ruder notes;
 Though proudly they escape th' inviting bait,
 In softer words they find a surer fate.
 Who then will dare approach the Syren's tongue,
 Or who untouch'd can hear Leucosia's song?
 Though Chromis 'scape the fury of her eyes,
 Her voice o'ertakes him, and in vain he flies.

The Sargus, emblem of unbounded lust,
 Is always false, and to his bride unjust;
 And, not content o'er all the sea to range,
 And thus pollute himself with daily change,

Pur-

* See Goldsmith, vol. VII. p. 61. N. † Ib. VI. p. 96. N.

Pursues forbidden love, and fondly doats
 On earth-born kinds, and courts the feeding goats.
 But the kind Mulletts are a constant pair;
 They (each) still fix to one, and seek no other fair.

The bearded Prawn 's a lively instance made
 Of mutual kindness, and of friendly aid.
 He the gay Pearl attends with studious care,
 And in the common prey commands a share.
 The Pearl is dull, though gaudy in his shell,
 (For wit but seldom will with beauty dwell);
 But the sly Prawn can secret signs convey,
 And with a touch forewarns to seize the prey,
 While the deceitful rays, and spangled light,
 To certain death th' admiring throng invite.
 (Pleasures indulg'd repented are too late,
 And they like us to beauty owe their fate !

MURÆNA.

I see a Nymph, who in the liquid maze
 Now sporting dives, and with a Dolphin plays,
 On whom I could unwearied ever gaze :
 When she appears, I need no other theme
 To make my daily care, or nightly dream.
 That fair-one has enough t' engross the whole,
 To take up every thought, and fill the soul.
 Ah ! might these arms entwine that world of love,
 In vain researches I'd no longer rove ;
 Thus pleas'd, I'd be content to know no more,
 Or to forget e'en what I knew before.
 Happily ignorant, I would despise
 The curious learning of the vainly wise.

E C L O G U E XIV.

A L C O N, C H A L C I S.

CETE, a Nymph (conscious of beauty), strove
 To expose her charms, and every grace improve;
 Now wanton div'd, now with an haughty air
 In circling ringlets twist her flowing hair,
 Chalcis and Alcon at a distance stood;
 Their wistful eyes with sudden transport glow'd.
 Too soon they fear'd to lose the pleasing sight,
 And would the Nymph no longer stay invite.
 Alternate songs the Rival-youths compare,
 And, changing, thus engage the listening Fair.

A L C O N.

The Lamprey will admit the Serpent's * love,
 And Nature does th' unequal match approve;
 But first she makes the spouse himself disarm,
 And leave behind the poison, that would harm:
 But we court love with its attending ills;
 A deadly draught the bitter potion fills.
 Happy the Nymph, happy the Tritons were,
 If those were innocent, and these sincere.

C H A L C I S.

The Dolphins are to meaner fish preferr'd,
 And made the chief of all the finny herd.
 They love promote, and the hid Nymph betray'd,
 When Neptune fought in vain the fearful maid:
 Though coy she fled, the Dolphins were as fleet,
 And told the God, and shew'd the close retreat.
 So tell, ye fish, where Cete hides below,
 And may the God yet greater gifts bestow.

* Of the Elops, or Sea-serpent, see Goldsmith, vol. VI.
 p. 304. N.

A L C O N.

How can the Nymph be either true or kind,
 Bred up with waves, and us'd to noisy wind?
 Things here are cruel all; with mutual rage
 Devour each other, and for food engage.
 On their own spawn the graceless Tunnies feed,
 And joyous feast on the enliven'd feed.
 So wayward beauty its own offspring hates,
 And kills the passion which itself creates.

C H A L C I S.

All are not cruel, but some harmless feed,
 And eat the slime, or bite the swimming weed;
 Nay, there are those live by a constant kiss,
 And to each other owe their life and bliss.
 When fishers for the female Sepia * wait,
 If she be caught, they need no second bait;
 The constant Male will still the Fair attend,
 And mocks the net, and glories in his end.

A L C O N.

When the mild spring, or smiling calms, invite,
 The wanton fish, in love and gay delight,
 Are sporting seen, but soon are hid below,
 When storms begin, and winds in anger blow.
 But, Triton, there are some, who, truly brave,
 Ev'n court the storms, and mock the rising wave.
 So love is heighten'd by opposing frowns;
 Scorn cannot heal, but may repeat the wounds.

C H A L C I S.

I hate the shore; for there the troubled deep
 Rows all its filth, and forms a noisome heap.
 The dying dolphins to the shore repair,
 Nor would in death pollute the purer air.

Ev'n

* See above, p. 210, 240. N.

Ev'n when a cooling breeze from airy fields
 In summers heat a kind refreshment yields,
 I choose to stay, where depthless waters flow,
 And sport with fish above, or dive below.

A L C O N.

Ah! wretched seas, alway averse to sleep;
 Here ravenous fish their constant watches keep:
 With restless pain they cut the trackless way,
 And seize the spoil, and feast upon the prey.
 But though we wake, no hopes the toil repay,
 In vain by night we sigh, or sing by day;
 Nor may in tuneful song our passion tell,
 The Nymphs despise the voice, and dread the louder shell.

C H A L C I S.

Art must be us'd, when force will not prevail.
 Snares wily laid, and cunning, seldom fail.
 I've seen the Crab, and how with sly deceit
 He patient will the opening Oyster wait:
 Then with a stone prevents the closing shell,
 And tears the ravish'd prey from its unguarded cell.
 Th' unhappy fish has all his sweets expos'd,
 O'ercome by craft, and can no more be clos'd.

Cete well pleas'd thus far the Tritons heard,
 Then sunk beneath, and as she disappear'd
 On Chalcis smil'd, for Chalcis was prefer'd;
 So well he lov'd, that the transported boy
 Could scarce sustain the vast impetuous joy.
 While luckless Alcon knit his angry brow;
 His looks sad rage, and deep resentment show,
 And quick he dives to weep unseen below.

S O R T E S

S O R T E S V I R G I L I A N Æ.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST'S*.

BUT, vex'd with Rebels, and a stubborn race,
 His country banish'd, and his Son's embrace,
 Some Foreign Prince for fruitless succours try,
 And see his Friends ingloriously die.
 Nor, when he shall to faithless terms submit,
 His Throne enjoy, nor comfortable light;
 But immature a shameful death receive,
 And on the ground th' unburied body leave †.

* Charles I. being at Oxford during the Civil wars, went out one day to see the Public Library; where he was shewn among other books, a Virgil neatly printed, and exquisitely bound. The Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have his Majesty make a trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*; which every body knows was an usual kind of augury some ages past. On the King's opening the book, the period which happened to come up was that part of Dido's imprecations against Æneas, "At bello audacis, &c." *Æn.* iv. 615. It is said, King Charles seemed concerned at this accident; and that the Lord Falkland, observing it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner; hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the King's thoughts from any impression the other might have upon him. But the place that Lord Falkland stumbled upon was yet more suited to his destiny, than the other had been to the King's; being the strong expression of Evander, upon the untimely death of his son, "Non hæc, O Palla, &c." *Æn.* xi. 152. See Welwood's *Memoirs*. N.

† See Dryden's version of this passage, *English Poets*, vol. XVIII. p. 66.

T H E

THE LORD FALKLAND'S*.

O Pallas, this was not thy promis'd vow,
To curb thy fire, and shun the cruel foe.
Thy Father fear'd thy forward youthful flame,
The sweet desire of praise and warlike fame.
O hapless fruits of youth! Ah, fatal cost
Of neighbour wars! Ah, vows to Heaven lost!

ON A DIMINUTIVE GENTLEMAN'S
COURTING A FINE YOUNG LADY.

GIANTS, that durst invade the Sky,
By wrathful Powers were doom'd to die;
Shall better fate this Pigmy share,
Who dares attempt a heavenly Fair?

They took a less surprizing flight,
For towering boldness suits with height;
But when a Dwarf would strangely rise,
What wretched figure mocks our eyes!

Correct his rashness, Nymph Divine!
You want not lightning thus to shine;
Strike this absurd assailant dead,
And make the grave his bridal bed.

The lofty tree to Heaven aspires;
And who can blame his bold desires?
'Tis for that end he seems so grown,
And therefore 's wonder'd at by none.

But if some humble shrub would soar,
Meant for the ground, and nothing more;
All his pretending Folly chide,
And laugh at its preposterous Pride.

* See Dryden's translation, English Poets, vol. XIX. p. 8.

HYMN TO HYMEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DAVIS.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISCELLANY.

HEAR, Hymen, hear our prayer,
And bless this happy Pair;
Great God, to thy propitious power,
Our every bliss we owe;
With joy we waste each lonely hour,
And live like thee below.
Vouchsafe a while to want thy native skies,
Thy grateful influence to shed
On Henrietta's nuptial bed,
And light thy torch at Henrietta's eyes!
I see the blooming Bride advance,
To bless her Lord's embrace;
Ten thousand Beauties round her dance,
And revel in her face.
Bright omens about her all happily crowd,
See! Cupid descends in a cloud!
With his bow and his quiver, and sneezes aloud.
In tuneful order march the Spheres along,
And Heaven itself stands reveal'd in a Song.
Then, Hymen, bless this beauteous Pair,
And make them happy as they're fair;
Let no dull care about them rove,
But all be Ecstasy and Love:
Domestic strife be far away,
Let both command, and both obey!

O N

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE*.

BY HER HUSBAND, [MR. BIRCH†.]

WRITTEN ON HER COFFIN.

W H I L E pining anguish, wild despair,
 Increase my pangs, prolong my care;
 Depriv'd of all my soul held dear,
 Enchanting joy, and love sincere;

While

* These verses were inserted in Mrs. Rowe's miscellaneous works, and are spoken of by that ingenious lady, as might be expected, in terms of approbation. They appeared likewise in the Gentleman's Magazine; and Mr. Birch himself printed a number of them in a separate paper, to be given away among his friends. See the Biographia Brit. art. BIRCH. N.

† This valuable historical and biographical writer was born in the parish of St. John, Clerkenwell, on the 23d of November, 1705. His parents were both of them Quakers; and his father, Joseph Birch, was a coffee mill-maker by trade. Mr. Joseph Birch endeavoured to bring up his son to his own business; but so ardent was the youth's passion for reading, that he solicited his father to be indulged in this inclination, promising, in that case, to provide for himself. The first school he went to was at Hemel-Hemsted in Hertfordshire. It was kept by John Owen, a rigid Quaker, for whom Mr. Birch afterwards officiated some little while as an usher. The next school was kept by one Welby, near Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, who never had above eight or ten scholars at a time, whom he professed to instruct in the Latin tongue in a

While round the gloomy scene's display'd,

And Death still deepens every shade :

Sad, silent, dark, the pomp of woe !

Shall Sorrow's eye forbear to flow ?

Flow still, ye tears ! ye sighs, complain !

— But sighs and tears alike are vain !

See there all pale and dead she lies !

For ever flow, my streaming eyes !

Fly, Hymen, with extinguish'd fires !

Fly, nuptial bliss, and chaste desires !

Cleora's

year and a half. To him Mr. Birch was, likewise, an usher ; as he also afterwards was to Mr. Bessé, the famous Quaker, in George's Court in St. John's Lane, who published the posthumous works of Claridge. It is farther said that he went to Ireland with Dean Smedley ; but in what year, and how long he resided with the Dean, cannot now be ascertained. Smedley published in 1728 " A Specimen of an universal View of all the Eminent Writers on the Holy Scriptures ; being a Collection of the dissertations, explications, and opinions of learned men, in all ages, concerning the difficult passages and obscure texts of the Bible ; and of whatsoever is to be met with, in profane authors, which may contribute towards the better understanding of them." This extensive undertaking was intended to have been comprised in two large folio volumes : had the plan proceeded, it is no very far-fetched conjecture to suppose that Mr. Birch was to have been an assistant. He was indefatigable in his application, and stole many hours from sleep to increase his stock of knowledge. By this unremitting diligence, though he had not the happiness of an university education, he soon became qualified

Cleora's fled, the loveliest mind;
 Faith, sweetness, wit, together join'd.
 —Dwelt faith, and wit, and sweetness here?
 O view the change, and drop a tear!
 Once in these eyes each grace was seen,
 And love and mildness shone serene;
 Once soft persuasion tun'd her tongue,
 As truth sincere, and sweet as song;
 Once this cold hand could touch the lyre,
 And every tender thought inspire:

Now

lified to take holy orders in the church of England, to the surprise of his acquaintance. It is not precisely known when this event took place; but it must have been as early as 1728. In the same year he married the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Cox, to whom he was curate; and in this union he was singularly happy: but his felicity was of short duration, Mrs. Birch dying in less than twelve months after their marriage. The disorder which carried her off was a puerperal fever, and almost in the very article of her death she wrote to her husband the following letter:

“ July 31, 1729.

“ This day I return you, my dearest life, my sincere, hearty thanks, for every favour bestowed on your most faithful and obedient wife,

HANNAH BIRCH.”

In 1732 he was recommended to the friendship and favour of the late Lord High Chancellor Hardwicke, then Attorney General; to which noble Peer, and to the present Earl of Hardwicke, he was indebted for all his preferments. The first proof he experienced of his patron's regard, was the living of Ulting, in the county of Essex, in the gift of the crown, to which he was presented 1732. In 1734, he was

Now sinking to its parent clay,
 All chang'd, the body seems to say,
 "Thus life, a shadow, fleets away!"

O whisper still, thou voice divine!
 Thine be the lore, attention mine.
 And while this awful object lies
 Expos'd before my weeping eyes,
 Teach me, some genius, from on high,
 Like her to live, like her to die;
 To emulate the paths she trod,
 Humane and generous, great and good!

Like

appointed one of the domestic chaplains to the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded 1746. Mr. Birch was chosen a member of the Royal Society, Feb. 20, 1734-5; and of the Society of Antiquaries, Dec. 11, 1735, of which he afterwards became Director till the year 1746. Before this the Marischal College of Aberdeen had conferred on him, by diploma, the degree of Master of Arts. In 1743, by the interest of Lord Hardwicke, he was presented by the crown to the sinecure rectory of Landewy Welfrey in the county of Pembroke; and in 1743-4 was preferred, in the same manner, to the rectory of Siddington St. Peter's, in the county and diocese of Gloucester. We find no traces of his having taken possession of this living; and, indeed, it is probable that he quitted it immediately, for one more suitable to his inclinations, and to his literary engagements, which required his almost constant residence in town; for on the 24th of February, 1743-4, he was instituted to the united rectories of St. Michael, Wood-street, and St. Mary Staining; and in 1745-6 to the united rectories of St. Margaret Pattens, and St.

Like her the rage of Death to charm,
 And every sting of pain disarm;
 Rife, as the rose, a spotless soul,
 Who aim'd at joys beyond the pole;
 And raptur'd on the verge of day,
 Smil'd to behold the shining way.

But, hark! the sadly solemn bell
 Sullenly sounds my last farewell.

St. Gabriel, Fenchurch-street (by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, in whose turn the presentation then was). In January, 1752, he was elected one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society, in the room of Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, deceased. In January, 1753, the Marischal College of Aberdeen created him Doctor of Divinity; and in that year the same degree was conferred on him by archbishop Herring. He was one of the trustees of The British Museum, for which honour he was probably indebted to the present Earl of Hardwicke; as he was for his last preferment, the rectory of Depden in Essex, to which he was inducted Feb. 26, 1761. In the latter part of his life he was chaplain to the Princess Amelia. In 1765 he resigned his office of Secretary to the Royal Society. His health declining about this time, he was ordered to ride for the recovery of it; but being a bad horseman, and going out, Jan. 9, 1766, he was unfortunately thrown from his horse on the road betwixt London and Hampstead, and died on the spot, in the 61st year of his age, to the great regret of the Doctor's numerous literary friends; and was buried in St Margatet Pattens. A list of his valuable publications may be seen in the new edition of the "Biographia Britannica." N.

Lo ! round the corse the plaintive throng,
Slow moving, silent stalk along.
The torch that lends its mournful light,
The mystic prayer, the funeral rite,
The weeping friend, th' expecting ground,
The silent horror all around,
Have tempted Sorrow from her cave,
And now she hovers o'er the grave;
Now sinks our hearts, impearls our eyes,
And bids a general groan arise ;
Exclaims that man was doom'd to mourn,
And sits in pomp to guard the urn.

'Tis done ! — O ever dear, adieu !
Each tender name is lost in you.
Adieu, thou once kind, lovely fair !
Soft spring of joy, relief from care !
O rest ! may Love, with every grace,
And every Virtue, guard the place !
While me receives the lonely bed,
Sad, prostrate, silent as the dead !
Restless I press the well-known place,
And vainly seek the dear embrace ;
While slow and drear the minutes roll,
And anguish racks my inmost soul.
— But see ! what heavenly power serene
Darts gently through the gloomy scene !
'Tis she ! ingliding from above ;
'The same her form, the same her love.

“ Weep'st thou, my dearest ? weep no more !
Though transient scenes of life are o'er :

New worlds now open to my view;
 Bliss, Knowledge, Virtue, boundless, true;
 Where souls with social raptures glow,
 While Sin and Vengeance reign below.
 Hence nightly I, thy guardian power,
 For ever conscious of the hour
 That join'd our hearts, descend to keep
 My dearest charge, to watch thy sleep,
 Hint softer dreams, to chace away
 Black Error's mist, and bright display
 The form of Virtue to thy sight;
 Dart o'er thy soul a stronger light;
 In Reason's voice to whisper still;
 To purer bliss direct thy will;
 A beamy cloud around you throw,
 And viewless guide you as you go.
 Lo! (few short moments roll'd between)
 I present change the darksome scene;
 Dispel the awful shades of Death,
 And gently ease your parting breath;
 Glad hail you to the realms above,
 Dear, blest, immortal as our love!
 Thus while we leave thy lifeless clay,
 To some bright orb the soul convey,
 Where Virtue, Truth, and Pleasure join,
 And raptur'd say — This feat be thine!
 Here knowledge, great as souls can know,
 Shall purge the errors learn'd below;
 Enlarge thy powers, improve thy sight,
 And shew thee truth in native light.

See, there yon happy shades employ
 Their hours in bliss and social joy;
 High rais'd on Virtue's eagle wing,
 The Patriots act, the Poets sing;
 With purer fires the Lovers glow,
 Than youth or sense inspire below.
 Here join we then the kindred race,
 That springs to meet our soft embrace;
 Or in some sweet sequester'd grove
 Mix flame with flame, and love with love.
 Hence wing'd with thought excursive fly
 From orb to orb, and range the sky,
 View Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, shine
 Through Nature's frame; their source divine.
 — O call these scenes to thy relief,
 Bright future scenes! and calm thy grief:
 Live happy; nourish still the love,
 That blest on earth, and joins our souls above:"
 She spake, she smil'd, she soar'd away:
 While comfort glanc'd a healing ray.

— CHLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

BY MR. GRANVILLE, AFTERWARDS LORD LANSDOWNE*.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
 Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost:
 Not all Arabia would sufficient be;
 Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee!

* This and all the following poems by Lord Lansdowne were accidentally omitted in arranging the late edition of the English Poets. N.

A LOYAL EXHORTATION, 1688.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE*.

OF kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren spilt,
 In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt,
 If crimes which your forefathers blush'd to own,
 Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye People! who your Kings distress;
 Tremble, ye Kings! for People you oppress:
 Th' Eternal sees, arm'd with his forky rods.
 The rise and fall of Empire's from the Gods. **TO**

* If the testimonies of contemporary writers were to be relied on, this Nobleman would be intitled to the highest rank, as an accomplished gentleman, an exalted genius, and an excellent poet. Waller, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Bolingbroke, and Young, have borne evidence in the most ample manner to his abilities. He was a younger son of a younger brother, nearly related to the family of the earl of Bath; was born in 1667; became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, at a very early period of life; took his degree of M. A. there at the age of 13 years; and was with difficulty prevented from taking-up arms, both at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, and at the Revolution of King James. Having no public employment, being totally unconnected with the court, and possessed of but a contracted fortune, he devoted his attention during the reign of King William to literary pursuits and amusements, the fruits of which appeared in his plays and poems, chiefly written within that period. At the accession of Queen Anne, he was chosen into parliament, and sat in the house of commons until he was created a peer. On the change of the ministry, in the year 1710, he was appointed secretary at war, and afterwards successively comptroller and treasurer of the household. His connections
 with

TO MIRA*. BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

LOST in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
 Whom now her smiles reviv'd, her scorn destroys :
 She will, and she will not ; she grants, denies,
 Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies ;
 Approving and rejecting in a breath,
 Now proffering mercy, now presenting death.
 Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
 How various are the torments I endure !
 Cruel estate of doubt ! ah, Mira ! try
 Once to resolve — Or let me live, or die.

with the Tory ministers prevented his being employed in the succeeding reigns of George I. and II. in the former of which he fell under suspicion of plotting against the Government, and was committed to the Tower, where he was confined 17 months. The latter part of his life was spent in the cultivation of letters in an honourable retirement, universally beloved and respected by all orders of men. He died January 30, 1735, in the 68th year of his age. Mr. Walpole observes, that “ he imitated Waller ; but, as that poet has been much excelled since, a faint copy of a faint master must strike less.” — I owe these observations (and all the notes in this Collection signed R). to the friendship of the gentleman who collected the pieces which form the Sixth Volume of Dr. Young's Works. N.

* Frances daughter to Robert earl of Cardigan ; married first to — — Levingston earl of Newburgh in Scotland, and afterwards to Richard Bellew baron Dueleck in Ireland. See vol. IV. p. 327. N.

THE

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

A Boar, who had enjoy'd a happy reign
 For many a year, and fed on many a man,
 Call'd to account, softening his savage eyes,
 Thus, suppliant, pleads his cause before he dies.

“ For what am I condemn'd? My crime's no more
 To eat a Man, than yours to eat a Boar.

We seek not you; but take what Chance provides,
 Nature and mere Necessity our guides.

You murder us in sport, then dish us up
 For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup.

We lengthen not our meals; but you must feast,
 Gorge till your bellies burst—Pray who's the beast?

With your humanity you keep a fufs,
 But are in truth worse brutes than all of us.

We prey not on our kind; but you, dear brother!
 Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other.

Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour strives,
 Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands, wives,

By fraud or force, by poison, sword, or gun,
 Destroy each other, every mother's son.”

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN*. BY THE SAME.

TWO warrior Chiefs † the voice of Fame divide;
 Who best deserv'd, not Plutarch could decide:

Behold two mighty Conquerors appear,

Some for your wit, some for your eyes, declare;

* See vol. I. p. 85, 145. N.

† Alexander and Cæsar. L.

Debates

Debates arise, which captivates us most,
 And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.
 The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
 Venus the dove, Pallas the shield and spear :
 Poets such emblems to their Gods assign ;
 Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

C U P I D D I S A R M E D.
 T O T H E P R I N C E S S D ' A U V E R G N E.
 B Y T H E S A M E.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
 Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
 As he stood gazing on her face,
 Enchanted with each matchless grace,
 Lost in the trance, he drops the dart,
 Which never fails to reach the heart :
 She seizes it, and arms her hand,
 " 'Tis thus I Love himself command :
 Now tremble, cruel Boy ! she said,
 For all the mischief you have made."

The God, recovering his surprize,
 Trusts to his wings, away he flies ;
 Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
 And leaves his whole artillery behind.
 Princess ! restore the boy his useless darts,
 With surer charms you captivate our hearts.
 Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
 Death only can release us from your chain.

BACCHUS DISARMED.

TO MRS. LAURA DILLON, [LADY FALKLAND].

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

BACCHUS! to arms, the enemy's at hand:
 Laura appears; stand to your glasses, stand!
 The God of Love the God of Wine defies,
 Behold him in full march in Laura's eyes!
 Bacchus! to arms; and, to resist the dart,
 Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
 Fly, Bacchus! fly, there's treason in the cup,
 For Love comes pouring in with every drop;
 I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain;
 Fly, Bacchus! fly, resistance is in vain:
 Or, craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl
 To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.

HER NAME. BY THE SAME.

GUESS, and I'll frankly own her name,
 Whose eyes have kindled such a flame;
 The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
 Had ne'er been sung had she been seen:
 Who set the very Gods at war,
 Were but faint images of her.
 Believe me, for by Heavens 'tis true!
 The Sun in all his ample view
 Sees nothing half so fair or bright,
 Not ev'n his own reflected light.
 So sweet a face! such graceful mien!
 Who can this be?—'Tis Howard—or Ballenden.

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

SPOKEN BY WAY OF EPILOGUE AT THE
FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE
BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breast,
And, as at Delphi, when the foaming priest,
Full of his God, proclaims the distant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come,
My labouring mind so struggles to unfold
On British ground a future age of gold ;
But lest incredulous you hear — behold,

[Here a scene representing the Queen, and the several triumphs of her Majesty's reign.]

High on a throne appears the martial Queen,
With grace sublime, and with imperial mien,
Surveying round her with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
Next to her side victorious Marlborough stands
Waiting, observant of her dread commands :
The Queen ordains ; and, like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decree.
In every line of her auspicious face
Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with every grace :
So Angels look ; and so, when Heaven decrees,
They scourge the world to piety and peace.

Empress and Conqueror, hail ! thee Fates ordain
O'er all the willing world sole arbitress to reign :

To

To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
 Great Britain's Queen, but Guardian of Mankind;
 Sure hope of all who dire oppression bear,
 For all th' oppress'd become thy instant care.
 Nations of conquest proud thou tam'st to free,
 Denouncing War, presenting Liberty:
 The Victor to the vanquish'd yields a prize,
 For in thy triumph their redemption lies:
 Freedom and Peace for ravish'd Fame you give,
 Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve:
 So the Sun scorches and revives by turns,
 Requiting with rich metals where he burns.

Taught by this great example to be just,
 Succeeding Kings shall well fulfil their trust;
 Discord, and War, and Tyranny, shall cease,
 And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
 Princes and States, like subjects, shall agree
 To trust her power, safe in her piety.

FORTUNE. AN EPIGRAM.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
 Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:
 Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
 And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
 Fickle and false to others she may be,
 I can complain but of her constancy.

—Virtutem a me,
 Fortunam ex aliis.—

O D E,

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

INSCRIBED TO THE LORD FALKLAND *.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

O Falkland ! offspring of a generous race,
 Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace :
 My kinsman †, and my friend ! from whence this curse
 Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse ?

Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,
 Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times ;
 But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
 We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

That idol, gold, possesses every heart ;
 To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art :
 Virtue is folly ; conscience is a jest ;
 Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous end ;
 Your greatest foe is your professing friend ;
 The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
 The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

Justice is bought and sold ; the bench, the bar,
 Plead and decide, but gold's th' interpreter.
 Pernicious metal ! thrice accurst be he
 Who found thee first ; all evils spring from thee.

* See a poem to the Lady Falkland, in p. 271. N.

† On this relationship the Peerages are silent. N.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their fires betray;
And senates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.
Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mould, a puny race:
From such defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty, is now thy prop?
Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learn'd in rugged sports to dare a foe:
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.
Haughty Britannia, then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.
Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert seen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain,
To die in purple Almanara's plain.
The rescued empire, and the Gaul subdued,
In Anna's reign our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.

INSCRIPTION, BY THE SAME.

FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and master see;
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

ON THE TOASTING GLASSES
OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB*.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

LADY HARPER †.

TO Harper, sprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the rosy morn in May,
Fill to the brim; I'll drink it up,
To the last drop, were poison in the cup.

LADY MARY VILLIERS ‡.

IF I not love you, Villiers, more
Than ever mortal lov'd before;
With such a passion, fix'd and sure,
As ev'n possession could not cure,
Never to cease but with my breath;
May then this bumper be my death!

* Several other verses of this kind have been already given, p. 168—176.—Miss Clavering, who is toasted in p. 170, was eldest daughter of John Clavering, esq. of Chopwell, in the bishoprick of Durham. She was afterwards lady Cowper. Lord Lansdowne's verses "On Celia singing," (English Poets, vol. XXV. p. 202,) were written on this lady. N.

† See above, p. 172. N.

‡ The sincerity of Lord Lansdowne in this protestation was confirmed, by a matrimonial union, in December 1711. Lady Mary was daughter of Edward Villiers earl of Jersey, and widow of Thomas Thynne, esq. (by whom she was mother of Thomas the second lord viscount Weymouth). She died a few days before her second husband. N.

THE COURT BEAUTIES*;

A CONCLUSION TO "THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY*."

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

LOVE, in a shining galaxy, appears
 Triumphant still, and Grafton † leads the stars:
 Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways,
 Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
 Her eyes resistless as the Syren's voice,
 So sweet 's the charm, we make our fate our choice.
 Who most resembles her let next be nam'd,
 Villiers ‡, for wisdom and deep judgment fam'd;
 Of a high race victorious beauty brings
 To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.

* The poem as originally written is printed in the English Poets, vol. XXV. p. 136—146.. It was afterwards altered and enlarged by the Noble Author, and a few lines near the beginning were struck out. Some variations occur throughout the whole; and the conclusion was totally reformed, in the manner here printed. Lord Lansdowne, speaking of this and some other of his performances, says, "As these Poems seem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and short of so inimitable an original, they may, however, be permitted to remain to posterity as a faithful register of the reigning beauties in the succeeding age." N.

† Already celebrated in vol. II. p. 167. 199. 222. N.

‡ Lady Elizabeth Villiers, mistress to king William the Third, who settled on her an immense estate in Ireland. She was afterwards married to the earl of Orkney. N.

With what delight my Muse to Sandwich * flies,
Whose wit is piercing as her sparkling eyes !

Ah ! how she mounts, and spreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when she of Ormond † sings,
Of radiant Ormond ! only fit to be
The successor of beauteous Offory !

Richmond 's ‡ a title that, but nam'd, implies
Majestic graces and victorious eyes.

Fair Villiers first, then haughty Stuart came,
And Brudenell || now no less adorns the name.

Dorset ** already is immortal made

In Prior's verse, nor needs a second aid.

By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find
That beauty to no climate is confin'd.

Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace
Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face.

Not Helen with St. Alban's †† might compare.
Nor let the Muse omit Scroop, Holmes, and Hare.
Hyde ‡‡ Venus is, the Graces are Kildare.

* Elizabeth daughter and one of the coheirs to John Wilmot earl of Rochester. Lord Lansdowne's verses to "Mira in her Riding Habit," English Poets, XXV. p. 161. were written by him under a picture of the countess of Sandwich drawn in man's habit. She has been already celebrated in the third volume of this collection, p. 114. N.

† Lady Mary Somerset, eldest daughter to Laurence Hyde earl of Rochester. To this accomplished lady "The Court Prospect" of Hopkins is inscribed. See vol. II. p. 183. N.

‡ See above, p. 174. N.

|| See above, p. 170. N.

** See English Poets, vol.

XXX. p. 41.

†† See above, p. 168.

‡‡ See the Court Prospect, in vol. II. p. 200. N.

Soft

Soft and delicious, as a southern sky,
 Are Dashwood's smiles; when Darnley * frowns, we die
 Careless, but yet secure of conquest, still
 Lu'son †, unaiming, never fails to kill:
 Guiltless of pride, to captivate or shine,
 Bright without art, she wounds without design.
 But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
 And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart;
 Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
 Delights in wounds, and kills for killing sake;
 Asserting the dominion of her eyes,
 As heroes fight for glory, not for prize.

The skilful Muse's earliest care has been
 The praise of never-fading Mazarin;
 The poet ‡ and his theme, in spite of Time,
 For ever young, enjoy an endless prime.
 With charms so numerous Mira || does surprise,
 The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
 So thick the volley, and the wound so sure,
 No flight can save, no remedy can cure.

* Lady Catharine Darnley, duchess of Buckingham.
 She has been already mentioned, as daughter to Sir Charles
 Sedley, vol. I. p. 90. N.

† Catharine lady Gower, eldest daughter to the duke of
 Rutland. N.

‡ St. Evremond, who has celebrated Madam Mazarin,
 under the name of Hortense. He has been mentioned in vol.
 I. p. 123. N.

|| Of whom see above, p. 268. N.

Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
 O, see another Brudenell *, heavenly bright,
 Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
 And fix Love's empire in that race divine!

Fain would my Muse to Cecil † bend her sight,
 But turns astonish'd from the dazzling light,
 Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy flight.

O Kneller! like thy pictures were my song,
 Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong,
 These matchless beauties should recorded be
 Immortal in my verse, as in thy Gallery ‡.

T O A L A D Y,

SENT HER WITH LORD LANSDOWNE'S HEROICK LOVE ||.

ANONYMOUS; FROM DRYDEN'S COLLECTION.

TH E noble Granville here has nicely shown
 Heroick Love, a copy of his own;
 No flight of fancy, but his heart indites
 These moving scenes; and what he feels, he writes.

* Lady Mary, eldest daughter to Robert earl of Cardigan; and married to Richard Molyneux, eldest son to lord viscount Molyneux of Ireland. N.

† Married to the earl of Ranelagh, paymaster general of the forces to King William. Lady Catharine Jones, their only daughter, died April 14, 1740, worth 200,000l. N.

‡ The gallery of beauties by Kneller in Hampton Court. N.

|| The Prologue and Epilogue to this Tragedy are printed in the fourth volume of this collection, p. 334. N.

With

With love like his, though in unequal lays,
 Too charming maid, I offer at thy praise.
 Look on Chryseïs; she each feature drew
 In nature's pride, and sure she fate for you.
 Observe her sad farewell, she best can give
 The dire account, what 'tis to part—and live!
 You've all her charms, her beauty, and her youth;
 But want, I fear, her kindness, and her truth.

Well had it been for Priam and his race,
 Had Fate set me in Agamemnon's place,
 And you Chryseïs: glory should have strove
 But faintly then against the force of Love.
 Deaf to renown, and scorning to be great,
 I'd left the camp for some obscure retreat.
 There, gazing on those lovely eyes, prefer
 One smile of yours to all the pomp of war;
 And, every mark of royalty laid down,
 Had languish'd at your feet, and sav'd the town.

EPITAPH, ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

WHO DIED FOR LOVE OF A MARRIED LADY.

B Y T H E S A M E.

HERE lies a youth, who fell a sacrifice,
 In his first bloom, to fair Aurelia's eyes.
 Whom shall we blame? her duty was her guard,
 And his injustice was his own reward;
 (If he's unjust, whose reason cannot prove
 Of force enough against imperious Love).

Th'

Th' aspiring youth, who scorn'd to stoop so low,
 To take what pity only could bestow;
 Still wish'd for more, till in the fatal strife
 He sunk beneath the virtue of a Wife;
 Resign'd his blood to quench his guilty flame;
 But crimes of Love deserve a gentle name:
 And I must neither praise him, nor condemn,
 For I could die to be bewail'd like him:
 Since she, whose piety denied to save,
 Now pours her fruitless tears upon his grave.

THE CELEBRATED BEAUTIES:

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S BEING SUSPECTED
 OF WRITING "THE BRITISH COURT."

ANONYMOUS; FROM DRYDEN'S COLLECTION.

WH Y with such freedom should the town accuse,
 And charge absurd encomiums of my Muse?
 Celestial objects by themselves I place,
 Nor with a Cl—de a Forrester * disgrace;

That

* One of the maids of honour to Queen Anne, mentioned frequently by Swift (in his Journal to Stella), who calls her "a silly true maid of honour." She was married in 1701 to Sir George Downing, who was then but 15 years old, and the lady only 13. The youth went upon his travels; and on his return both parties having contracted an invincible aversion, application was mutually made for a divorce. In "The British Court," her character is thus delineated:

"But see the sacred marks of beauty shine
 In FORRESTER, more glorious and divine;

Easy

That disproportion'd piece offends the view :
 No feign'd perfection should attend the true.
 Whene'er my voice attempts the British Fair,
 I sing the worthy, but th' unworthy spare ;
 Respect, when merit fails, in silence lies ;
 † Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.
 What moderate tongue would vulgar things rehearse,
 Where crowds of wondrous nymphs invite the verse ?
 Charmers in millions grace this happy sphere,
 And every view presents a conqueror here.
 Who to mean subjects can debase his quill,
 And waste his scanty stock of art so ill,
 Looks like the fop that courts a paltry dame,
 While faultless maids contend to meet his flame.
 Poets should still autumnal forms omit,
 Forty gives small encouragement to wit ;
 The genius flags beneath so stale a theme,
 And sprightly fancy sinks to heavy phlegm,
 When those declining years our strains require,
 And compliment supplies pretended fire ;
 Some little Virtue may perhaps be found,
 But Beauty's an intolerable sound :
 To youth alone that heavenly grace belongs,
 None but the young are fair, and truly worthy songs.

Easy her shape is wrought in every turn,
 Charming her mien, and elegant her form.

Artless she walks, with such a moving grace,

'Tis difficult for wit, or words, t'express

Which pleases most, her *looks*, her *air*, her *dress*."

† Literally adopted by Pope ; by whom, however, it is properly marked as a quotation, though the original author is not mentioned. See English Poets, vol. XXXIII. p. 236. N.

Ye Female Glories, which exalt our isle,
 Vouchsafe th' auspicious influence of your smile;
 To you I call, to you, ye matchless lights,
 Inspire my numbers, and improve my flights;
 Lest I depress your fame with languid lines,
 And pay unhallow'd vows at sacred shrines.
 Would you, ye Powers, but look serenely down,
 I'd soar aloft, and blazon your renown;
 Then something so divine might raise my voice,
 And make me scarce inferior to my choice;
 What ancient story tells the world should scorn,
 And every Goddess deem in glorious Britain born.

Begin, my Muse, begin with Marlborough's race:
 When Valour's sung, the Father claims the place;
 And sure when Beauty's power employs our flight,
 The shining Daughters challenge foremost right.

A Sunderland * the coldest writer warms,
 So turn'd for conquest, so compleat in charms,
 There seems detraction in our highest praise,
 She leaves the Muse behind, and mocks our distant lays.
 Not thus Minerva, though a Goddess, shone.
 O! had her eyes such dazzling lustre thrown,
 Thence the bold artist had inform'd his clay,
 Nor sought another fun, nor fallen a vultur's prey.

Could Nature's self her own first form express,
 She'd charm the world in bright Monthermer's † dress:
 Gods!

* See above, p. 175. and Dr. Watts's "Stanzas to Lady Sunderland," vol. IV. p. 319—Mr. Chute published "Beauty and Virtue," a poem on the death of the countess of Sunderland.

† Lady Mary, youngest daughter to the duke of Marlborough,

Gods ! what engaging bloom fits smiling there !
 How languishingly sweet her every air !
 Her shape, her gesture, all the nymph, subdues,
 We look our souls away, and fate with transport chuse.
 Had Love's fair Goddess been so strong in charms,
 Rash Diomed had dropt his venturous arms ;
 No shameful victory the Greek had won,
 But thousand wounds receiv'd, instead of giving one.

Splendor and softness in Bridgewater* meet,
 There *mild* appears an attribute with *great* ;
 Such humble sweetness gives a dawn of joy,
 She seems, like Heaven, unwilling to destroy.
 Who would not serve, where such a victor reigns ?
 What freedom equal to such gentle chains ?
 But soon, too soon, mistaken mortals know,
 'Th' imagin'd bliss concludes in real woe.
 So from soft breezes of the southern wind,
 Uncumber'd sweets we fondly hope to find ;
 But soon, alas ! succeeds immoderate rain,
 And sadly renders all the promis'd pleasure vain.

Godolphin's † form'd among the first to shine,
 That other conqueror of the conquering line ;
 Nor pride her mien, nor art her aspect knows,
 Her full renown from single Nature flows ;
 Rich in unpractis'd charms, she scatters chains,
 And, shunning empire, certain empire gains ;

rough, and married to John duke of Montague and marquis
 Monthermer. This lady is celebrated by Swift, Maynwaring,
 Archdeacon Daniel, and many other writers. N.

* See above, p. 168. N.

† See p. 172. N.

Neglectful, yet secure, with arrows plays;
 Unmeaning, throws, and, undefiring, flays;
 She stoops to make no prize her little aim,
 But emulates her fire, and conquers but for fame.

Bolton's * majestic form invades the fight
 With awful wonder and sublime delight;
 Here differing deities conspire our fate,
 Venus and Juno, sweetness dwells with state:
 High pines are emblems of her graceful size,
 And bending osiers shew her humble guise.
 Disease solicits her with impious care,
 And too too fast her precious spirits wear,
 Not thus her charms: ev'n yielding, how she reigns,
 And conquers others, while herself's in chains!
 Great, yet oppress'd! were Virtue's image seen,
 Virtue could live but equally serene;
 In pain she proves the prowess of her mind,
 And only when she dies deceives mankind.
 Forbid it, Heaven! that Fate should ever close
 Such all-commanding eyes, and plunge the world in woes!
 To Seymour †, daring Muse, thy numbers raise;
 Muse, thy best numbers flag beneath her praise:

Lo!

* See above, p. 169. N.

† Lady Elizabeth Percy, only surviving daughter and sole heiress of Josceline earl of Northumberland, and in her own right baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Brian, and Latimer. Being so great an heiress, she was thrice married, and twice a widow before she was sixteen. She was but four years old at her father's death; and being educated by her

Lo! sweetest youth, disclaiming artful care,
 Sports in her face, and revels in her air;
 Briskness and innocence their powers unite,
 And, next her spotless mind, her skin is white.
 When radiant blushes to her cheeks repair,
 (Such lovely stains become the brighter fair)
 Gods! how that paint of nature tempts our eyes;
 How Earth's Aurora far transcends the skies!
 But her high merit checks the bold delight,
 We tremble at the soul, yet riot at the sight.

her grandmother, the old countess of Northumberland, was, about the latter end of the year 1679, married first to Henry Cavendish earl of Ogle, only son and heir of Henry duke of Newcastle; but he departed this life Nov. 1, 1680. She was secondly married, or contracted, to Thomas Thynne esq; of Longleate, who was assassinated on Sunday Feb. 12, 1681-2, as he was riding through Pall Mall in his coach by some ruffians hired by Count Coningsmarck, who had entertained presumptuous hopes of succeeding with this young heiress, if he could remove Mr. Thynne out of the way; but in this he was mistaken, for though he himself escaped the punishment due for this horrible crime, he reaped no advantage from it; as, May 30, 1682, she was thirdly married to Charles Seymour duke of Somerset, being then only in her sixteenth year. Her grace was one of the greatest ornaments of Queen Anne's court, and succeeded the dutchess of Marlborough as groom of the stole. She died Nov. 23, 1722, aged 56. She was mother of Algernon duke of Somerset, and grandmother to lady Elizabeth Seymour, who has been so much admired and distinguished as dutchess of Northumberland. See Collins's Peerage, art. PERCY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND. N.

When

When Tufton* was created, Nature took
 Such care to furnish out a conquering look,
 Who did not think her hoard of lustre spent,
 And eyes design'd hereafter innocent?
 Nor was she less extravagant in bloom, [loom,
 As if she meant no future charms, and beggar'd all her
 For beauteous Helen Troy in fires was seen,
 The world was sacrific'd to Ægypt's queen;
 Behold in Ashburnham† a brighter dame,
 But Virtue stifles such destructive flame.
 Heavens! were she free from Hymen's envy'd chains,
 Who would not rage with Cupid's fiercest pains?
 Marriage suspends our transports, for who dare
 Burn, now Hope's fled, and tempt extreme despair?
 Th' illustrious Ancients were by halves divine,
 The face and mind did ne'er together shine:
 Here all accomplishments are fully shown,
 And every Goddess is compris'd in one;
 So fair; yet fairness seems her smallest praise,
 Her soul's profuse of light, and darts immortal rays.
Pier-

* Lady Catharine Tufton, eldest daughter of Thomas earl of Thanet, and married to Edward Watson lord Rockingham.N.

† Lady Mary, youngest daughter to James duke of Ormond; and married to John Lord Ashburnham. She was a great favourite with Swift, who gives an account of her marriage, Journal to Stella, Oct. 10, 1710; and, Jan. 3, 1712-13, thus affectionately speaks of her death: "I am just now told that poor dear lady Ashburnham, the duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country-house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite,
and

Pierpoint 's in all the pomp of youth array'd,
 Charming as winter's shine, or summer's shade;
 Fair as descending snow, or mounting light,
 Born to shame fancy, and enslave at sight:
 What 's all our boasted freedom, when we gaze? [obeys.
 Britain's distinguish'd blessing flies, and man in chains
 The graceful movement of the wife of Jove,
 Th' enchanting aspect of the Queen of Love,
 Minerva's skill and excellence in arts,
 Apollo's rays, and Cupid's piercing darts,
 Bright Hebe's youth, and chaste Diana's mind,
 Softness and sweetness of the Churchill kind,
 All blended in one perfect piece, would shew
 Proby's consummate image to the ravish'd view.

and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. Your must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and dutchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession: yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burthening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing." From these expressions, Dr. Hawkesworth well observes, and those he uses in the account of the dutchess of Hamilton's affliction on the death of her husband (see his Journal to Stella, Nov. 15, 1712), Swift appears to have had a strong sympathy in the distress of others; which he has generally, even by his advocates, been supposed to want. N.

If breathing flowers such pleasing sweets dispense,
 If light has charms, and so allures the sense,
 If music's strains have that persuasive art,
 O lovely Vaughan * ! how form'd to strike the heart !
 Such a complexion foils the pride of May,
 Such looks add splendor to the brightest day;
 Such tuneful speech affords so moving sounds,
 We fancy crowns in chains, and taste delight in wounds.

C—ll—r's † a subject dear to British lays,
 Her shape, her every feature's wrought for praise;
 What humid pearls of sorrow seem to rise,
 As if she wept the ravage of her eyes !

Still, still we bleed, and no relief is gain'd,
 Her killing beauty's true, her saving pity feign'd.

Thy rhymes, oh Muse, with young Louisa ‡ grace,
 That growing wonder of the Brudenell race;
 Ev'n now her charms disclose a pleasing bloom,
 But promise riper sweetness yet to come;
 Nature, for all her vast indulgence, fears
 T' entrust perfection to those tender years,
 But shortly will her choicest stores display,
 And give to such a morn an answerable day.

* Lady Anne Vaughan, daughter and sole heir to John earl of Carbury; and married to Charles marquis of Winchester, afterwards duke of Bolton. N.

† Nothing is more fugitive than Beauty; I am afraid the memory of some^{of} these Ladies is quite lost. R.

‡ Lady Louisa^J enox, daughter to Charles duke of Richmond by Anne daughter to the earl of Cardigan. N.

What

What mighty glories shall this fair adorn,
 Allied to Mira, and of Richmond born;
 Mira so bright to kindle Granville's fire,
 How did she shine, that could such warmth inspire!
 Richmond, so great to give that title fame,
 And more than equal her from whom our toasting came!

To Reynolds, Muse, that mass of beauty, rise,
 Her mien how charming, and how bright her eyes!
 From opening East less glorious lustre breaks;
 How Nature's curious pencil paints her cheeks!
 The Loves, mistaking her for Venus, throng,
 And feasted thus continue in the wrong.

Seems she not more than numbers can express?
 Seems not ev'n thought afraid to make such wonders less?
 Men may with justice Nature's dealing blame,
 And charge their parent with a partial aim;
 Who too, too, lavish to her female race,
 Bestows fresh gifts, and springs new mines of grace;
 But, ah! to them so sparing, deigns to raise
 No hidden stores of wit to give proportion'd praise.

Farmer's a pattern for the beauteous kind,
 Compos'd to please, and every way refin'd;
 Obliging with reserve, and humbly great,
 Though gay, yet modest, though sublime, yet sweet;
 Fair without art, and graceful without pride,
 By merit and descent to deathless fame allied.

Seek not the Venus star that gilds the skies,
 Two brighter stars are found in Walpole's eyes;
 Desir^e not Nature's wealth in fields display'd,
 Far nobler stores enrich the blooming maid;

Rack not your thought to paint what's sweetly rare,
Look but on Walpole's form, 'tis all familiar there.

Thee, Chetwynd, all that see thee strive to praise,
And with insatiate longings still must gaze;
Fresh springing glories every moment rise,
And in new raptures hurl us to the skies.
O! could I reach a harmony in sound,
Like the fam'd sweetness of her aspect found,
To yon bright sphere I'd raise the glittering dame,
And with due numbers shake the pattern of her frame.

Thrice glorious Newington! how justly great!
No charms are absent, and each charm's compleat;
All that have eyes thy beauties must confess,
All that have tongues those beauties would express;
They would— But, oh! the language scants the will,
Nature's too strong for art, and baffles utmost skill.
Born for command, yet mov'd from public view,
As cloy'd with power, and weary to subdue;
To silent shades I see the victor run,
And rest beneath the virtues which she won;
Envy presumes not to disturb her there,
Envy, wherewith th' unhandsome tease the fair.
Her shining look exalts the gazing swain,
But, oh! within he feels consuming pain.
So sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleas'd liquor pines, and lessens all the while.

Where charming H—le appears, she treads on spoils,
Our sex are vassals, and her own are foils;
Such a peculiar elegance of face!
So many sweetnesse! such lively grace!

Oh that becoming negligence of air!
 There's something curious in her want of cares.
 Here Love may with inconstancy agree,
 For one's variety, one such as she.

Captivity, so caus'd, we proudly bless,
 And zealous be to slaves, nor wish our fetters less,

Attractive Sq-re with endless pleasure 's seen,
 Oh, trifling grandeur of the Cyprian Queen!
 Only three Graces form'd her highest state,
 But thousand Graces on this Venus wait.

Impossible for eyes to take their fill!
 There's something eminently winning still;

A novelty of charms salutes the sight,
 More sweet than blossoms, and more gay than light;
 Two powerful passions, when we gaze, we prove;
 Joy revels in our looks, and in our bosoms Love.

Well Langton's name becomes the radiant list:
 Who can her praise refuse, her power resist?

Was ever nymph thus exquisitely wrought?
 Seems she not almost lovely to a fault?

At once so many crowding wonders press,
 Ev'n more she 'd charm us, if she charm'd us less.

Have you not seen, on Anna's pompous day,
 A thousand objects all profusely gay?

Such numbers only not oppress'd the sight,
 Yet less variety gives full delight.

See! see! th' alternate glories of the skies
 Blend in her form, and all at once surprize;

Her rosy cheek the blush of morning shews,
 Her dazzling eyes the mid-day sun disclose;

Her air resembles well the milky way, [play:
 There Stars unnumber'd shine, here Loves unnumber'd
 O! why did Heaven, which thus adorn'd the fair,
 And made the workmanship so much its care,
 Not with soft pity temper all the rest,
 And place this kind reliever in her breast?
 Still poor camelions, we must live on air,
 She thinks a look too much—the lover's smallest fare.

There's no way to be safe from H—tl—y's darts,
 Nor light nor darkness can secure our hearts;
 Both eyes and ears are traitors to repose,
 Looking or listening, ends in amorous woes;
 Gods! when we see, we're vanquish'd by her view,
 And, while we hear, her melting notes subdue.
 Muse, sing the nymph that's so compos'd for fame,
 Make Heaven and Earth acquainted with her name;
 Thyself, oh nymph, to teach the Muse incline,
 For there's no perfect melody but thine;
 Then she might haply boast a warbling air,
 And form the song as sweet, as Nature form'd thee fair.

Reach distant * M—ndy, Muse, with sounding strains,
 Th' excelling maid that wastes her time in plains;
 Bid her appear, and bless the longing sight:
 Retirement's wrong for youth, for age 'tis right.
 Say, that her presence to the world is due:
 Aspects so brilliant are ordain'd for view.
 The Sun, whose glory's but to match her eyes,
 Flashes diffusive beams, and brightens all the skies.

Certain as Fate, and swift as feather'd darts,
 Oh, Williamson! thy arrows pierce our hearts;

* Possibly one of the Muudys of Derbyshire. R.

Once

Once with an equal right to glory shin'd
A signal charmer of thy own bright kind;
Once—but remorseless death too quickly seiz'd
This finish'd object, that so vastly pleas'd;
No respite from concern our souls could find,
Did she not leave thee here, a wonder still behind.

Like banks adorn'd with Nature's flowery train,
Alston's sweet look delights th' admiring swain:
Pleas'd, not content, he lets his wishes rise,
And would regale more senses than his eyes,
But, hid in bloom, that serpent, scorn, destroys
The lover's fondest hopes, and poisons all his joys.

The Dashwoods are a family of charms,
Each nymph 's appointed with resistless arms,
So soft, so sweet, so artless, and so young,
Pride of the sight, and pleasure of the tongue.
Dearly we pay for such immoderate light,
Beauty's, like Love, severely exquisite;
Our souls are wound to that excessive height,
We suffer, not enjoy, the vast delight.

Nor less renown'd in charms the Herveys stand;
How fair they seem! how fashion'd for command!
Each of herself might singly challenge praise,
One were a tempting task for endless lays,
Did not another and another shine,
Splendid alike, and equally divine,
As if imperial Beauty meant no more
To reign at large, and spread her mighty power;
But with unequal favour would confine
Her numerous treasures to that darling line.

Can Smith unnoted pass, so fram'd for praise?
 Ev'n Britain's court grows brighter with her rays.
 Oh lovely conflict of her varying hue!
 Lily and Rose by grateful turns subdue.
 Promiscuous charms our ravish'd senses greet,
 Here April's bloom, and August's ripeness meet;
 Delights, which seem but to salute the year,
 Eternally reside, and flourish here;
 Who can express which season cheers him most?
 How gay the minutes fly, when she's the toast!
 Bright as the stone, with which the glass we wound,
 Inspiring as the juice, with which the glass is crown'd.

Oh, Wilkinson! who can of beauty sing,
 And not an offering to thy altar bring?
 Who can describe the young, the sweet, the fair,
 And not thy charms, thy wondrous charms declare?
 Unfullied lustre dwells upon thy face,
 Nor eye can find a stain, nor fancy mend a grace.

One pleasure more, indulgent Muse, afford,
 Pleasure supreme, when Forrester's the word!
 Desert so vast commands thy utmost lays,
 And sure 'tis almost impious not to praise;
 Praise dare I call it, when each boldest line
 Shows like weak twilight to meridian shine?
 Lo! mien, complexion, features, voice, conspire,
 Perfection's brands, to set the world on fire;
 Oh she's all wonders! Heaven's whole excellence
 Meets in her frame, and fills our every sense;
 That grace, which most ennobles who can name,
 Where all's divinely great, entitled all to fame?

As well the man, who travels all the day
 Scorch'd with the sun, might tell the fiercest ray,
 He knows the lucid author of his flames,
 But with his parching heat alike he charges all the beams;
 Ye numerous charmers, who remain unfung,
 Forgive th' unequal tribute of my tongue,
 Not that your conquests fail, my strains expire,
 I own your powers, and feel a silent fire;
 No more my present raptures can pursue,
 But when my Muse takes breath, I'll soar, and sing of you.

SONG. BY SIR G. ETHEREGE*.

FAIR Iris, all our time is spent
 In trifling, whilst we dally;
 The lovers, who 're indifferent,
 Commit the grossest folly.
 Ah! stint not then the flowing pleasure
 To such a wretched scanty measure;
 Since boundless passion boundless joys will prove:
 Excess can only justify our love.
 Excess, in other things so bad,
 In love 's the justest measure:
 No other reason 's to be had
 In that seraphic pleasure.
 From growing love, bright nymphs, your faces
 Receive ten thousand sweeter graces.
 My Iris, then, that you may be divine,
 Let your soft flame spread night and day, like mine.

SONG

* The Songs by Sir George Etherege in the Collection of 1673 are particularly noticed by Oldys in his MS Notes on
 Lang-

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

WRITTEN BY THO. SHADWELL †, ESQ. 1690.

O Sacred Harmony, prepare our lays,
 While, on Cecilia's day, we sing your praise,
 From Earth to Heaven our warbling voices raise!

Join

Langbaine. I have already printed most of them from Tooke's Collection (see vol. I. p. 192—204. And vol. II. p. 113—119). Another is now added, which, as coming from Sir George, may have some claim to notice,—“Ye happy swains,” &c. (vol. I. p. 194). is by Mr. Howe. N.

* See vol. IV. p. 28. 64. 357.—This song of Shadwell's, is selected as a specimen of his poetry, will serve to complete the series of verses in honour of St. Cecilia. N.

† Thomas Shadwell esq; (of a good family in Staffordshire) born at his father's seat at Stanton Hall in Norfolk about 1640, was educated at Caius College, Cambridge; and, after studying the law for some time in The Middle Temple, went abroad. On his return, he soon introduced himself by his dramatic writings to persons of the first consequence; and obtained on the Revolution the office of Poet Laureat. “The revenue, says Dr. Johnson, which Dryden had enjoyed with so much praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatized by the name of *Og*. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called *Mac Fleckno*.” It has been

Join all ye glorious instruments around,
The yielding air with your vibrations wound,
And fill Heaven's conclave with the mighty sound.

You did at first the warring atoms join,
Made qualities most opposite combine,
While discords did with pleasing concords twine.

The universe you fram'd, you still sustain;
Without you, what in tune does now remain
Would jangle into Chaos once again.

It does your most transcendent glory prove,
That, to compleat immortal joys above,
There must be Harmony to crown their love.

Dirges

been well observed by another able writer, "that a satirist never pays the least regard to truth, when it interferes with the gratification of his resentment or spleen." Nothing can be falser than the idea intended to be conveyed in the following couplet:

"Others to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Mr. Shadwell was far inferior to Dryden; but Shadwell did not write nonsense. Many of his comedies have fine strokes of humour, and abound in original characters strongly marked and well sustained. He had an uncommon quickness of writing. The earl of Rochester, who has observed that

"None seem to touch upon true comedy
But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wicherley,"

had still a better opinion of his conversation than of his writings;

Dirges with sorrow still inspire
 The doleful and lamenting choir,
 With swelling hearts and flowing eyes,
 They solemnize their obsequies ;
 For grief they frequent discords chuse,
 Long bindings and chromatics use.
 Organs and Viols sadly groan
 To the voice's dismal tone.

If Love's gentle passions we
 Express, there must be Harmony;
 We touch the soft and tender flute,
 The sprinkling and melodious lute,
 When we describe the tickling smart
 Which does invade a love-sick heart :

Sweet nymphs in pretty murmurs plain,
 All chill and panting with the pleasing pain,
 Which can be eas'd by nothing but the swain.

ings ; for he said, " that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet." He was a great favourite with Otway ; who shared with him in the contempt of Dryden. He died Dec. 9, 1692 ; and a white marble monument, with his bust, was placed in Westminster Abbey by his son Sir John Shadwell, physician to king George II. He wrote 17 plays, which need not be here enumerated ; and was author of several small poems ; the chief of which are, 1. the Ode here printed ; 2. A congratulatory poem on the Prince of Orange's coming to England ; 3. another on Queen Mary ; and 4. a translation of the tenth satire of Juvenal. N.

If poets in a lofty epic strain,
Some ancient noble history recite,

How heroes love, and puissant conquerors fight,
Or how of cruel Fortune they complain ;
Or if the Muse the fate of empires sings,
The change of crowns, the rise and fall of kings ;

C H O R U S.

'Tis sacred Musick does impart
Life and vigour to the art ;
It makes the dumb poetic pictures breathe,
Victors' and Poets' names it saves from death.
How does the thundering martial song
Provoke the military throng !
The Haut-boys and the warlike Fife,
With clamors of the deafening drum,
Make peasants bravely hazard life,
And quicken those whom fears benum !
The clangor of the Trumpet's sound
Fills all the dusty place around,
And does from neighbouring hills rebound :
To triumph when we sing,
We make the trembling valleys ring.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

All instruments and voices fit the choir,
While we enchanting harmony admire.
What mighty wonders by our arts are taught,
What miracles by sacred numbers wrought
On earth : in heaven, no joys are perfect found,
Till by celestial Harmony they 're crown'd.

ODE

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

BY M^R. B R A D Y*, 1692.

HA I L ! bright Cecilia, hail ! fill every heart
 With love of thee and thy celestial art ;
 That thine and Musick's sacred love
 May make the British forest prove
 As famous as Dodona's vocal grove :

Hark !

* Son of Major Nicholas Brady (an officer of the king's army in the rebellion of 1641,) and of Martha daughter of Luke Gernon (a judge of singular meekness and probity). He was born at Bandon in the county of Cork, Oct. 28, 1659, and educated at St. Finberry's, in that county, under Dr. Tindall, till he was twelve years of age, when he was removed to Westminster school, where he was chosen king's scholar, and thence elected student of Christ Church, Oxford. Dr. Busby had always a particular regard for him ; and at both those elections he was first and captain among all the candidates : after continuing at Oxford about four years, he went to Dublin, where his father resided ; at which university he immediately commenced B. A. and the following year M. A. When of due standing, the diploma for the degree of D. D. was, upon account of his uncommon merit, presented to him from that university while he was in England, and brought over by Dr. Pratt, then senior travelling-fellow, and afterwards provost of that college. His first preferment in the church was to a prebend, in the cathedral of St. Bury's, in the city of Cork, and to the parish of Kina-glarchy, in the county of Cork ; to which he was collated by Bp. Wettenhall, to whom he was domestic chaplain. He

Hark ! hark ! each tree its silence breaks,

The Box and Fir to talk begin !

This is the sprightly Violin,

That in the Flute distinctly speaks !

'Twas sympathy their listening brethren drew,
When to the Thracian lyre with leafy wings they flew.

Tis

was a zealous promoter of the Revolution, and an eminent sufferer for it. In 1690, when the troubles broke out in Ireland, by his interest with General Mac Carty, he thrice prevented the burning of Bandon town, after three several orders from king James to destroy it. The same year, having been deputed by the people of Bandon, he went over to England, to petition the parliament for a redress of some grievances they had suffered. During his stay there, and to the time of his death, he was in the highest esteem among all ranks of persons in that kingdom, for his eminent attachment to the true interest of his country. June 29, 1690, he married Lætitia daughter of Dr. Synge, archdeacon of Cork, and a near relation of the bishop of that name. By this lady he had four sons and four daughters. Having quitted his preferments in Ireland, he settled in London, where he became noted for his abilities in the pulpit, and was elected minister of St. Catharine Creechurch, in 1691, and lecturer of St. Michael, Wood-street. He soon after, in conjunction with Mr. Tate, undertook a new version of the Psalms, which have since (though Brady's share of it incurred the ridicule of Swift in his "Remarks on Gibbs,") been adopted in a considerable number of our parish churches. Whilst he was engaged in this undertaking, he retired to Richmond in Surrey ; and, in consequence of the high esteem

Tis Nature's voice ; by all the moving wood
 Of creatures understood :
 The universal tongue to none
 Of all her numerous race unknown !

teem entertained for him by the gentlemen of that village, was invited to accept the office of their minister. The vicarage of Stratford upon Avon was presented to him by the great earl of Dorset ; and the rectory of Clapham in Surrey by Dame Rebekah Atkins, relict of Sir Richard Atkins, bart. This rectory he held, with Richmond, till his death. He was also chaplain to the duke of Ormond's troop of horse-guards, as he was to king William and queen Mary, and afterwards to queen Anne. The whole of his preferments, which were in very pleasant and eligible situations, amounted to six hundred pounds a-year. His qualifications, it is said, would have raised him to some of the greatest dignities in the church, if the singular humanity and benevolence of his disposition would have suffered him to have run in with the vehemence of either prevailing party, or had he not settled in a country where he was regarded as a foreigner. Dr. Brady wrote a Play, called " The Rape, or The Innocent Impostors, a Tragedy, acted at Drury Lane, 1692," and published in 4to, in that year, with his name. He died March 20, 1726, in the 67th year of his age, leaving behind him the character of being a person of a most obliging, sweet, affable temper, a polite gentleman, an excellent preacher, and a good poet. His publications are, 1. The version of the Psalms ; 2. The *Æneids* of Virgil, published by subscription, 2 vols. 8vo. the last of them in 1726. He also published, in his life time, two volumes of Sermons, printed at London in 1704 and 1706 ; to which a third (posthumous) volume was added in 1730. N.

From

alls
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From her it learn'd the mighty art
 To court the ear, and strike the heart :
 At once the passions to express and move ;
 We hear, and straight we grieve or hate, rejoice or love :
 In unseen chains it does the fancy bind ;
 At once it charms the sense, and captivates the mind.

Soul of the world ! inspir'd by thee,
 The jarring seeds of matter did agree,
 Thou didst the scatter'd atoms bind,
 Which, by thy laws of true proportion join'd,
 Made up of various parts one perfect harmony.
 Thou tun'dst this world below, the spheres above,
 Which in the heavenly round to their own music move.

With that sublime celestial lay
 Dare any earthly sounds compare ?
 If any earthly music dare,
 The noble Organ may.
 From Heaven its wondrous notes were given,
 (Cecilia oft convers'd with Heaven,)
 Some Angel of the sacred choir
 Did with his breath the pipes inspire ;
 And of their notes above the just resemblance gave,
 Brisk without lightness, without dullness grave.

Wondrous machine !
 To thee the warbling Lute,
 Though us'd to conquest, must be forc'd to yield :
 With thee unable to dispute,
 The airy Violin
 And lofty Viol quit the field ;

In vain they tune their speaking strings,
To court the cruel Fair, or praise victorious Kings.
Whilst all thy consecrated lays
Are to more noble uses bent;
And every grateful note to Heaven repays
The melody it lent.

In vain the amorous Flute and soft Guittar
Jointly labour to inspire
Wanton heat and loose desire;
Whilst thy chaste airs do gently move
Seraphic flame and heavenly love.
The Fife and all the harmony of war
In vain attempt the passions to alarm,
Which thy commanding sounds compose and charm.
Let these among themselves contest,
Which can discharge its single duty best.
Thou summ'st their differing graces up in one,
And art a concert of them all within thyself alone.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail! bright Cecilia, hail to thee!
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!
Who, whilst amongst the choir above
Thou dost thy former skill improve,
With rapture of delight dost see
Thy favourite art
Make up a part
Of infinite felicity.

Hail! bright Cecilia, hail to thee!
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. THEOPH. PARSONS. 1693 *.

Cecilia, look, look down, and see
 A tribute paid to Harmony,
 A tribute paid to Heaven and Thee :
 And while we Musick's praise rehearse,
 In lower notes and fainter verse,
 Warm you, great Saint, your willing choir,
 With your own celestial fire,
 May you move on every string,
 Warble sweets in every voice,
 In every note your grateful influence sing,
 And by your aid confirm our happy choice.

Eldest of arts, and universal spring
 Of every thing !

When beings in a dark confusion lay,
 Thy voice the sullen gloom did chase,
 Matter did its form embrace,
 And Chaos fled before the new-born day.
 Heaven look'd, and all good things did see,
 And all that good arose from Harmony.

Parent of all ! thou still dost sway,
 And o'er this lower world preside ;
 Man and his passions thee obey,
 As meaner waters the commanding tide,
 Or that, the moon's imperious ray.

* Dr. Yalden's Ode for the same year is in the English Poets, vol. X. p. 381. N.

Beauty may wound th' unguarded eyes,
And slowly creep into the heart :

But Musick quick as lightning flies ;
The pleasure dances with the smart,
And melts and trills through every part.
Without the magick of the Fair,

We love, we sigh, and we despair,
We catch at sounds, and grasp the fleeting air.

Hark ! hark ! the Trumpet calls to arm ;
What vein so drowsy feels not the alarm,
And wakes not at th' inspiring charm ?

The warlike horse already paws,
And neighs aloud his warm applause.
In vain is now the softening Flute,
In vain the warbling of the Lute,
Or the gay Violin's persuading airs :
The philtre glides successless through our ears.
Ev'n Celia's voice no more can tame
The forward hero's lust of fame.

A charm might vanquish, if apply'd,
A madman's frenzy, or a woman's pride :
Temper with hope the lover's fears,
(An April-shine to gild his tears)

The weather of our happiness abate,
Softer than Love, yet absolute as Fate.

But, oh ! more subtle virtue flows
Such jarring passions to compose.

Still, still the work, O sacred Harmony, is thine :

We hear, and straight the ruffled soul
Is still ; the billows cease to roll,

The swelling streams decline,
And every wounded faculty is whole.

Thus,

Thus, at the shepherd's tuneful cry,
 Divided flocks together fly :
 The rivulets their murmurs cease ;
 Without a breath of wind the trees,
 And smiling Nature 's all around at peace.

GRAND CHORUS.

Tune all your instruments aloud,
 Glad voices mingling with the chearful crowd ;
 Sacred be your tuneful lays,
 Sacred to Cecilia's praise.
 Thus we 'll grateful offerings bring,
 Yearly thus her praises sing :
 Till, join'd in chorus with our Saint above,
 We take a nobler theme, to prove
 By endless Harmony immortal Love.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1699.

Blest Cecilia ! charming Maid !
 Where shall mortals seek for aid,
 Thee to sing ? whose tuneful lays
 Shall thy skill in music praise ?
 Inspir'd by thee, thy sons their duty show,
 And imitate below,
 With pious love,
 What Angels sing above.
 With breath the spacious Organ fill ;
 With vital breath the Trumpet swell ;
 Inspire the softening Flute with skill ;
 And let Cecilia, Goddess of our song,
 In melting accents ever dwell
 On every string and every tongue.

For ever sacred be the day,
Beyond all others bright and fair,
Ever joyous, ever gay,
When first divine Cecilia found
The magic art to quicken the long silent air
With all the energy of sound.
Up to the skies,
On new-fledg'd wings,
From earth celestial musick flies,
And joins in concert with the Cherub's strings,
Down from their blissful bowers they came;
Came down, to listen and admire
The mighty animated frame,
Itself a quire.

She smil'd,
Cecilia smil'd, to see
The Cherubs mild,
With hovering wings descending from on high,
Like nimble lightning, swift and gay,
O'er all the keys her wanton fingers play;
The ready notes obey her touch:
Dissolv'd in ecstasy
Th' immortal beings lye;
Divine Cecilia charms too much.

Her sprightly Treble, warbling sweet,
Glides through the veins
On even feet,
And binds the soul in filken chains:
The yielding soul with softness it disarms,
And, like a woman, charms.

With

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY. 312

With manly grace the Bass stalks high,
 Array'd in awful majesty :
 Its haughty bound and pompous sound
 The spirits warm, the soul alarm,
 And shake the trembling air around.
 Between the two extremes the Tenor flows
 In gentle streams, persuading union as it goes.
 And now in perfect harmony
 The blended parts agree,
 And glut the listening ear with melody.

The Treble starts ;
 On swift division leads the chase,
 And quite out-strips the loitering parts.
 The rumbling Bass with clumsy pace
 Pursues the fleeting fugitive,
 And all in triumph does her backward drive :
 But see !
 The friendly Tenor, all for unity,
 Does mildly interpose,
 And joins them in a full compounded close.

She paus'd a while ;
 For silence has in Musick place.
 The ravish'd Cherubs, with a silent smile,
 Disclose amazement on each face.
 Again she plies the loud machine ;
 Again intranc'd the Cherubs lie ;
 Immortal, yet in pleasures almost die.
 Thrice the lovely Maid
 Paus'd ; and thrice she play'd ;

And thrice she shew'd the power divine
 And wondrous force of modulated sound,
 That like a mighty torrent flows,
 Victorious as it goes,
 And sweeps away the strongest mound.

C H O R U S.

With breath the spacious Organ fill;
 With vital breath the trumpet swell;
 Inspire the softening Flute with skill;
 And let Cecilia, Goddess of our song,
 In melting accents ever dwell,
 In every string and every tongue.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AS ALTERED BY MR. POPE*.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire;
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!

In

* Set to music by Dr. Greene, in 1730, as an exercise on taking his degree of Doctor of Music in the university of Cambridge. It was performed with great applause; and, as an additional testimony to his merit, Dr. Greene was honoured with the title of professor of music at Cambridge. To answer Greene's purpose, Mr. Pope condescended to make considerable alterations in the poem, and at his request to insert in it one stanza,

In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain :
In more lengthen'd notes and flow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder they sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound :
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
Or, when the soul is sunk in cares,
Exalts her with enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires by sprightly sounds ;
Pours balm into the lover's wounds :
Passions no more the soul engage,
Ev'n Factions hear away their rage.

stanza, viz. the third. As he thereby rendered it greatly different from the ode originally published, I shall make no apology to my readers for copying it from the valuable work in which it first appeared in print, the "History of Music," by Sir John Hawkins. See vol. V. of that excellent performance, p. 328. And see also Mr. Gostling's Catalogue of Music, sold by auction by S. Baker in May 1777. N.

III. Am-

III.

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
And soften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace.

Amphion taught contending kings,
From various discords, to create
The music of a well-tun'd state;
Nor slack, nor strain the tender strings,
Those useful touches to impart,
That strike the subject's answering heart,
And the soft silent harmony that springs
From sacred union and consent of things.

IV.

But, when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!

When the first vessel dar'd the seas,

The Thracian rais'd his strain,
And Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms!

Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound

To arms, to arms, to arms!

V.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds,
Sad Orpheus fought his consort lost:

The

The adamantine gates were barr'd,
 And nought was seen, and nought was heard,
 Around the dreary coast;
 But dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See shady forms advance!
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds, [heads.
 And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their

VI.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers;
 By those happy souls that dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bowers;
 By the hero's armed shades;
 Glittering through the gloomy glades,
 By the youths that died for love,
 Wandering in the myrtle grove;
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
 Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!

VII. He

VII.

He sung, and Hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the Fair.
 'Thus song could prevail
 O'er Death and o'er Hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Though Fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

EPIGRAM,

ASCRIBED TO MR. POPE,

ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS*.

FRIEND, for your Epitaphs I griev'd,
 Where still so much is said,
 One half will never be believ'd,
 The other never read.

* It is not generally known, that the person here intended was Dr. Freind, master of Westminster School. N.

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